The Saturday Evening
# POST
February 27, 1960 – 15¢

## A PSYCHOLOGIST TELLS HOW TO COLLECT BAD DEBTS

## What is Railroad "Featherbedding"?

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
11-60
LIBRARY
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Cerulean Blue*, fresh as a dawn sky, accents the beauty of the Dynametric bath, symmetrically shaped for comfort, and the modern, circular-styled Radiant lavatory—both of sturdy, enameled cast iron. Six other Kohler colors, and white, are available. Kohler fittings, responsive to finger pressure, are solid brass under the star-like brilliance of the chrome finish. Consult your Kohler dealer. Write for booklet J-46.

## *Clean getaway...*

and a big step toward happier living for the whole family—this new bathroom with fixtures by Kohler of Kohler.

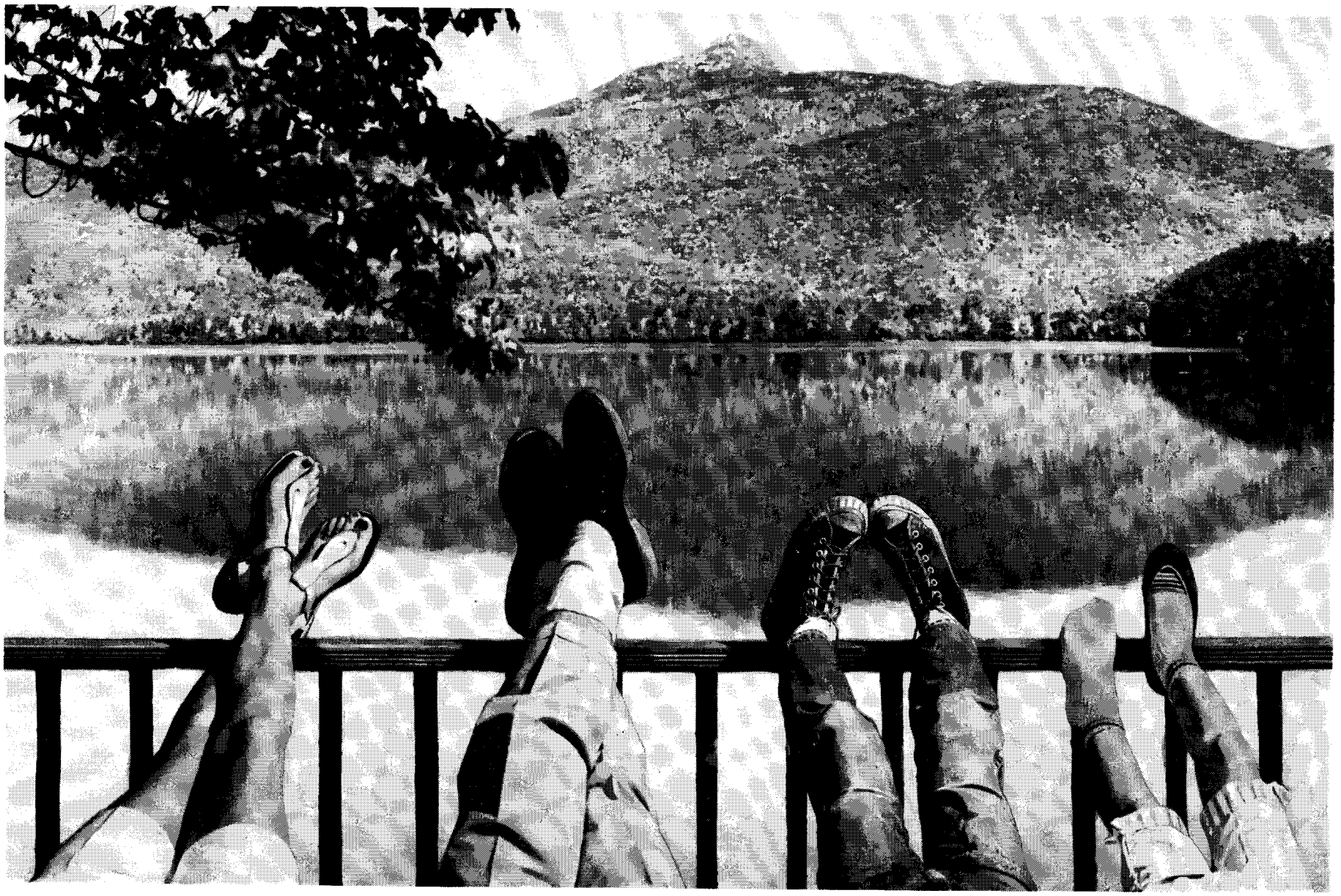
Happier still are new or remodeled homes with enough bathrooms to give the whole family bathroom emancipation from haste and delay.

KOHLER CO. *Established 1873* KOHLER, WIS.

# KOHLER OF KOHLER

ENAMELED IRON AND VITREOUS CHINA PLUMBING FIXTURES • ALL-BRASS FITTINGS • ELECTRIC PLANTS • AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# This is the hideaway dividends helped to build

It's the place on the lake or the seashore. Perhaps it's an abandoned farm.

Here the kids grow sturdier and their elders relax. But each board hammered into place, each added comfort, costs hard cash.

That's why so many people who want a little hideaway start early in their lives to invest. They're building toward a second income from common stocks or bonds.

Right now more than 12 million Americans own stock. And they're not all tycoons. Almost half have incomes between $5,000 and $10,000 a year. Many are accumulating sound securities by investing with as little as $40 every three months through a Monthly Investment Plan.

But don't try to get rich quick through investing. When you start building your second income, be guided by these simple rules:

1. Invest only money you've set aside after taking care of living expenses or emergencies.
2. Invest only after getting facts. Ignore tips or rumors. Remember that stock and bond prices go down as well as up—that a company may not always pay dividends or interest.
3. Get the advice of a reputable broker. Simply call on the Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange in your own or nearby community. You'll be welcome no matter how little you want to invest. And more important, you can get experienced advice.

And to help you understand investing, the New York Stock Exchange offers you a free copy of the booklet that has served as a guide for millions of Americans, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." Here you will find more than 400 stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid a cash dividend *every year* from 25 to 112 years. You'll read the records of these stocks, learn important investment facts, and discover how you can invest through the popular Monthly Investment Plan.

It costs you nothing to look into investing. It could pay you well in the years ahead. Investigate now by filling in the coupon below and getting your free copy of "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS."

***Own your share of American business***

## Members New York Stock Exchange

**For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange *in the stock broker section of the "Yellow Pages."***

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 6-E, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

NAME_____

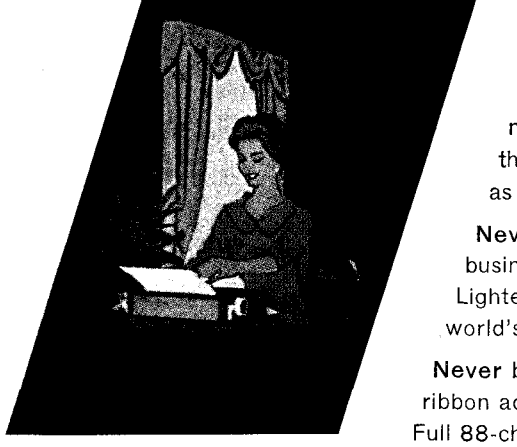
ADDRESS_____

_____

BROKER, IF ANY_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The Galaxie...too handsome to hide away–too useful to put away!*



**Never before** a portable so light, low and lovely as the new Smith-Corona Galaxie! Even when guests drop in the Galaxie stays out, for it fits your room's decor as perfectly as it fits your typing needs.

**Never before** a portable so easy to use...for school and business homework, correspondence, notes, reports Lighter in weight and more responsive to the touch, it's the world's fastest and finest manual portable.

**Never before** so many new features—roll-out top for easiest ribbon access, new lighter carriage, easier margin setting. Full 88-character keyboard, keyset tabulator, wide-range touch selector, choice of many special types. And it's the quietest, sturdiest portable ever!

**Never before** such a choice of striking colors: Star-mist Blue, Hunter Red, Spring Green, Driftwood Gray, Apache Tan. See the Galaxie at your Smith-Corona dealer's now. Yours for as little as $5 down, 24 months to pay. Complete with handsome luggage-style carrying case.

**Free Gift Offer!** Get the Smith-Corona Galaxie now and receive free a $23.95 typing course on records that teaches touch typing in just 10 days! Available for limited time. May be withdrawn without further notice.

SCM **SMITH-CORONA**

DIVISION OF SMITH-CORONA MARCHANT INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*



Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

*Senior Editors:* E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, John Bird.

*Contributing Editors:* Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

*Associate Editors:* Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair Jr., Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman.

*Editorial Assistants:* William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Benton R. Patterson, Sherwood Harris, Vivian C. Ward.


## IN THIS ISSUE


*February 27, 1960 Vol. 232, No. 35*


### 4 Short Stories


Avenging Lady . . . . . *George Bradshaw* 22
The Girl From Mayo . . . . . *Brian Cleeve* 26
The Outsider . . . . . *Leon Ware* 30
Comanche Holdup . . . . . *Duvan Polk* 37


### 7 Articles


Deadbeats Are My Business . . . *Eugene H. Barnes, Ph.D., as told to Peter Wyden* 19
Oasis for Golfers . . . . . *Melvin Durslag* 24
My Adventures as an Illustrator, Part III: I Break Into the Big Time
*Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell* 28
Is Foreign Aid Jeopardizing American Jobs? . . . . . *Demaree Bess* 31
What is Railroad "Featherbedding"? . . . . . *Joe Alex Morris* 32
My Journeys Toward the Stars, Conclusion: Brush With Disaster
*A. Scott Crossfield, as told to Clay Blair Jr.* 36
The Face of America: Before the Storm . . . *Photographs by Frank Ross* 38


### 2 Serials


Night Without End (Second of eight parts) . . . . . *Alistair MacLean* 34
The *Monitor* Affair (Sixth of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 42


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . . . 40
Verse . . . . . 59, 64, 78, 86, 100
Hazel . . . . . 102
Keeping Posted . . . . . 104

## THE COVER

Artist George Hughes says this week's theme is a simple one: Small children, when committed to sickbeds, demand the comfort of a few favorite toys, and it's the doctor's job to find a patient amid the clutter. Well, there's more to it than *that*, we assure you. Actually, this slightly apprehensive towhead recently squandered his life's savings on two ice-cream sodas and four candy bars, which proved to be at least one soda and three candy bars too many. Now he's wondering if the doctor can learn the awful truth by tuning in on his stomach rumblings. The doctor can, but he won't snitch; there are times when men must close ranks against the fair sex. Perhaps this doctor will inspire our young patient to be a medicine man when he grows up—and his stomach settles down.


**The Saturday Evening Post,** © 1960 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.



Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

*The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.*

**Subscription Prices:** U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

**Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

**How to read your expiration date:** Your address label shows your subscription expiration date either 1) By month, day and year such as Oct. 8–60 *or* 2) By issue and year. Under this latter system Post No. 1 is the first issue in July each year. Thus, an expiration date appearing as 15–60 would mean October 8, 1960.

**The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address
**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**
**INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.**
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

Stretch out...

Travel great in deep-cushioned comfort—a king-size reclining seat with full leg-rest. Your deluxe Day-Nite coach seat is reserved . . . but never your enthusiasm for the fun of riding the *incomparable*

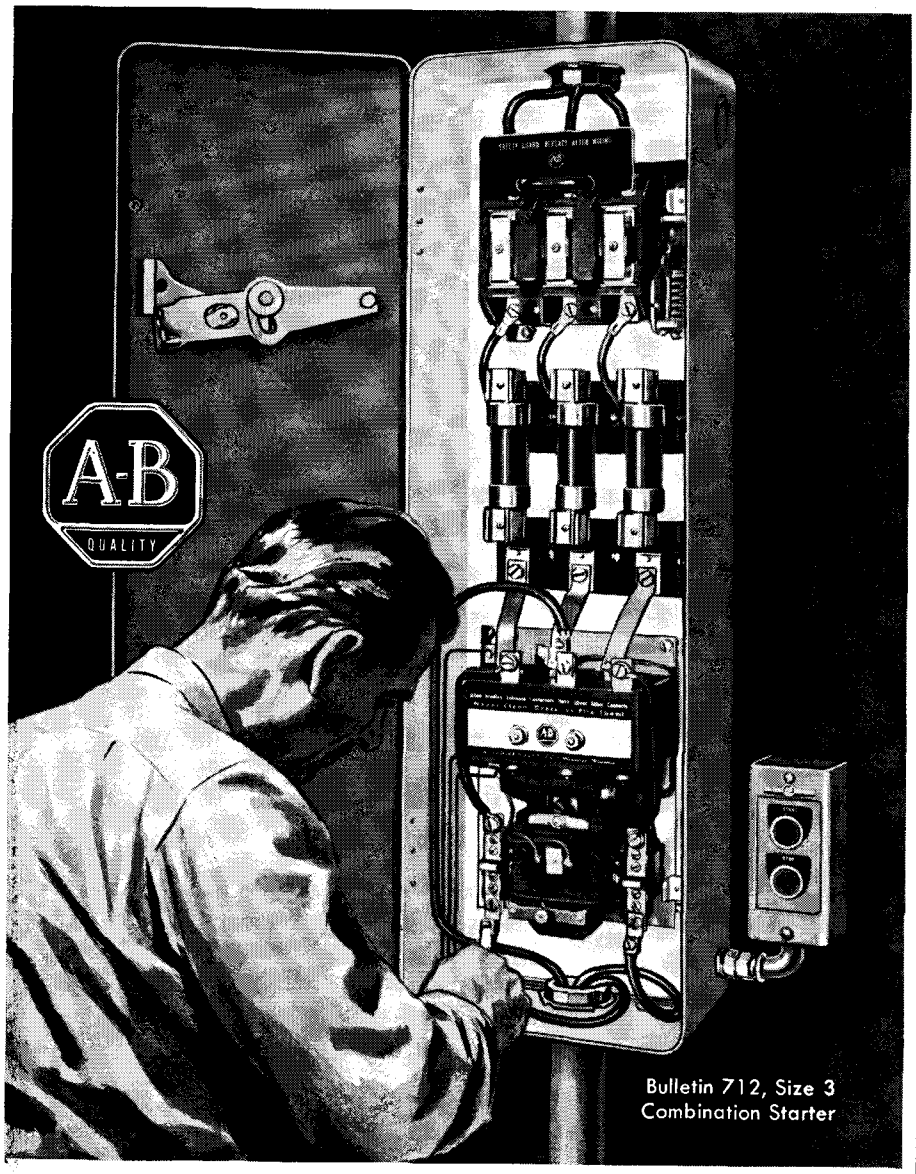
EMPIRE BUILDER

GREAT DOME STREAMLINER . . . DAILY BETWEEN CHICAGO • ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS • SPOKANE SEATTLE • PORTLAND

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Allen-Bradley
is first choice*

...with men who install motor control

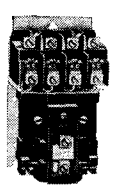
WHY? In the first place, all A-B control contains generous wiring space. In the second place, the white interior of all enclosures helps with a *good* wiring job—even in dark locations. Third, because the construction of all A-B control is so extremely simple, "troubles" are virtually nonexistent. You don't have to worry about being called back on a job—and this saves time and money. Also—the A-B line is complete. This permits a quality job—instead of having it look like pages out of a mail-order catalog.

As an example, the starter illustrated above combines the disconnect switch with the starter in one enclosure—and the cabinet cannot be opened unless the disconnect switch is in the "off" position. Result—a safer installation—a better-looking job—and the installed cost is less!

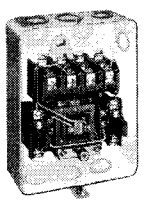
Insist on Allen-Bradley—the *quality* motor control preferred by engineers, designers, contractors, and the men on the job.*

**According to nationwide surveys.*

Allen-Bradley makes a full line of *quality* motor control


Control Relays
Bulletin 700

Drum Switches
Bulletin 350


Motor Starters
Bulletin 709

Push Buttons
Bulletin 800

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Member of NEMA
*Quality* Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S.Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. • In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

# Letters

## Where Can We Flee?

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for OUR URBAN REVOLUTION [by Harold H. Martin, Jan. 2–Jan. 16].

It's a story that for years, increasingly, has been crying to be told. . . . Martin has done a magnificent job of writing it.

DON STETSON
*Kissimmee, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:

I found [the articles] simply terrifying. I have twice been forced to move by conscienceless developers ruining good farmland with subdivisions. This is not "progress." Quite the reverse. The man who leaves an environment grown distasteful and immediately proceeds to recreate that environment in his new location is not progressive—he's an idiot. Our superhighways are lines of infection which spread urban cancer across the whole nation.

What we want to know—and what Mr Martin neglected to tell us—is where can we flee to be safe from civilization?

CAROLYN KENNEDY BEALS
*Deep River, Conn.*

Dear Sirs:

The articles are extremely well done. I am particularly enthusiastic because of the need to inform people better as to the substance and complexities of our urban problems.

W. C. DUTTON JR., *Executive Director*
*American Institute of Planners*
*Washington, D.C.*

## The Bells Are Ringing

● *In* OUR URBAN REVOLUTION, *Part I, author Martin speaks of sextons "getting calluses from tolling wedding bells."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

If your Mr. Martin had ever, as a small boy, sat on the wall of a churchyard and heard the solemn stroke of the big church bell tolled once every minute as a funeral procession approached, coming down the country lane toward the church, led by the undertaker who was the village carpenter, with a band of black crape round his tall hat . . . he never could have confused the *tolling* of the bell, that most mournful of all sounds, with the *ringing* of the wedding bells . . . a quick and joyful melody.

RICHARD BARTON
*Hamden, Conn.*

## City Vs. Suburbs

Dear Sirs:

Author Martin is not telling the whole story as regards the "flight to the suburbs." You see, Washington is no longer a safe city to live in, especially at night. It is . . . five or six years since I have gone out after dark myself. . . .

Is this a way to live? I think not, and so I, too, am moving into Maryland.

THELMA TODD BIGELOW
*Washington, D.C.*

Dear Sirs:

Despite the fact that residents of the city have to contend with waves of hoodlumism, crime of all sorts and danger of sudden death, we city dwellers, most of us, just like to live in the city.

SOPHIE F. HORMAN
*Baltimore, Md.*

Dear Sirs:

How can the urban-renewal people expect families who have luck enough to get away to Suburbia to return to the cities? The average family cannot afford as large a city apartment as it can a suburban house. This means that where there is more than one child he must share his room. Every child is entitled to his own spot, where he can pursue his hobbies, keep his messy collections or just dream! And he should know the joy and responsibility of owning, raising and training a dog, something denied in most apartments.

And can you imagine any red-blooded ten-year-old enjoying a "tot-plot"? Ugh! Would the desire to wiggle his bare toes in the wet grass the first morning of

summer vacation survive the trip down fifteen floors and the disapproving stares of neighbors in the elevator? . . .

In Suburbia a small boy can adventure in a way he could never do in Mr. Martin's megalopolis. . . . There is room to live, to wiggle to dream!

MRS. W. J. DAVIES
*Arlington, Va.*

Dear Sirs:

A word of warning. If you are contemplating a move to the suburbs, think twice. Once you have moved you won't have time to think. . . . Many city people envision country life as a life of leisure, a sportsman's paradise of golf and fishing. It's a beautiful dream, but it just isn't so. Formerly, after a day's work I could go home for an evening's relaxation of reading and watching television. Now, home is where I put in my second shift. My wife's favorite expression when she wants something done—"While you're on your feet . . ."—brings back nostalgic memories of when I spent most of my evenings on my back.

There has been one advantage, however; I have learned what the world looks like at six o'clock in the morning. It's a most depressing sight. All you see is people rushing off to work.

MARSON M. EATON
*Seabrook, Md.*

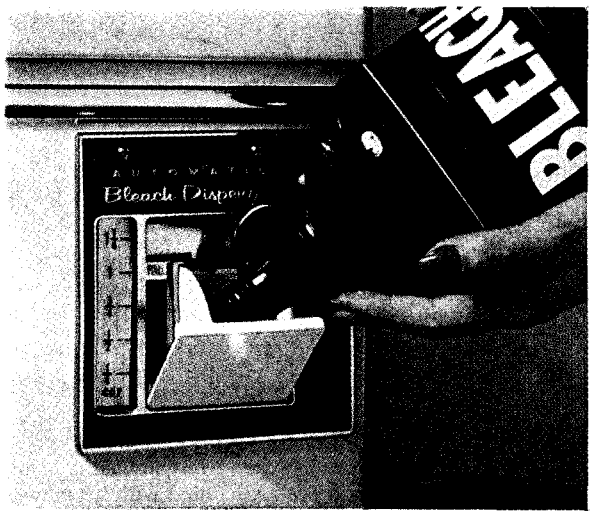
## What Price Civilization?

Dear Sirs:

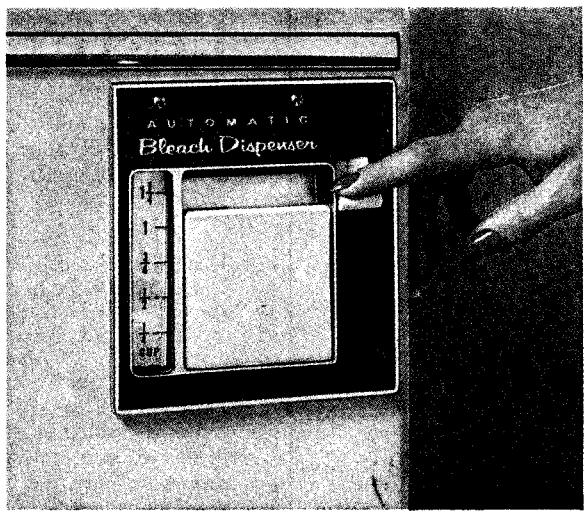
Thank you for the great pleasure of reading Leonard Wibberley's THE HANDS OF CORMAC JOYCE [Jan. 16]. Mr. Wibberley always writes well, but this story

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




**Only the 1960 General Electric Washer** stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. Fill the dispenser only once a month—after that your bleaching is fully automatic.

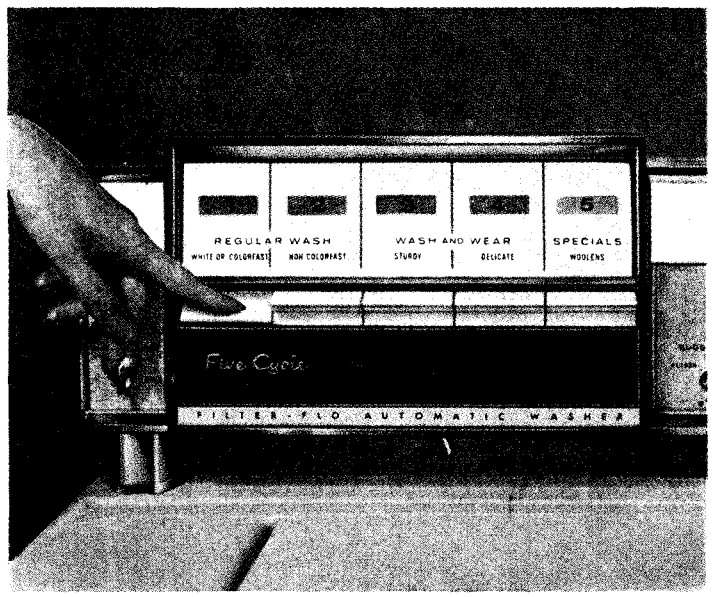



**Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach** automatically. Just press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need. Then, even before it's added to the wash-load, it is diluted to safe solution to give you perfect bleaching results every time—with no work for you.

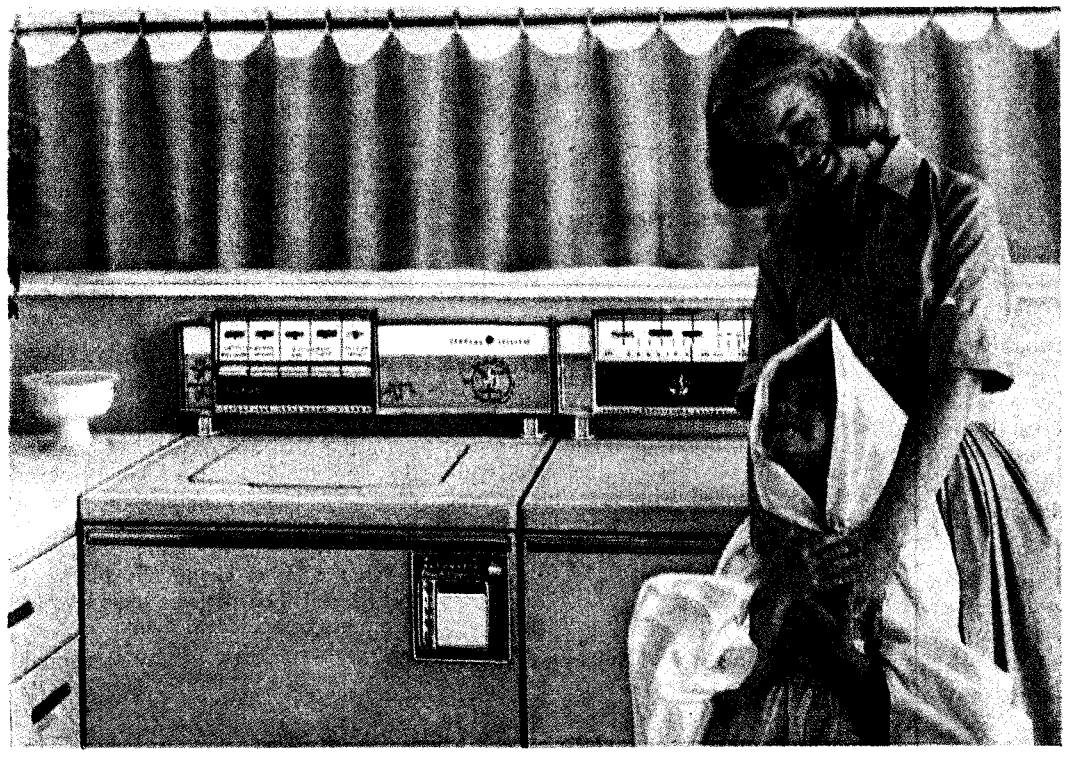
**Ends risk of bleach damage.** Improperly diluted bleach can't get to your clothes to cause results like this. With automatic bleaching, you get every benefit of bleach—spotlessly clean, white clothes —without danger of fabric damage.

# Now... bleaching problems solved automatically! Only General Electric's 1960 Filter-Flo® Washer...

Safely stores a month's supply—3 full quarts
Measures, dilutes and adds bleach automatically
Ends messy hand-bleaching drudgery for you
Saves time—no waiting around for washer to fill

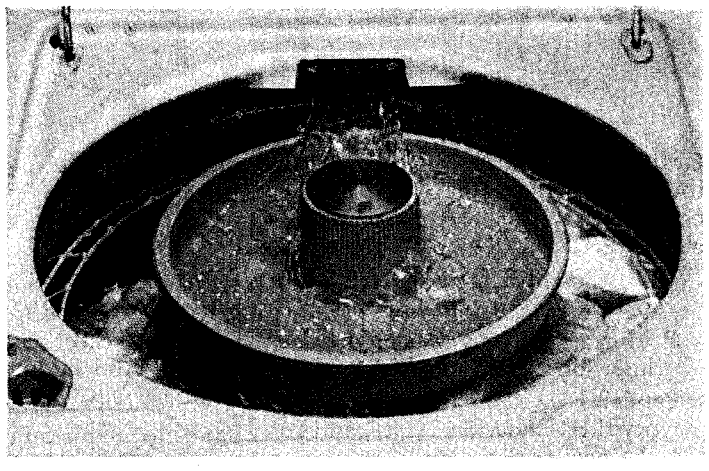



**5 automatic cycles** bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash speeds and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free handling for wash 'n wear, special treatment for woolens.



**For white, bright washes** every time, get the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, with the Automatic Bleach Dispenser! Matching High-Speed Dryer with automatic control gives you just-right drying for every washable fabric.

**Only $3.30 weekly,** for the washer, after a small down payment. See your dealer for prices and for liberal terms. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



**No lint fuzz.** Lint is caught in the non-clogging, moving filter, not on your clothes. Plus: Big 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Rinse Agent Dispenser, Suds Return System (optional). Choice of Mix-or-Match colors, or white, and full General Electric Warranty.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will your present letterhead look at home in the Missile Mail?

Grab a moment as you hurry into the Soaring Sixties... and give your company's letterhead a pre-flight check-off...

Design? Will it help you sell what you make and what you service?

Printing? Have you asked your printer for letterhead advice?

Paper? How does it perform in a typewriter, under an eraser, and in a prospect's hands?

Your printer can help you design a letterhead that will impress your prospects...in India or Indianapolis...and quietly reassure your old customers.

When you ask him, he'll probably suggest using Hammermill Bond because he knows how well it prints and types. He knows how Hammermill Bond's bright snowy whiteness and crisp, business-like feel stand out in any stack of mail. And he knows Hammermill Bond has envelopes to match.

For help in planning and designing your next letterhead, see your printer or write on your business stationery to Hammermill Paper Company, 1451 East Lake Road, Erie 6, Pennsylvania.

ASK YOUR PRINTER TO BRING YOUR LETTERHEAD UP TO DATE ON

HAMMERMILL BOND

THE BEST KNOWN NAME IN PAPER


# Letters (Continued from Page 4)

is literature, fully deserving the magnificent photographs, each one of which is like an old master.

AMELIA BEAN
*Riverside, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:
The Wibberley bests *The Old Man and the Sea!*

BATTELL LOOMIS
*Manhattan Beach, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:
It is refreshing to read that somewhere in this world are men, women and children who have the inward courage so many of us lack.

MABEL R. WOLFRAM
*Maumee, Ohio*

Dear Sirs:
How did Cormac manage to look "eastward into the Atlantic" when the Aran Islands are off the northwest coast of Ireland?

D. L. CULVER
*Riverside, Ill.*

● *"This slip-up," says Wibberley, "is entirely the result of my living in California, with the Atlantic to the east of me."* —ED.

Dear Sirs:
The photographs by Eugene Kammerman . . . are like the story—beautiful and sensitive.

PATRICIA NORDIN COX
*Seattle, Wash.*

Dear Sirs:
I was captivated by those faces. . . . The serenity and spirituality of the wife is unforgettable. It makes one wonder what price civilization.

E. F. HALPIN
*Peoria, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:
I am the mother of two infant children, so I haven't much time—but every week I take the time to snatch a little *Post* here and there. When you can bring me reading as outstanding as THE HANDS OF CORMAC JOYCE I can also take the time to write and thank you. Thank you.

MRS. T. M. NEVILLE
*Canoga Park, Calif.*

## Gallery Vs. Morgan

Dear Sirs:
The reciprocal frankness and barbed banter in MY UNKNOWN ADMIRER by Dan Gallery, Jan. 23, was as delightful and refreshing as a breath of clean salt air. In this age of passive resistance, deference and (that tiresome word) conformity, it is inspiring to know there are still those who can speak their mind with abandon tinged with rare humor and have it accepted in the same light.

ELLYN JENSON
*Northbrook, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:
When Gallery vs. Morgan is switched to Madison Square Garden, please notify me of the date promptly so I can get a ringside seat.

ED A. BORDEN
*San Francisco, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:
Let's have more of the spicy letters of Dan Gallery and C. A. Morgan—even if you have to invent them.

PIERCE L. TANEY
*Wapwallopen, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:
[In KEEPING POSTED, Jan. 23, you] show letter-writer Morgan taking mail from a drop box lettered with his name.

*Morgan and his mailbox.*

How can the budget be balanced if the postal department gives out these drop boxes to citizens?

J. J. MCGROTH
*New York, N.Y.*

● *Morgan's box didn't cost the taxpayers a cent. He bought it from a Cleveland ironworks. Though official-looking, it lacks the official embossment,* U.S. MAIL. —ED.

## Men Vs. Women

Dear Sirs:
A six-gun salute to those seafaring insulters, Gallery and Morgan, for picking on each other once in a while in the manner usually reserved for wives. No doubt they both sharpen those sardonic barbs on their women. And I mean women. If anything riles my Tugboat Annie blood, it is reference to "my good wife," connoting a better one, a best one and who knows how many bad ones.

DOROTHY I. FAIST
*Clearwater, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:
In my sixty-seven years of association with the opposite sex I have never ceased to marvel that they . . . regard us and our insulting badinage as impossible. . . .

What a lot of joy in life they have missed, but then perhaps their love for gossip has compensated them.

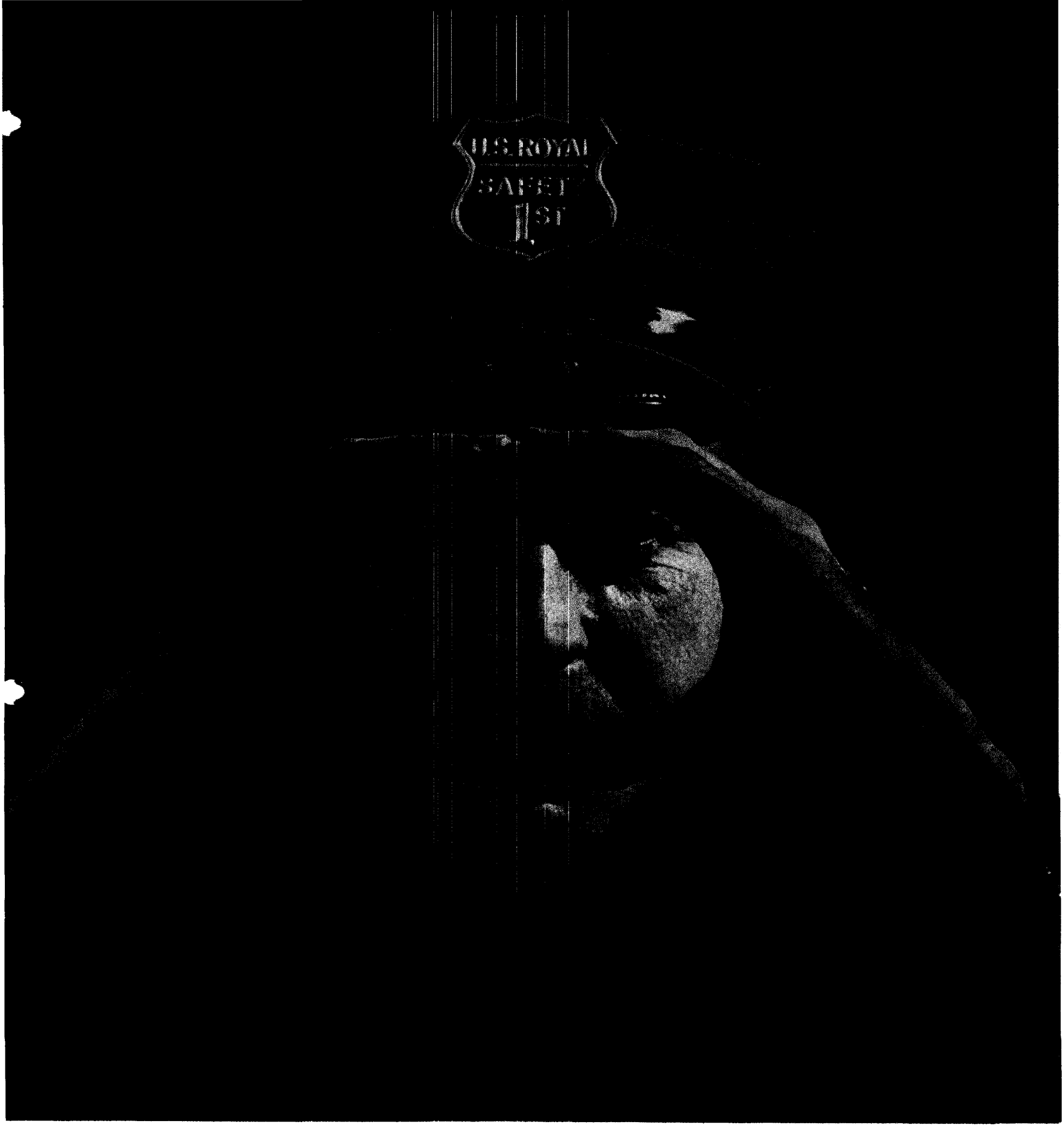
W. M. BUCHER
*Lancaster, Pa.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Bob Towers, Pix. • 19, 20, 21–Frank Ross. • 22, 23–Joe Bowler. • 24, 25–Joern Gerdts. • 26, 27–Arthur Lidov. • 28–Anonymous; Clemens Kalischer; Bill Scovill. 29–Norman Rockwell; anonymous; two by Gene Pelham. • 30–Denver Gillen. 32, 33–George Burns. • 34, 35–Bruce Bomberger. • 36–United Press International; United States Air Force. • 37–Stan Galli. • 38, 39–Frank Ross. • 42–Sam Bates. 101–John Bryson. • 104–John R. Wells; Paul W. Elmquist; Hans Knopf; Wide World.

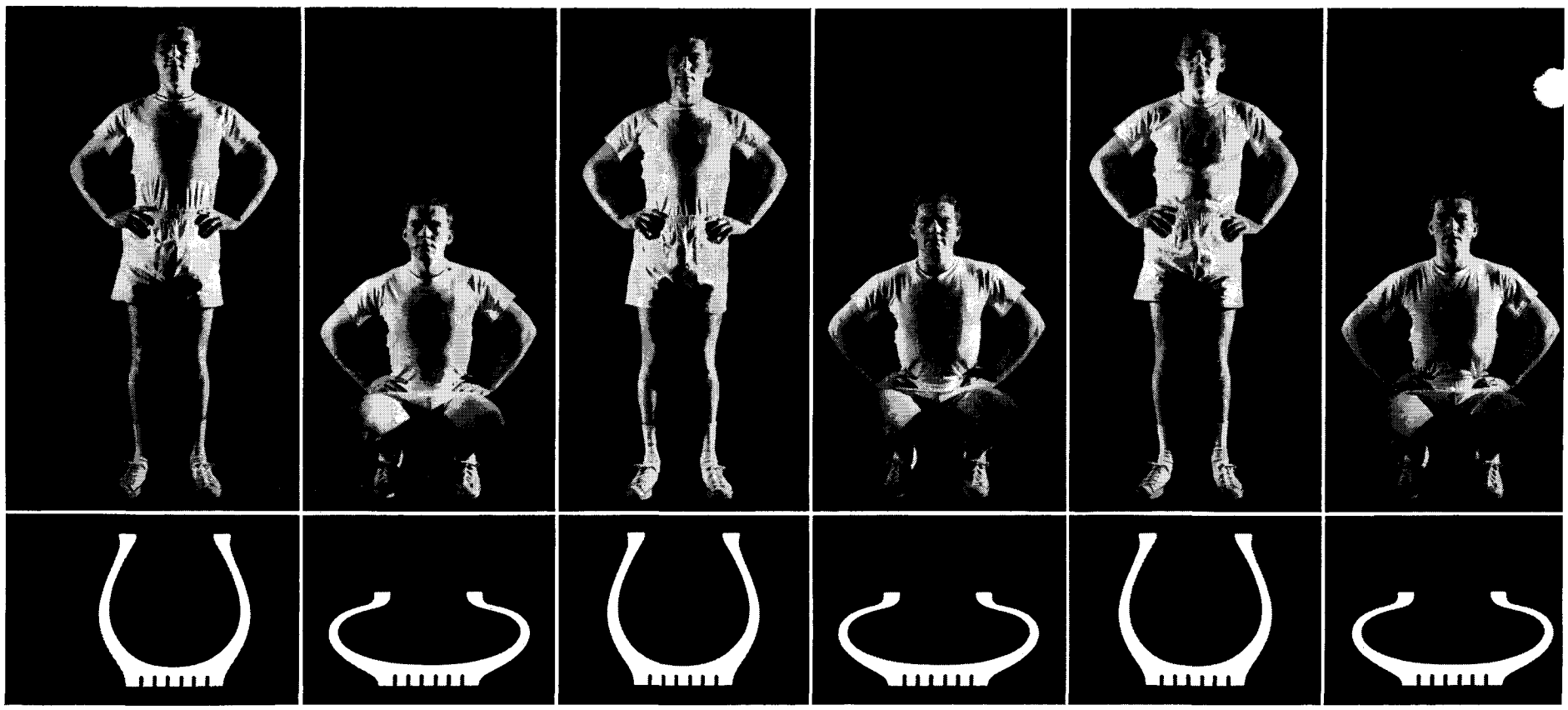
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# THIS IS THE NEW SHAPE OF SAFETY IN TIRES

*On the following pages, see why* **U.S. ROYAL** *LOW PROFILE* TIRES *are the safest tires you can put on your car.*

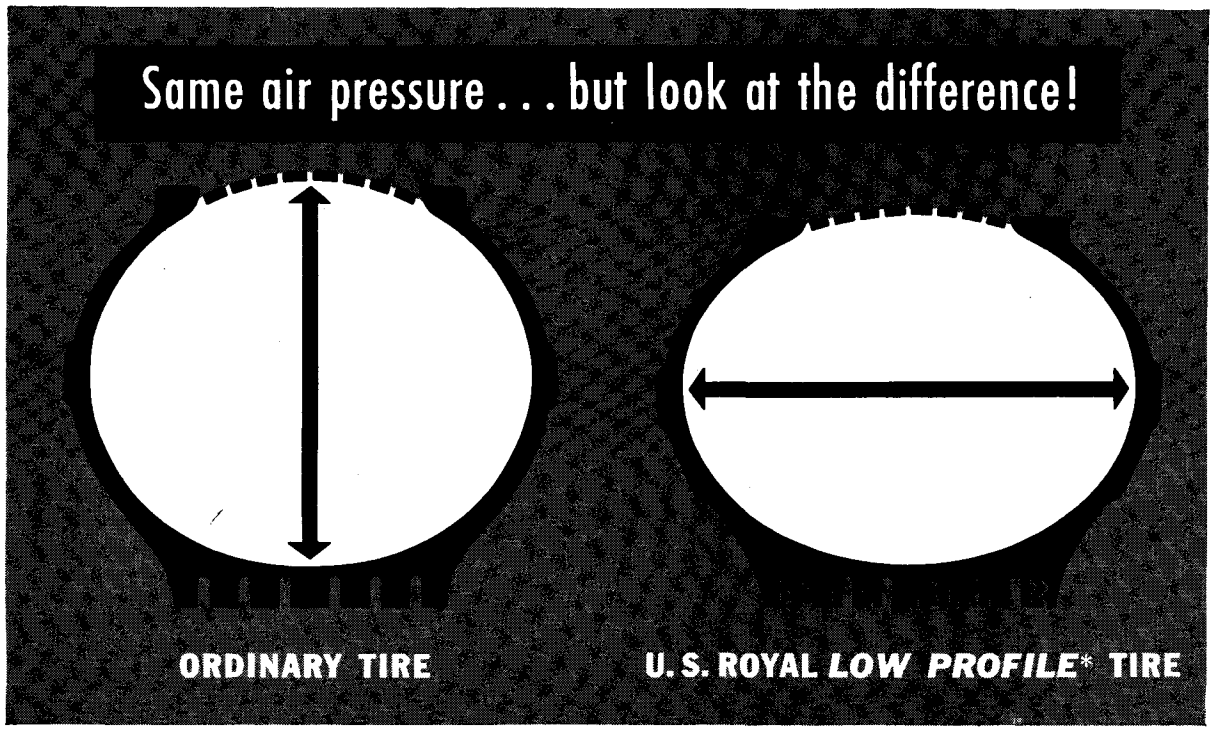
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



## Too much flexing wears out people...and tires! *The new "Low Profile*

# NOW! THE TIRE THAT

## Takes regular air pressure... yet it's lower and




**ORDINARY TIRE SHAPE FLEXES EXCESSIVELY** building up intense heat that murders tires, burns 'em out fast. Tests prove flexing pushes the temperature of ordinary tires above the crucial 240° F. danger zone.

**"LOW PROFILE" TIRE SHAPE REDUCES FLEX,** keeps temperature well below destructive danger zone. Running for hours on end at top highway speeds, U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires stay cooler, keep you far safer.

Do a few quick deep knee bends — and what happens? You heat up fast, soon feel real strain.

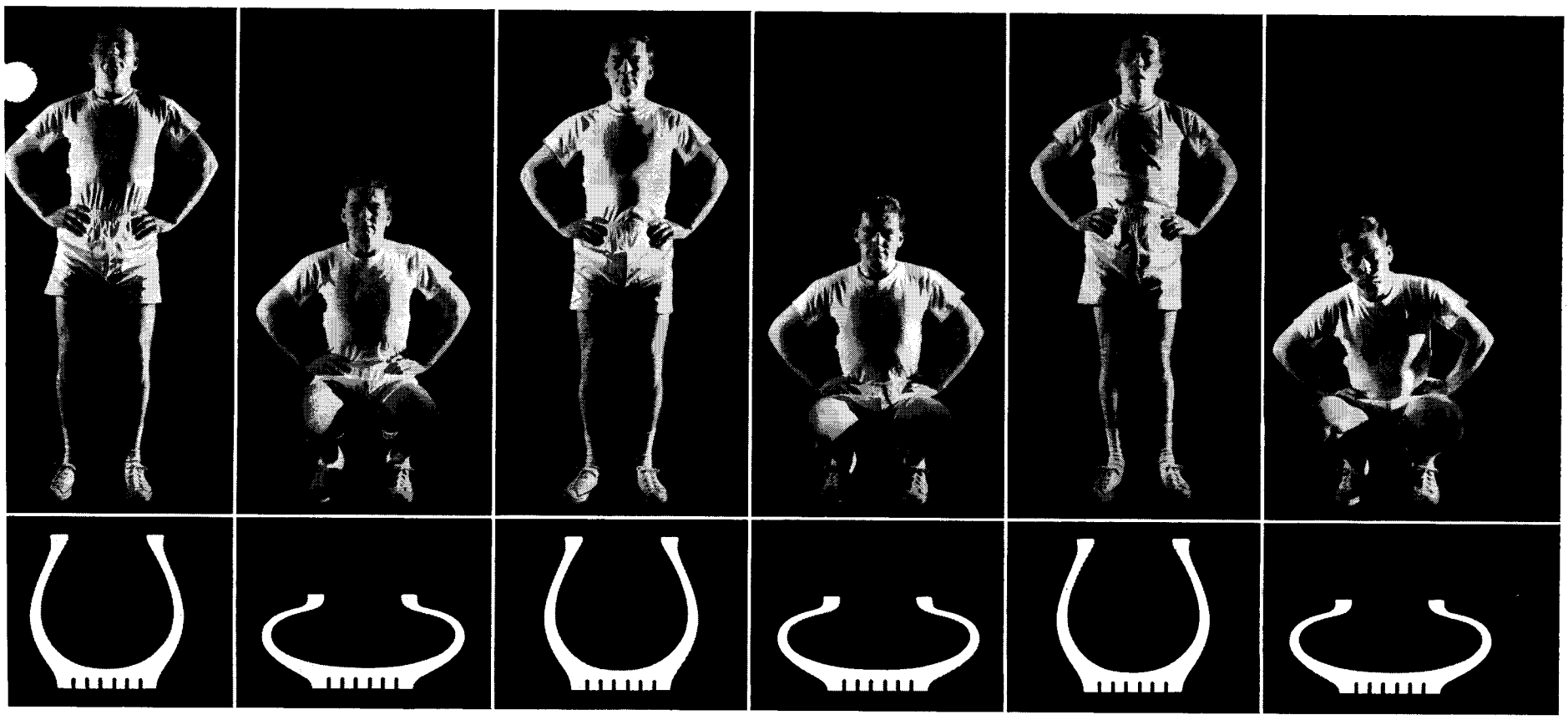
Ordinary tires do 700 "deep knee bends" per mile as they roll along under the enormous weight of your car. This excessive flexing builds up heat that really tortures your tires, especially at today's high turnpike speeds. It weakens rubber and fabric prematurely, increases blowout danger.

Now U.S. Royal drastically reduces the danger of tire failure with a revolutionary new tire—"Low Profile." Even though the air pressure is the same as in ordinary tires, U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires are lower and wider to flex less, run cooler, wear better.

No other tire design gives you such thorough protection against high-speed failure and heat blowouts. Yet "Low Profile" tires cost you no more than ordinary tires. So don't run the risk of tire failure. See the *complete* line of U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires—now in 5 popular price ranges for every make and model car—at your U.S. Royal Dealer.

PIONEERED BY U. S. RUBBER AS THE ANSWER TO GREATER TIRE SAFETY

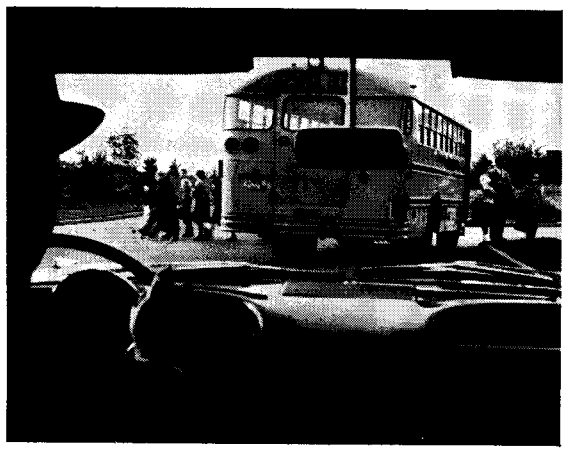
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



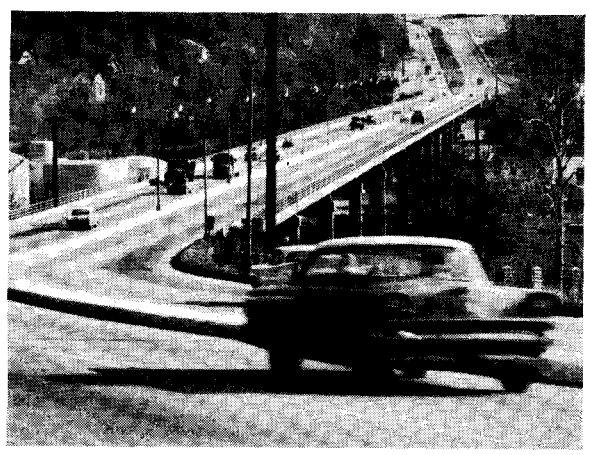
*ire shape flexes less, reduces heat build-up, increases mileage!*

# DOESN'T GET TIRED

## vider to keep you safe at top highway speeds!



**OPS QUICKER, RIDES SMOOTHER.** A lower, wider shape ves U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires more tread to ip the highway. Even under the worst weather con-tions, traction is greatly increased. "Low Profile" es are made of U.S. Royal's exclusive no-shock rub-r that gives you the luxurious "Red Carpet Ride"!



**STEERS BETTER, SAVES GAS.** Pre-shaped to their actual rolling proportions on the highway, U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires are much more stable on curves, respond quicker in emergencies. Because less flexing means less work for your engine, "Low Profile" tires deliver from 6 to 12 extra miles per tankful of gas!

SAFETY 1ST

# U.S. ROYAL *LOW PROFILE** TIRES

**"Low Profile" is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire.*

US RUBBER

**United States Rubber**

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Editorials

## Lincoln Was a Politician—and Proud of It

On February 27, 1860, a politician from the West made a significant speech in the East as a presidential possibility. He was not a candidate. Like the noncandidates of today, he knew the wisdom of refusing to admit that he was running for President.

Practically all his adult life Abraham Lincoln was a politician, and an ambitious one. He called himself a politician. He vigorously attacked the opposing party, he sought office, he silently pulled wires, he made deals. Yet, like other politicians before and since, he was intensely devoted to the welfare of his country.

This maneuvering politician had one dominant principle from the outset: to save the Union from destruction. At the age of twenty-eight he said in a speech to the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield that the founders of the country had made a great experiment, testing "the capacity of a people to govern themselves." This experiment was in continual danger. Again and again there were nullification and secession movements from the 1790's onward, in the South and the North. Not only slavery but the tariff and other issues often appeared likely to tear the United States apart.

Could popular government—"a constitutional republic, or a democracy"—defend itself against foreign aggression and internal disruption? For Lincoln this always remained the supreme issue. It was the theme of his greatest speech, the Gettysburg Address, in 1863. Never did his political ambition make him lose sight of this question.

Politician Lincoln went to Congress by a deal. He and two other Whigs in his congressional district were rivals for the nomination. In those days the slogan "rotation in office" had a strong appeal to the voters, and so the three Whig leaders arranged to take the nomination by turns, the winner stepping aside after two years for the next man. Thus in 1846 Lincoln was the nominee. Defeating his Democratic opponent by a large majority, he became the only Whig congressman from Illinois.

A new party, called Republican, was set up in 1854 by foes of any extension of slavery to the Western territories. Lincoln was soon the Republican leader in Illinois. On the question of extending slavery, he persistently rejected any compromise.

It was in 1858 that he became a national headliner by his seven debates in the senatorial campaign with the country's top Democratic leader, Stephen A. Douglas. With power and adroitness Lincoln forced Senator Douglas to weaken himself as a presidential candidate in 1860 by taking a compromising position on the issue of slavery extension. The Republicans won legislative districts with a bigger population than those carried by the Democrats, but the northern districts were underrepresented in the legislature, which elected Douglas.

And now Lincoln was a national figure, a presidential possibility. Privately he admitted that he was "ambitious, and would like to be President," but he pooh-poohed his chances. He discouraged all organized efforts in his behalf. Lincoln corresponded with Republicans all through the country on how to strengthen the party. In 1859 he made many speeches on the issues of the day.

And at last, on February 27, 1860, he spoke in the largest hall in New York, the Great Hall in Cooper Union. Easterners saw this outlandish figure, this long-legged stranger of backwoods origin, a man unique, awkward and yet somehow dignified. From him there came a masterly speech opposing any extension of slavery into the territories and—quoting the father of the Democrats, Jefferson—in favor of gradually freeing the slaves.

Still Lincoln refused to admit his candidacy. But he maneuvered skillfully. His moderate position appealed to the growing number of moderates in the Republican Party. The leading candidate, William H. Seward, had acquired many enemies. Lincoln made himself acceptable to various factions as a second choice. Hence this Western politician entered the Republican convention with far more votes than anyone else but Seward, and on the third ballot he was nominated.

Lincoln became a minority President, winning less than 40 per cent of the popular vote, but a big majority in the electoral college. Soon the Southern states began seceding. The war came. The war President had a party that was divided several ways. He tried endlessly to paste up the cracks. Strong though he was, he had to be a patient compromiser.

It was only by being a politician, by applying the arts of politics every day of his four years and one month in office, that he was able to succeed. Only a skilled practitioner of politics could have done well enough to earn at last the name of statesman.

---

## Tax Rules Hamper American Industry in Replacing its Worn-Out Machines

Congress could do the nation a service by scrapping two antiquated policy directives that are strangling the metalworking industry. The directives are *Treasury Decision 4422*, published in 1934, and *Treasury Bulletin F*, published in 1942. The Treasury decision requires the owner of an obsolete machine tool to prove that it can't be operated economically before he can write it off for tax purposes. *Bulletin F* attempts to establish the useful life of every conceivable type of machine tool and is used by many Internal Revenue Service agents as their only authority in ruling on tax depreciation claims.

The trouble with *Bulletin F* is that it is based on manufacturers' records of the depression years, when lathes and milling machines were kept in service long after they became obsolete. Consequently it establishes the useful life of some machine tools as ranging up to thirty years and more. Technological advances of the last decade have made this a nonsensical figure. The economical life of most modern machine tools is about six years.

The effect of *Bulletin F* has been to make it impossible for American manufacturers to keep their plants modern and efficient. Most small manufacturers can buy new machinery only out of retained income. If a doorknob maker can depreciate only 3 per cent of the cost of a new lathe annually because *Bulletin F* says that the lathe should last thirty-three years, he can't afford the new grinder that he needs. He loses accounts to foreign competition because he can't compete on price. This is not surprising. The foreign competitor pays lower wages and, thanks to the United States foreign-aid program, he does have modern equipment—made in Europe.

The doorknob maker is not an isolated case. A metalworking magazine reported last year that more than half of United States production equipment is overdue for the junk pile. Thanks in part to American foreign aid, less than 10 per cent of European equipment is obsolete.

A majority of American manufacturers would replace worn-out equipment if a fair depreciation policy were adopted by the Treasury. Most favor the Canadian system, in which all productive machinery is lumped together and can be depreciated at 20 per cent annually. Money to buy new machines accumulates in the depreciation fund at a reasonable rate. All other nations have realistic tax depreciation policies which encourage modernization.

Some halfhearted legislative measures have been passed that were designed to help the manufacturer who wants and needs new equipment. However, they leave the burden of proof with him, and most small industries do not have the legal staffs necessary to take advantage of them. *Bulletin F* remains the basis of depreciation policy. If it isn't replaced with a realistic program, our machines will get rustier, our plants more decrepit. And the enormous amount of hard goods required to service our possible 180,000,000 population will bear labels reading MADE IN EUROPE or MADE IN JAPAN—anywhere but in the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOY SCOUTS on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm. The weathered stump and vigorous young trees near the boys are evidence of careful industrial forest management. As timber is harvested to supply products for today, it is replaced with new crops of trees to meet the needs of tomorrow.

# growing into manhood with courage and confidence...

*Douglas fir is clear-cut in selected areas to provide open, sunlit, growing space needed by fir seedlings. Such areas are reforested by seedfall from nearby trees, helicopter seeding or by hand-planting.*

Dedicated to the fundamental precept of service to God, country and fellow man, the Boy Scouts of America this year observes its Golden Anniversary. For half a century, the organization has been an influence for good among the youth of the nation. It brings into early focus the lasting rewards of useful and upright living.

Historically, the Scouts have turned to the out-of-doors for many of the activities that help to mold men of character. In the process they have developed an abiding interest in the perpetuation of our nation's forest heritage. As a forest products firm, we fully share this interest. It is embraced in our forest management policy.

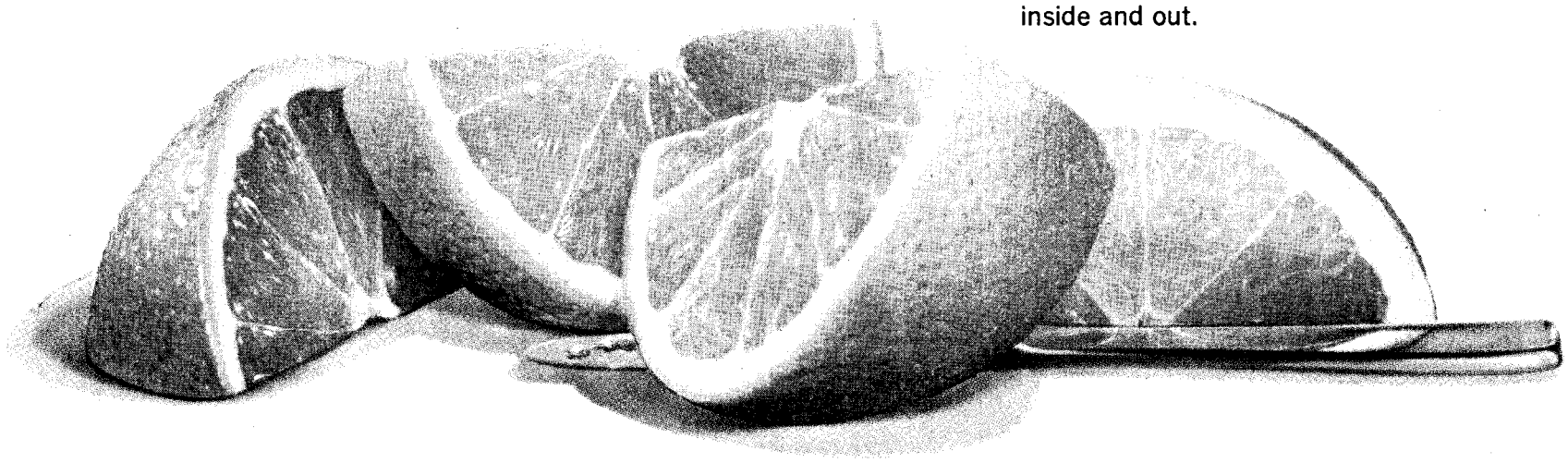
Weyerhaeuser tree farms are kept productive through controlled harvesting, prompt reforestation and careful protection against fire, insects and disease. Our lands will provide wood, water, wildlife, recreation and other forest benefits forever. We feel that all industrial forestland in America should be similarly managed. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Wash., for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

## Weyerhaeuser Company

Producers of lumber, plywood, wood pulp, paperboard, shipping containers, folding boxes, milk cartons, hardboard, particle board, Ply-Veneer, bark and wood fiber products.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

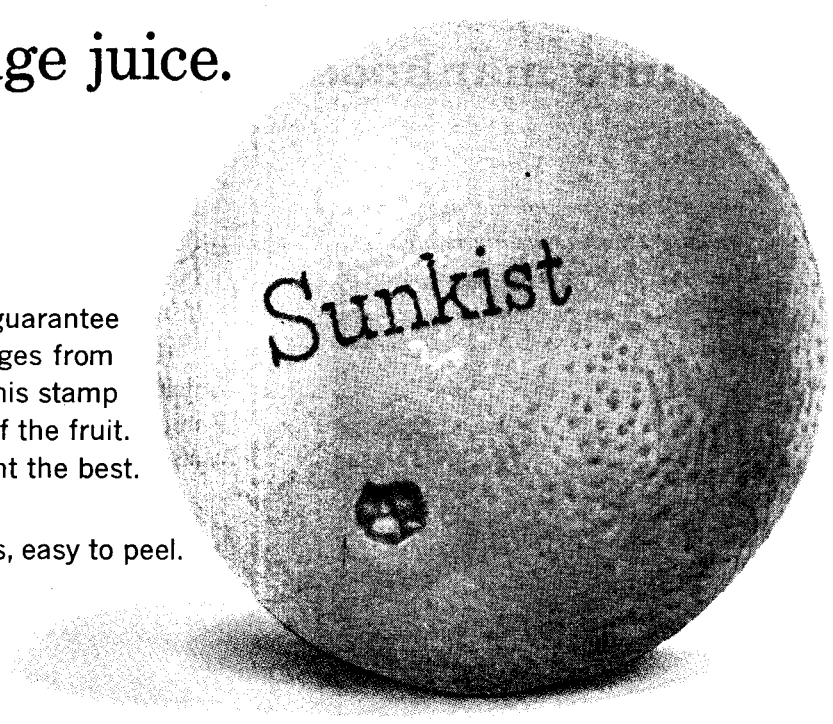
No artificial color added.
Just colored by nature...
inside and out.



The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its health values. In fact...

**Sunkist® Oranges** give your family 3 times more of the important protopectins and bio-flavonoids than frozen orange juice.

And you get all of the natural vitamin C plus 50 other health builders.* Eat whole fresh oranges... drink whole fresh orange juice.




The name Sunkist is your guarantee of the finest quality oranges from California-Arizona. Always look for this stamp of protection right on the skin of the fruit. Accept only Sunkist when you want the best.

The navel means no seeds, easy to peel.

*In addition to vitamin C, protopectins and bio-flavonoids, fresh Sunkist Oranges give your family calcium, vitamin A, inositol, thiamin, iron, biotin and 42 other known health builders.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

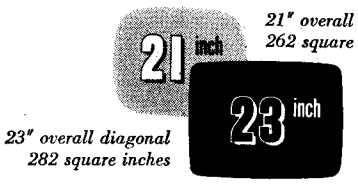
# Only Admiral, first with the 23, could do it! New Wide Angle 23 inch TV* at the price of ordinary 21! $199.95†

Matching base optional extra

**New Picture Size!**

**New Picture Shape!**

**New Picture Realness!**




*21″ overall diagonal*
*262 square inches*

*23″ overall diagonal*
*282 square inches*

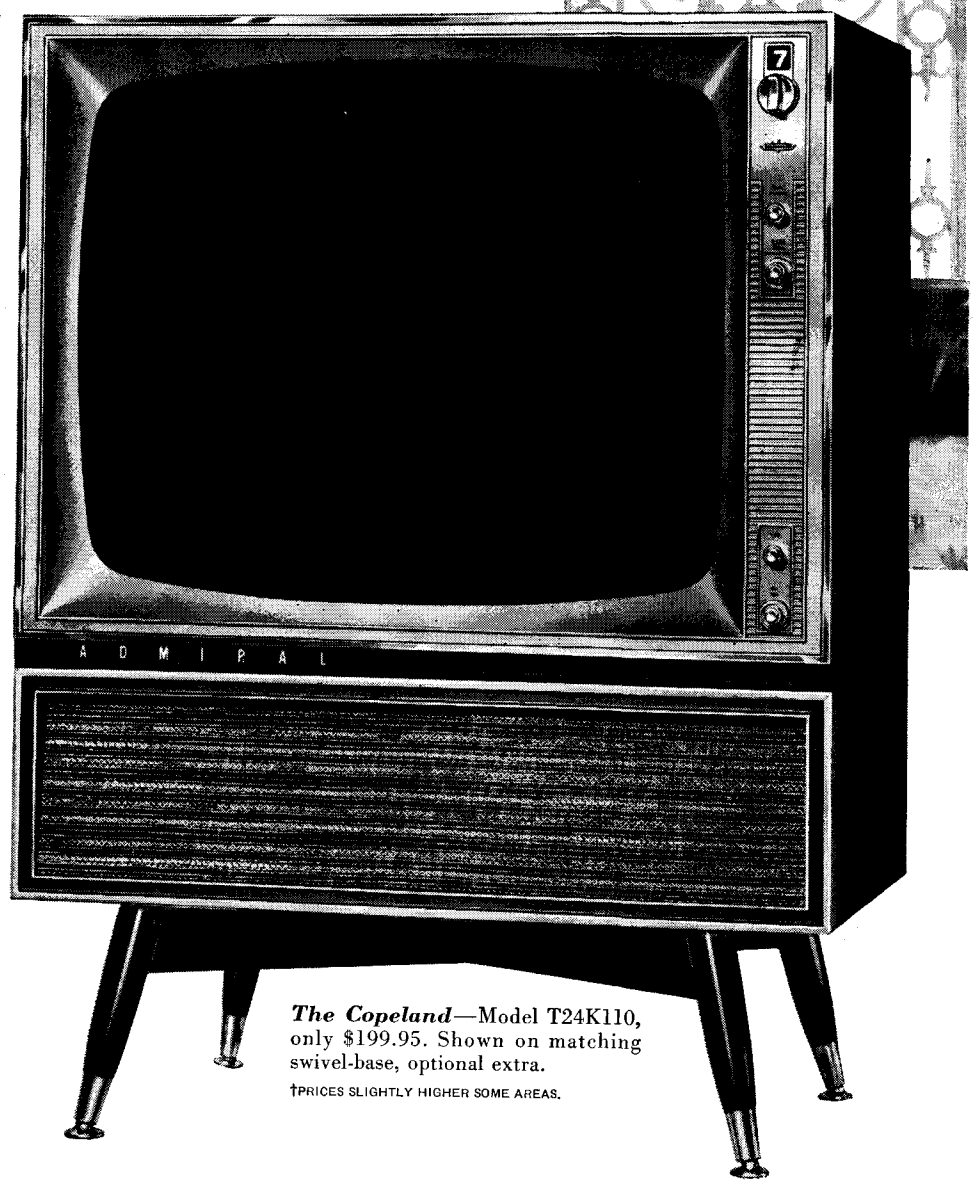
Admiral's leadership in creating the first Wide Angle 23″ TV makes it possible—a new standard of *quality* and *value* in television!

*New!* 20 square inches more picture than 21″ TV in cabinets *slimmer than ever before! New!* The first picture tube with square movie screen shape. Thus you see the complete picture ...nothing is lost at the corners. *New!* TV you can watch from any angle. The picture tube is right out front, not recessed 4 inches as in ordinary TV. *New!* Safety glass is *lifetime sealed* to the tube. Picture is dust-free, glare-free. Safest tube ever designed. *New!* Brighter, sharper picture—remarkable depth and realism. *New!* World's finest performing chassis ends service headaches. *New!* 5-year written warranty on the heart of the TV set—Admiral's etched circuit board. *New!* Beautiful decorator cabinets.

***SON-R Wireless Remote Control***—Also available with new Admiral 23″ TV. Son-R has no cords, transistors or batteries. Ultrasonic sound turns TV on-off, changes channels in either direction, adjusts volume to 4 levels.

*Only Admiral, first with the 23, gives you proved picture quality and dependability! Proved by millions of home viewing hours!*

*New picture tube, overall diagonal, 282 sq. in. viewable area




***The Copeland***—Model T24K110, only $199.95. Shown on matching swivel-base, optional extra.

†PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOME AREAS.

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

# ADMIRAL

***Admiral***® Sold in 106 countries. .Mfd. in U.S.A., Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Italy, Mexico, Philippines, Spain, Uruguay. Admiral Corp., Chicago 47, Ill., and Port Credit, Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TURBINE DRIVE

# BUICK '60

with

# EASY POWER STEERING

Isn't it funny how your ideas can change? When I went in to see this new Buick, I wanted just automatic transmission, radio and heater, period.

In fact, I was a little annoyed when the salesman *insisted* that I drive his demonstrator with Easy Power Steering. "Who needs it?" I argued. "Just *try* this Le Sabre with full power features," he said, "and then try one without them."

So I humored him. I drove 'em both in traffic, on the highway, and then parked in tight spots. Well sir, I could hardly believe they were the same make and model!

You just can't *realize* what a difference this Easy Power Steering makes until you feel it for yourself. And I found it adds very little a day to the payments—next to nothing compared to the relaxation, security and *fun* it adds to driving.

Try a Turbine Drive Buick with Easy Power Steering. For my money, it's Buick's all-time best! Saginaw Steering Gear Division of General Motors, Saginaw, Mich.

POWER PUTS THE *PLEASURE* IN DRIVING!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Canada

## ...THE WONDERFUL WORLD AT YOUR DOORSTEP!

*In Canada's National Parks,* summer vacations are as exhilarating and exciting as the scenery. You'll enjoy sun-filled days swimming, boating, fishing, sight-seeing on mountain trails, golfing on luxuriously green courses. Accommodation ranges from magnificent resort hotels to tent sites in spacious camping areas. For complete information on roads, routes, rates and facilities in the fabulous National Parks of Canada, simply mail the coupon. And remember, Canada's outdoor playgrounds are easily reached by car, rail or air travel. A Canadian-style vacation is an ideal *family* vacation!

T-1-11-01

**FREE!** Illustrated literature on

**CANADA'S NATIONAL PARKS**

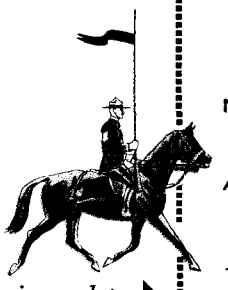
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
OTTAWA, CANADA

*Please send the National Parks Vacation Kit to:*

NAME_____
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS_____

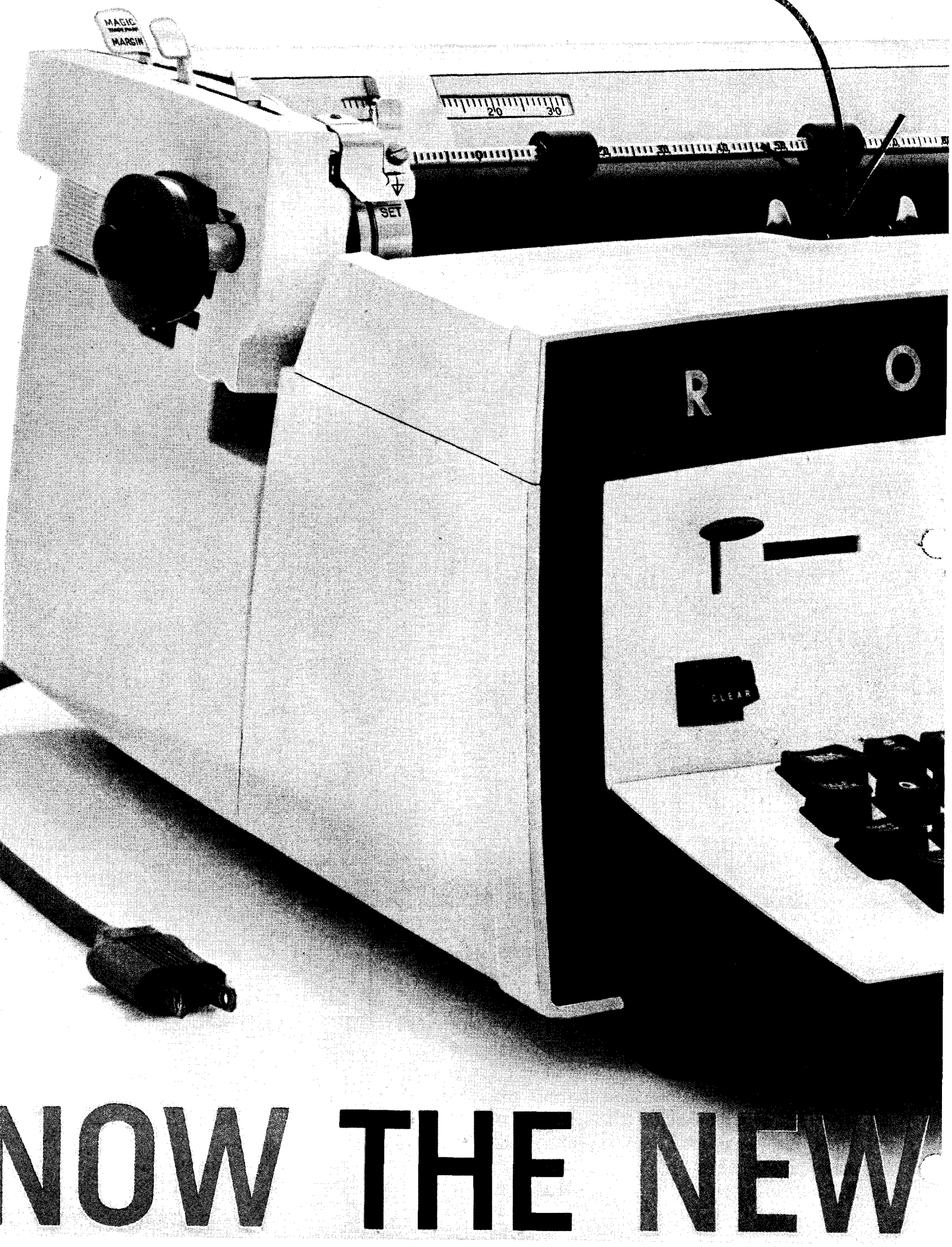
_____ STATE_____



*Stick this coupon on any postcard or enclose in envelope* ▶

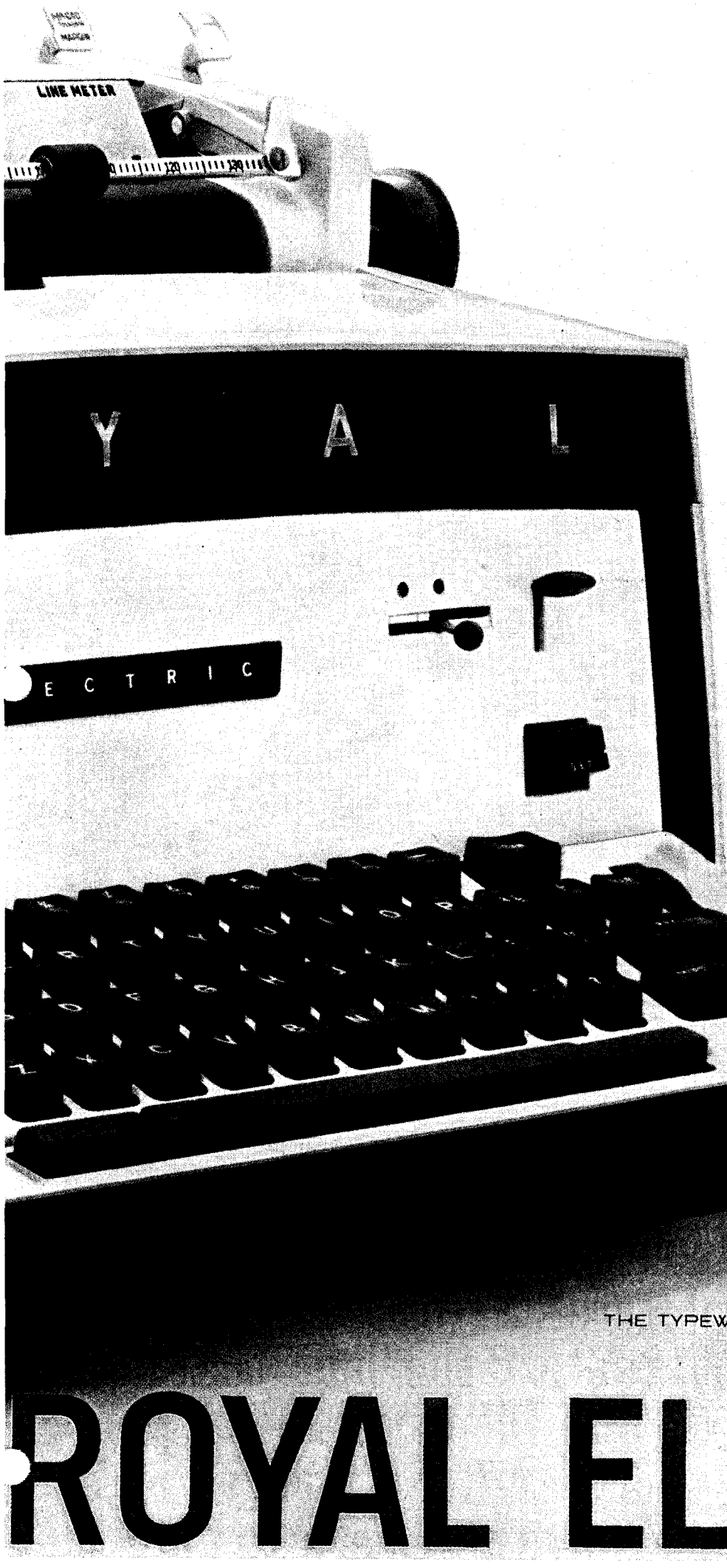
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 3689 precision-engineered parts that all pay off right here




# NOW THE NEW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




...right where the type bar touches the paper. That's where this new Royal Electric pays off.

It pays you with writing so fine it looks cleanly, clearly *different* from the work of any other electric typewriter.

This is simply because the brand new parts that make up this machine make possible: (1) a more clearly-etched letter than ever; (2) a more uniform inking than ever; (3) a more accurate positioning of words and letters than ever.

The result is better writing than ever.

Now...what is it like to operate this machine? Just try it. It takes that electricity out of the wire and makes it do more to make the secretary's work easier than any typewriter ever did before. Big, solid feel. And yet the lightest, *youngest* action your fingers ever felt.

Call your Royal representative for a demonstration. You'll see.

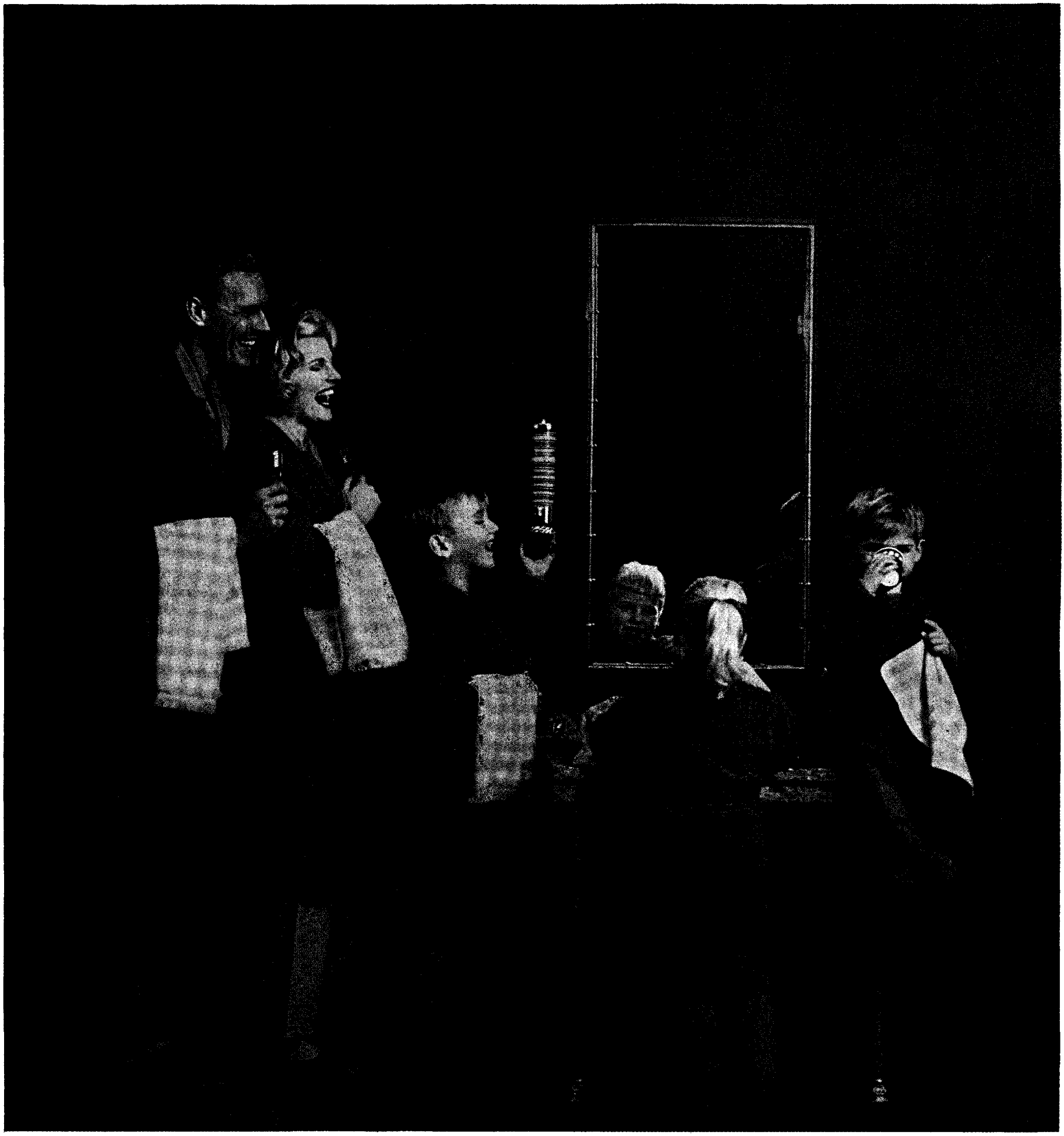
ROYAL®

A product of Royal McBee Corporation,
World's Largest Manufacturer of Typewriters.

THE TYPEWRITER ELECTRICITY HAS BEEN WAITING FOR

# ROYAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**To each his own clean Dixie® Cup!** Here's a fresh idea! Replace your old bathroom glass that could spread the "bug" that lays the whole family low. Get a Dixie Cup Dispenser. See if your family doesn't have fewer colds this year. Refills everywhere. **Dixie Cups and Dispensers** are products of American Can Co.

© Dixie Dep. Div. of American Can Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Debtor's booth" at the collection agency in Chicago. Its semipublic location, says the author, discourages emotional outbursts.

# Deadbeats Are My Business

## The author, a psychologist for a bill-collecting agency, discloses the weird dodges people use to avoid paying their debts. He outlines his own technique for making them cough up.

By
Eugene H. Barnes, Ph.D.,
as told to Peter Wyden

Author Barnes, 39, (left) and his boss, Gordon Fletcher, 37, with one week's accumulation of unpaid bills to be processed.

When one of our men leaves the office on a delicate mission, we have our own way of sending him off properly inspired. We admonish him, "Remember, G.T.M.!"

My business is bill collecting, and "G.T.M." is short for "get the money!" This has always been the unwritten credo of our fraternity. Lately, however, the process of extracting cash from debtors—we hesitate to call them "deadbeats," just as doctors rarely write off a patient as "hopeless"—has been elevated to new plateaus of efficiency. We no longer dispatch operatives into the hallways of apartment houses to yell for all the neighbors to hear, "Mrs. Murphy, it's the bill collector!" Today we resort to more advanced psychology. And as the only full-time psychologist employed by any collection agency I know of, I'm proud to be acknowledged as one of the pioneers who are turning the art of dunning into a science, if not an exact one.

One thing I relish about bill collecting is that the psychology of debtors is relatively uncharted territory and lends itself to challenging experiments. Not long ago I composed for my firm, National Accounts System, Incorporated, of Chicago, what I considered a scientifically near-perfect collection letter. Its forty-three words drew on most of the cardinal principles of dunning which I shall analyze in this article. It read:

Your continued refusal to stand up to your problems in a mature and responsible manner can only lead to



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more trouble. The amount involved here is too large to be forgotten. Call us immediately and make arrangements to settle this out of court.

This, I submit, is a perfectly infuriating letter. Unfortunately our debtors agree with me only too readily. The letter made them so cross that it netted little money and had to be abandoned.

Most of my new techniques are working nicely, however. For example, most debtors who visit collection agencies are received in private. Not in our agency, though. We talk to them at a tiny table smack in the middle of our big, busy office. They are shielded only by head-high glass panes on both sides. I thought this was the arrangement best suited to get across the impression that we're a scrupulously ethical financial institution—like a bank. Incidentally, this is perfectly true. Our offices in Chicago and seven other Midwestern cities collect more than $2,000,000 annually; our clients include major utility companies, national corporations and some of Chicago's best-known State Street stores.

Our semipublic debtor's booth tends to discourage tears, shouting or other inflamed conduct, though not always. On occasion we have had callers burst in with the announced intention of beating up certain of our collectors. So far we have been able to calm down these visitors by telling them that the collectors were "not in." Recently a 275-pound woman, after unsuccessfully trying to persuade us to release a garnishment on her husband's pay check, advised us that she and her spouse would wait across the street at five P.M. to shoot the two collectors she had been dealing with. Our men left via a back door. Usually we dissuade these overactive specimens simply by sticking to our subject. Thus, when a fellow who owed a one-year-old hospital bill for $257 threatened on the phone to come by and split the collector's head open, our man said, "Come ahead, but don't forget the money!" The debtor never materialized, but the money eventually did.

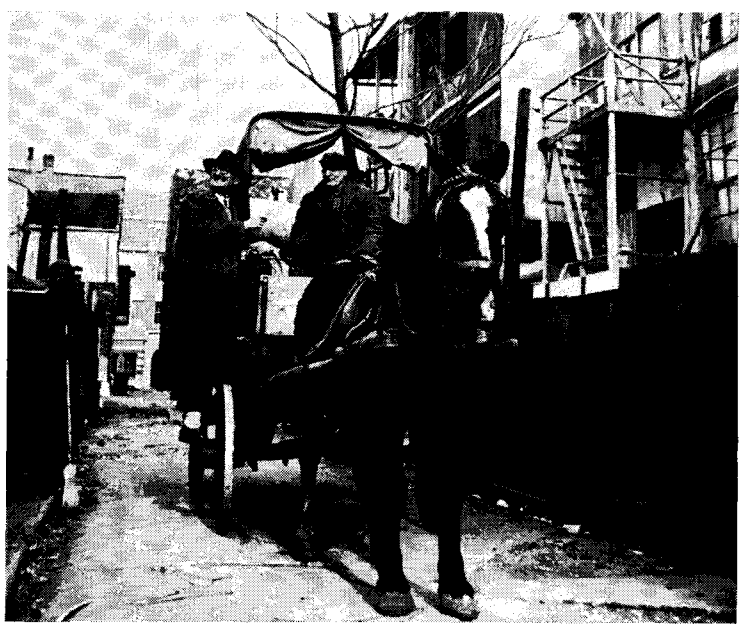
When debtors come to see us to make payments, our cashier is instructed to start at once writing out receipts for the full amount owed. When the debtor offers five dollars on account, she looks up in surprise and says, "Oh, I'm not authorized to accept partial payment. You'll have to talk to the manager." By the time the manager arrives the debtor is on the defensive and is apt to offer ten dollars, maybe more. We take it.

Our debtor's booth also inhibits visitors from stringing out the red-herring excuses with which they come so amply equipped. Occasionally we find a debtor who has a legitimate reason for not paying up. One bill I recall—and which we caused to be canceled—was for $148 to cover the delivery of a baby. It was from a hospital where our debtor had arrived so late that the youngster was born on the lawn. But most excuses we hear are bald and transparent lies. To listen to them, you'd think half the population was permanently hospitalized.

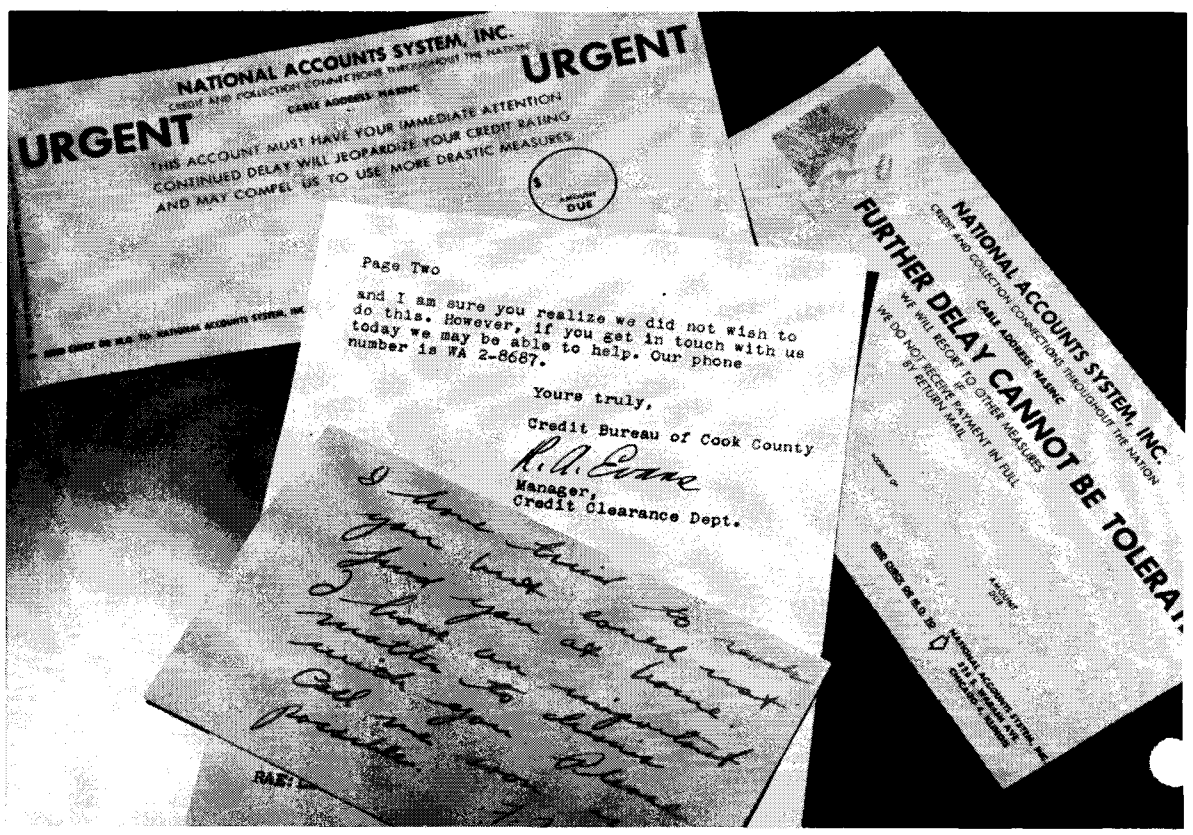
Authentic excuses are equally depressing. "I live too high," some unabashed debtors tell us. "I've got to go on vacation," is another popular theme. A call girl accused us of ruining her business because the telephone company shut down service for nonpayment of phone bills. Patiently we explain to these types that their problems won't be solved without positive action, that they are merely confronting obligations they should have met long before, and that we want the money—now.

Sometimes, I admit, a debtor's attitude entices us to go beyond the call of duty. Two

"Our most valuable collectors," says Barnes (left, with his staff), "are restless, driven fellows who derive pleasure from their battle of wits with debtors."



"Skip tracer" Oscar Safran, here questioning a junkman in a Chicago back street, specializes in tracking down deadbeats who have moved to avoid payments.


NATIONAL ACCOUNTS SYSTEM, INC.
URGENT
THIS ACCOUNT MUST HAVE YOUR IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
CONTINUED DELAY WILL JEOPARDIZE YOUR CREDIT RATING
AND MAY COMPEL US TO USE MORE DRASTIC MEASURES
AMOUNT DUE
Page Two
and I am sure you realize we did not wish to do this. However, if you get in touch with us today we may be able to help. Our phone number is WA 2-8687.
Yours truly,
Credit Bureau of Cook County
Manager,
Credit Clearance Dept.
NATIONAL ACCOUNTS SYSTEM, INC.
FURTHER DELAY CANNOT BE TOLERA

Shown above are some of the author's dunning messages. They employ psychological stratagems to provoke quick response and speedy payment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Frank Ross

years ago, while trying to collect a small balance on a man's suit, one of our collectors ran up against a lady who cackled gaily at his predicament. "That's one bill you won't collect," she said. "My husband's buried in that suit!" Whereupon our man bluffed and said he'd call the coroner "to get that suit." The woman paid.

To lead debtors to the point of paying, we have to catch them first. This may require an intricate campaign. Bill collecting is big business these days—$85,000,000 worth of overdue bills are referred to collection agencies every month. Fortunately we find that our collectors need not visit most debtors. Nearly all their collecting can be done by mail or phone. When debtors have no phone, we find it most effective to call neighbors and ask them to call the delinquent to the line. But quite a few debtors who do have telephones are more or less permanently "out" to us. It occurred to me, therefore, that it would save time and money to persuade these parties to get in touch with us instead.

We accomplish this by stimulating their curiosity. As a first step we may send them a card suggesting that they contact "this office" and giving no further details. The card's dignified typography suggests that the recipient is dealing with a big outfit that's got his number; and bigness is respected in America. The card is mailed in a narrow envelope, which permits the conclusion that it might contain a check. If the debtor decides to return it unopened to give us the idea that we don't have his current address, chances are he will unwittingly confirm his whereabouts by writing on the envelope "Not here." If we're really barking up the wrong address, the postman almost certainly will write on it "Not *there*."

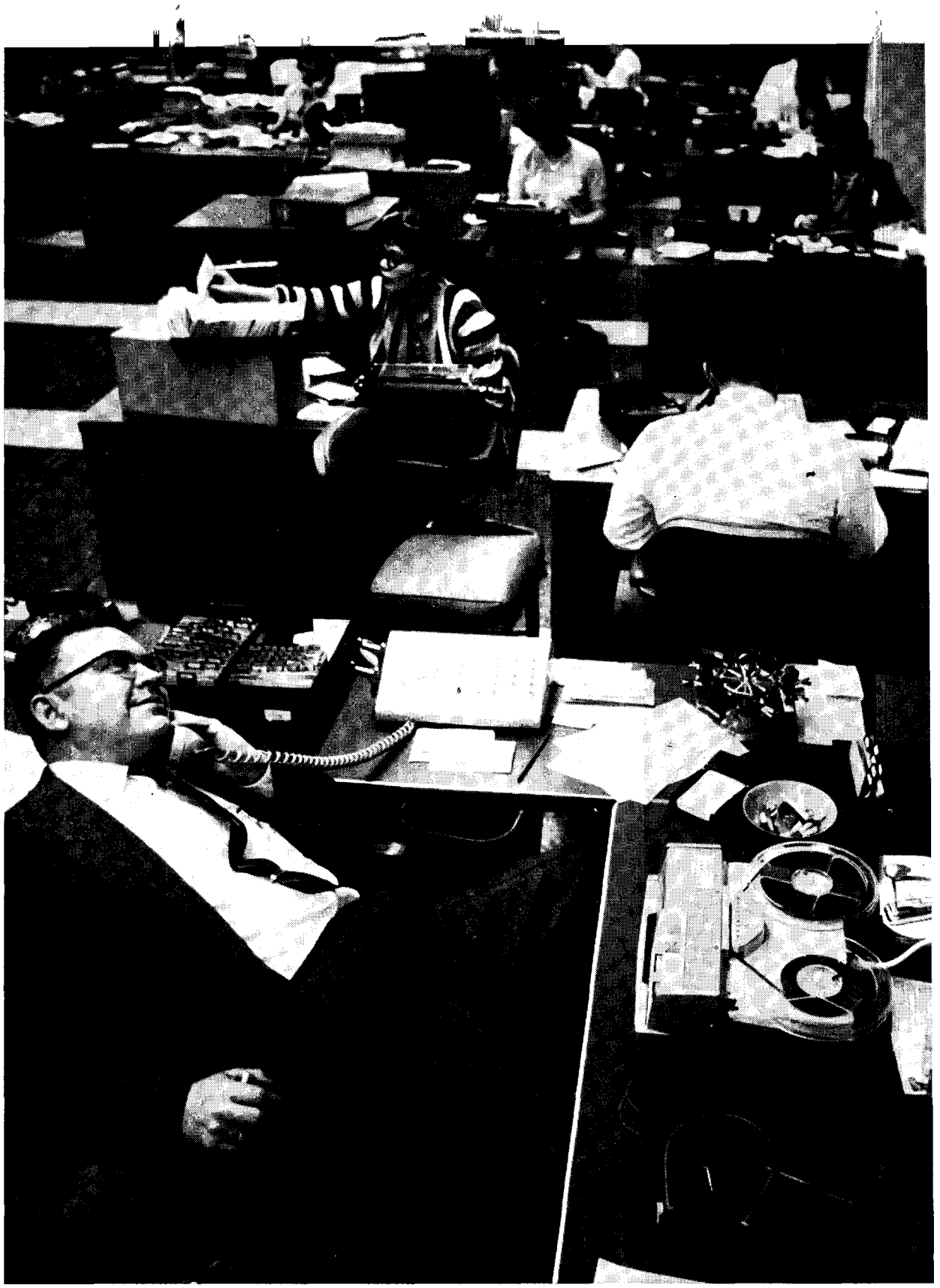
If Mr. Debtor ignores our first card, I'm ready with more bait. It's a post card with this message, reproduced by photo offset, but appearing to be hand written: "I have tried to reach you several times on a matter important to you. Please contact me immediately." This is followed by one of our phone numbers and the signature of the collector working on the case. Or, rather, his pseudonym. Few of our collectors use their real names at work. Some of their names are too complicated to be readily understood on the telephone. Also, we like to protect our men from annoying calls or letters at their homes.

If none of this titillates an elusive debtor's curiosity, we send him one of my new creations—the "page two letter." This note-sized sheet is marked PAGE TWO at the top and begins:

and I am sure you realize we did not wish to do this. However, if you get in touch with us today, we may be able to help. Our phone number is. . . .

This suggests that we accidentally forgot to send along a "page one" containing word of something unpleasant that is about to occur, but can still be stopped. The trouble is that I must constantly withdraw such splendid innovations and replace them with new ideas because some 80 per cent of our accounts are repeaters, and they adjust all too rapidly to our ways. Just recently I got a letter from one wiseacre who marked his note PAGE THREE and started out:

most assiduously, so you can see you left me no choice. Your situation may not be entirely hopeless, however, if you will contact me. . . .



Barnes tape-recording a telephone conversation between a debtor and one of the collectors in the background. He studies the tapes to improve collection techniques.

When a debtor responds to one of our curiosity stimulators, he is at an automatic disadvantage because he doesn't know why he is calling and we do. Our collectors are under orders to press their advantage fast and hard, especially if the caller is a "skip"—a debtor whose current address we have been seeking and whose place of employment we need to know, perhaps to attach his pay check. Such calls come in on special lines which our men answer only with "Hello." The usual sequence goes something like this:

DEBTOR: I got a card to call a Mr. Baker.
COLLECTOR: Yes, what is your name?
D: John Smith
C: Where do you work, Mr. Smith?
D: At the XYZ Company
C: Where are you calling from? . . .

The debtor may be wary right away and refuse the information. If he says, "What do you want that for?" our man replies, "I need it to find your file." It's always a "file," by the way, never something as flimsy as a "card." If the debtor asks, "What file?" our man says, "Well, *your* file." Sometimes money can be made in this business by sounding even more stupid than the other fellow. He may get so impatient at your thickheadedness that he tells you what you want to know.

Suppose the debtor hangs up. Then the collector calls back and inquires courteously, "Were we disconnected?" Suppose the debtor hangs up again. Then it may be worth while to put in the call again and let his phone ring for five or ten minutes. This might make the debtor's wife angry at her husband—frequently a useful situation. (Continued on Page 45)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was so nice. What a shame to prove him a fraud!

# Avenging Lady

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

Do not blame Miss Diana Smith too much. Her only faults were that she was young, intolerably brilliant and could tell the difference between right and wrong—all faults, is it not true, that a few short years can take care of?

Now her situation was this: Although she hated sham, her hair was something of a miracle; nothing so smooth, so soft, so satin brown is provided by nature—the fact is, she put stuff on it. She also wore lipstick. Her clothes, while pretending to present a businesslike appearance, did a whole lot more than that; they revealed her for what she was, a very well-put-together young woman.

The apartment in which she lived was all white, with a lot of very low pieces of furniture; it was dominated along one wall by an enormous abstract-expressionist painting, which people either liked or they didn't. She was buying it on the installment plan, thus combining, in one transaction, two main points of the American culture—art and the credit system. A modern girl, you can see.

She had a job, and a job that was not unrelated to the large investment she had made in her large painting. There is in New York a magazine named *Art in Our Time*, and Diana Smith was a member of the staff. She did many jobs—as who on a magazine does not—but one of her main ones was to visit the new shows of paintings at the various galleries every month and write short or long paragraphs about them. She was, by this circumstance, something of a power, and she knew it.

She also had a fellow. His name was Eliot Borne, and in an intellectual sort of way he was good-looking. He was thin, the skin on his face was stretched tight over the bones, and his hair was combed flat to his head. He was Diana's boss, the managing editor of *Art in Our Time*. He can be described by saying that he knew more about art than Diana did, a circumstance that was a never-ending source of astonishment and even irritation to her.

He and Diana were not formally engaged, but they had an understanding; neither of them made much effort to see anyone else. They talked shop all the time because it was the only thing that interested them, they ate rather elegant food, and they listened a good deal to Eliot's large collection of somewhat curious records.

Well, this is a pretty good setup, wouldn't you say? A beautiful girl has a job she likes and a nice fellow; what's the problem? And indeed there would have been no problem had it not been for the human factor—those faults beforementioned: youth, brilliance and a knowledge of right and wrong.

At four o'clock on a New York spring day Diana came bouncing back to her office, deposited her bag and a thing she called a hat on her desk, ran a comb through that hair and went along to the rather-more-spacious room where Eliot worked. "Have you a minute?" she said.

He smiled at her. "Come in."

She picked up a cigarette from the desk, Eliot flipped his gold lighter for her and she sat down, or rather curled down, in a chair. "I have news," she said.

"Good?" Eliot said.

"Sensational," Diana said. "In the strictest sense of the word."

"Tell," Eliot said.

Diana settled herself and took a drag of the cigarette. "I've been making the rounds of the galleries this afternoon. Nothing very exciting till I got to the Kelland."

Eliot frowned, puzzled.

"The Avery Hammers are there."

(Continued on Page 81)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've come to ask you a question," she said. "About the pictures."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bermuda Dunes Club course. Part of a recent $20,000,000 real-estate development, it is one of twelve golf clubs that have sprung up in the Palm Springs area since 1951.

# OASIS for GOLFERS

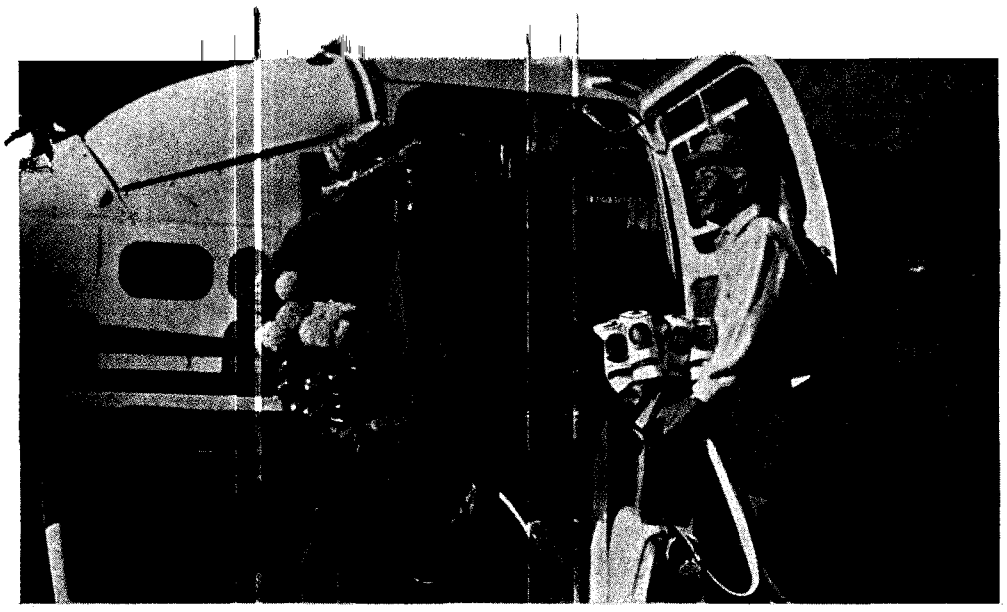
By Melvin Durslag

## A million-dollar-a-month building boom keeps once-quiet Palm Springs, California, growing. Here golfing addicts can live in luxury almost on the fairways.

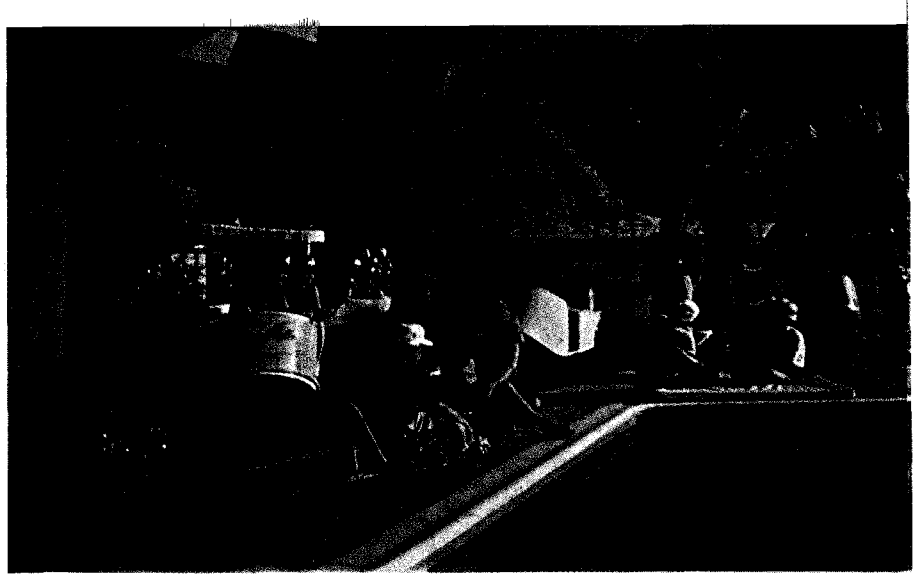
The great Gene Sarazen, playing out of a sand trap at Bermuda Dunes during the U.S. Senior Open Golf Tournament held there last December.

Bob Hope, with TV choreographer Jack Baker, heading out for a round on the O'Donnell course. The comedian recently bought 100 acres near Palm Springs for his children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

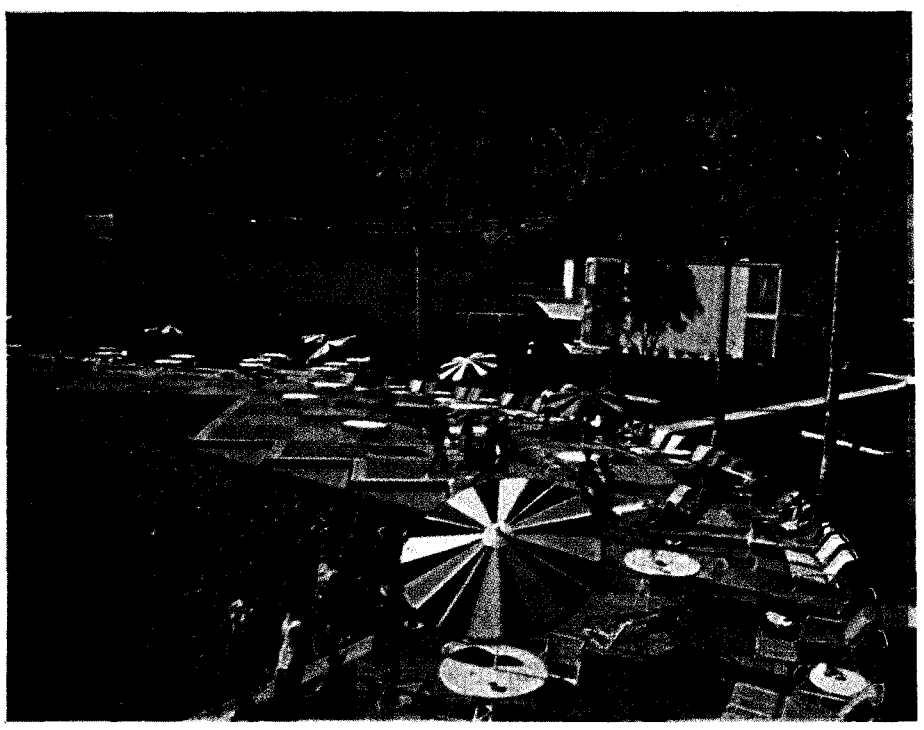


For golfers who want to get to the course in a hurry, there is a helicopter service. Taking off for a game are Mrs. J. Ross Clark II (right) and her Palm Springs neighbor, Judy Howard.



"Fairway living" at the home of Eddie Susalla, golf pro and manager of the Indian Wells Club. Choice locations such as this cost $75,000 or more.

Palm Springs' million-dollar municipal golf course. Here players who can't afford fashionable country-club memberships can play in scenic surroundings for a $3.50 greens fee.



The Riviera Hotel. During the season, which runs from October through May, prices for accommodations here range from fourteen to seventy dollars a day.

From left: Silent-film star Charles Farrell, actor Paul Lukas and comedian Harpo Marx with Police Chief Gus Kettmann. One of Kettmann's main jobs is spotting golf hustlers who fleece unsuspecting duffers.

A golfing companion of Bing Crosby was playing a shot one day at Palm Springs, California, when a huge jack rabbit came bounding across the fairway with a coyote in pursuit. The startled golfer shanked the ball into the rough.

"Shoot another!" called Bing calmly. "It's the rule here that one whose shot is disrupted by coyotes' chasing jack rabbits may play a second ball without penalty."

Golfers invariably are willing to adjust to any local peculiarities at Palm Springs. This desert town has become the hottest winter-golf spot in the United States, with more and more arid stretches of tumbleweed, cactus and mesquite giving way to verdant fairways, glittering hotels and homes by the thousands.

In most places golf courses are built to fit the needs of the populace, but in Palm Springs it works the other way around. There the courses are built first, on the hunch that people will follow. So far the hunch has paid off superbly. More than 500,000 persons visited Palm Springs last year, and construction permits within the (Continued on Page 46)

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If he stood by her,
he would have to
fight his own people.

# The GIRL from MAYO

By BRIAN CLEEVE

We walked in a tight, slow knot of manhood, our boots tramping the hard road like iron, the torches flaring in the still darkness. Not a word was said. My Uncle Fergus like a great tree in the forefront of us, shoulders sloping against the sky, the tines of his pitchfork glittering like silver stars. And behind him his sons, my cousins, and his brother Robert; James from the Hill and Sean Og of the Cow and half a dozen more of us. Sean Og's sons, Tam and Growney, were with myself at the tail, fitting our years, but all of us bound together by the iron band of manhood; by the high, stinging fear and excitement of what we were going to do. My heart in my throat, my blood singing.

We passed the sprawl of white letters in the road, almost washed out now by a month of rain and traffic and the halfhearted scrubbing of the guards. IF YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE, DON'T TAKE THIS FARM. I remembered the night my Uncle Fergus wrote it, while the rest of us stood round, cursing the Land Commission and the strangers they were threatening to bring in: seaweed farmers from the rock coast thirty miles to the west; wretches that lived on gulls' eggs and rain water and rotten fish. By the living stars we'd hammer them if they came. And now they were nearly a week here, and it was long enough.

We were at the farm gate, and my uncle swung on us, lifting his long pitchfork like a spear. "You know why we're here," he said, and his voice rang like a hammer in the softness of the summer night. "To put such terror on the strangers as will send them back to Mayo like gulls screeching on the gale. Is there a rat among us? An informer?"

"No, no, Fergus. We're with you to a man." The deep voices, murmuring, rasping, rising. I thought my heart was swelling with its love for them. Shoulder to shoulder against the strangers.

"Then we'll go in, boys, and God help the guard that comes in our way."

Flare of the red torches; softer tramp of feet on the cart track. I saw the dark shapes of the house and the low barns and the hayricks. It was those last we were making for. And suddenly from the shadow of the house someone was running toward us, light feet flying, a voice calling, between us and the ricks. A girl, the stranger's daughter. She came to a stop in front of us, lighted by the stars and the torches; dark hair like rags of the night, a dark petticoat that would be red by day, and her feet bare from the house. White as white bones on the black ground.

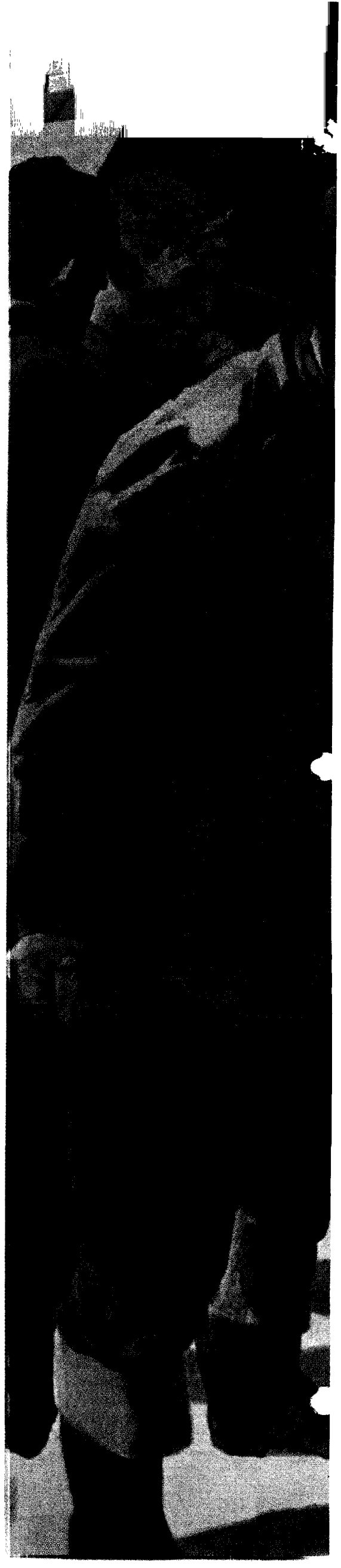
"What do you want?" she said, her breath catching and gasping. I heard the terror in it, and something of the feeling in me ebbed away.

"Justice," said my uncle. "Where is your father, girl? We want no truck with women on a night like this."

"Away out," she whispered in the smallest voice. "Are you cowards to come threatening when the man of the house is away? What do you want?"

"The ricks!" said my uncle. "We'll have no starving Mayo cattle fattening on our grass. We built those ricks with our own hands, thinking they would be ours. . . . Isn't that right, lads?" And the murmur of answers. But this time I didn't join my voice to them. I was looking at the girl. (Continued on Page 84)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidov



"Make way for us," Padraig whispered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

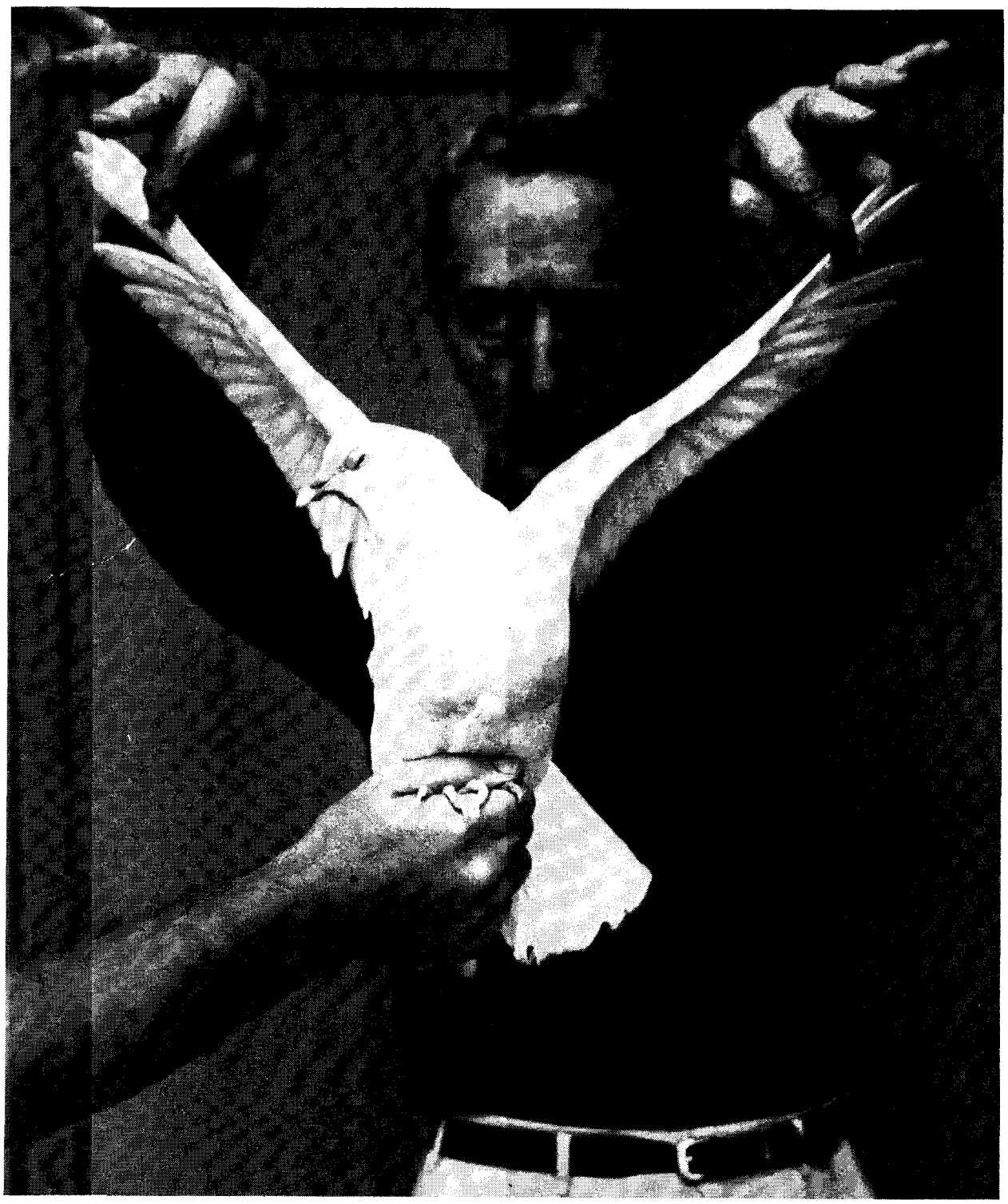
In 1910, when Rockwell (right) was a sixteen-year-old, he and his brother Jarvis, 17, spent the summer at a Whitestone, Long Island, boardinghouse.

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR
PART THREE

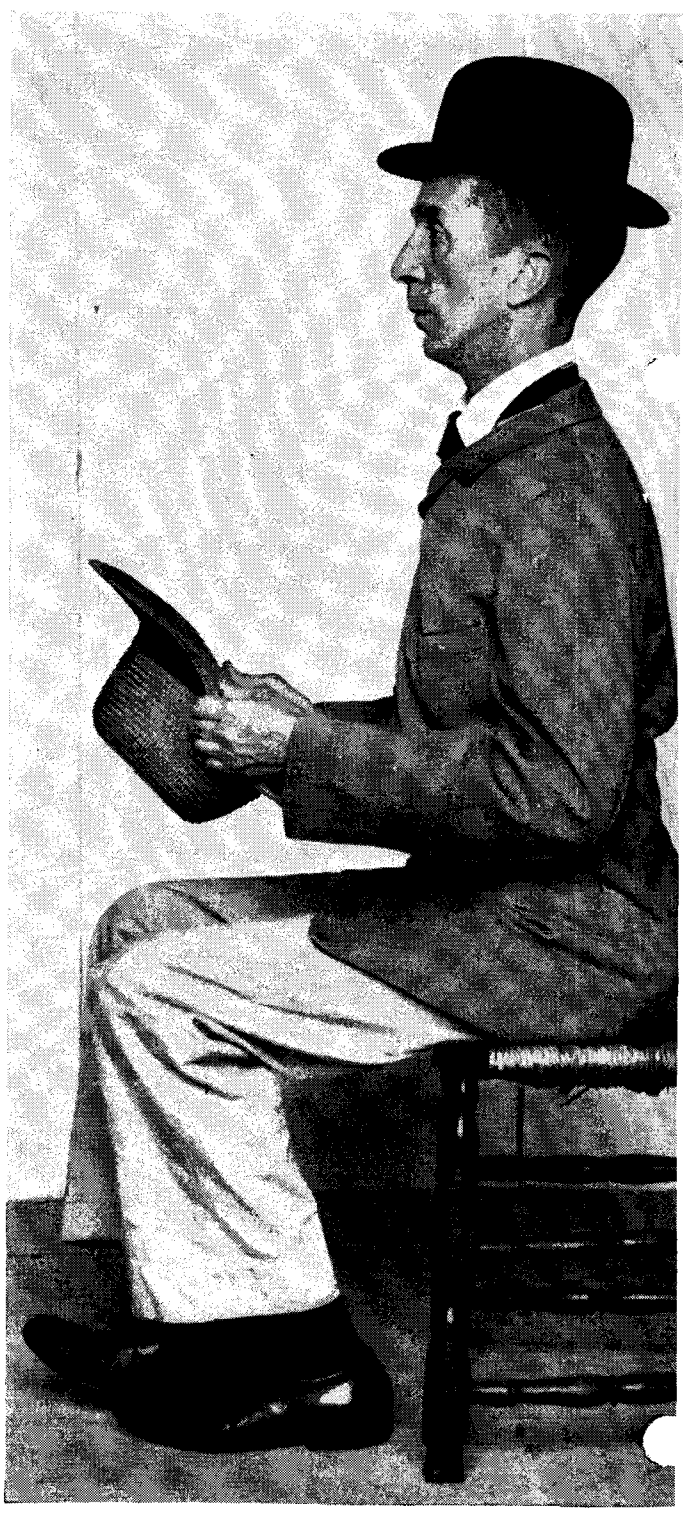
# I Break Into the Big Time

The author tells how he was duped as a gullible young artist—but still hit the jack pot at age twenty-two.

By NORMAN ROCKWELL, as told to Thomas Rockwell



The author used this pigeon for one of the figures in a mural he is currently working on. To relax the bird for his photographer, Rockwell had it anesthetized by a veterinarian.



When he painted Henry Ford for the motor company's 50th anniversary in 1953, Rockwell served as his own model.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time has dimmed memories of John Fleming Wilson, novelist and playwright, but in the years just before World War I he was a famous man. I met him by accident. As art director of *Boys' Life*, I had assigned myself to illustrate one of Wilson's short stories, and I needed a good look at a life raft. Edward Cave, the editor, suggested I ask Wilson for help, so I went over to his Broadway hotel and sent up my name.

After half an hour a short, thick man with a brutish face came lumbering across the lobby and pumped my hand. "Wilson," he said, "John Fleming Wilson. Let's have some breakfast." Slinging an arm across my shoulders, he propelled me into the bar. He ordered a double whisky and two fried eggs, and the same for me. When I protested that I didn't drink—I was only nineteen—he said, "If you want to be an artist, boy, you've got to live." But he canceled my whisky, ordering coffee instead.

After he had downed his whisky, he asked what my problem was. I told him I wanted to see a life raft before I drew one. "That's the ticket," he said; "see everything, do everything. Stick with me. I'll show it to you."

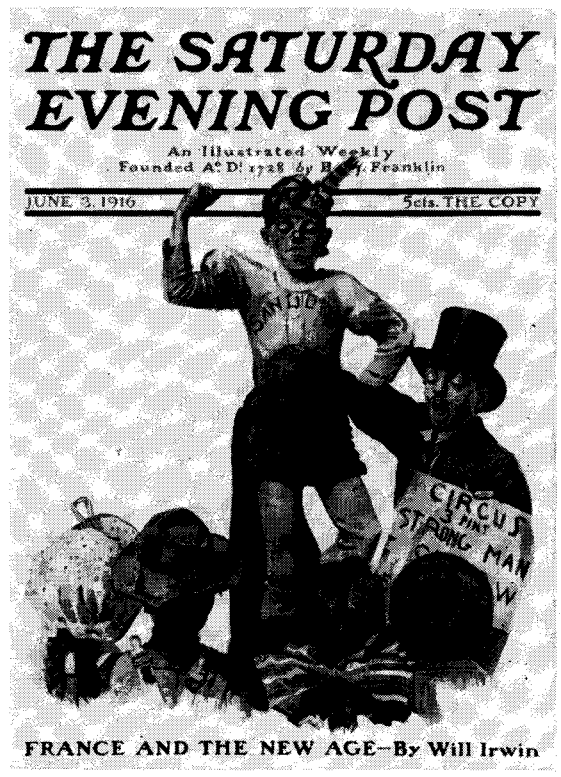
He took me in a cab to a downtown dock, and I sketched a life raft. Then we stopped in a bar, and he had a drink. He was all for going on to some other bar where, he said, the company was gayer—women and all—but I told him I had hired a model for the afternoon. So he said I should come around to his hotel early the next day, because something big was going to break for him any day now, and he was going to get me in on it.

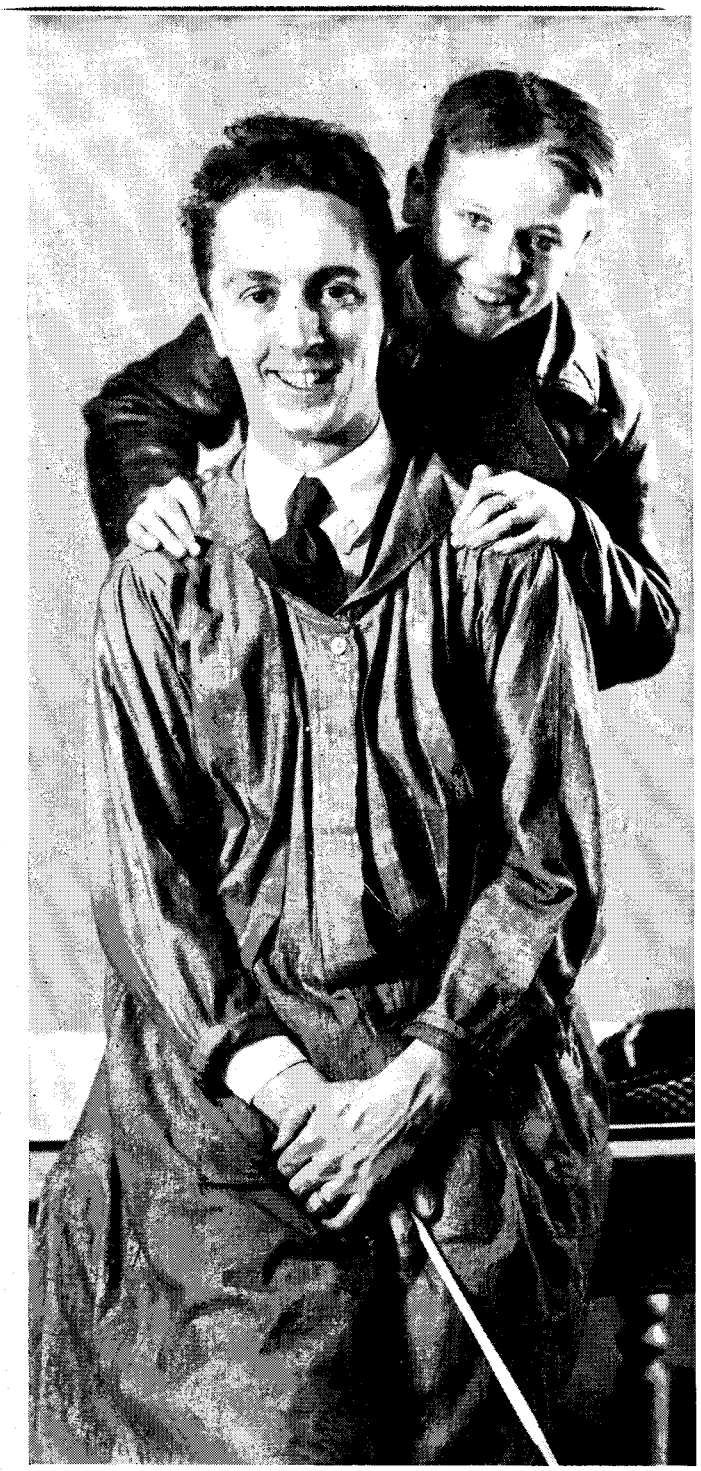
I can't say I liked the man, but he was a famous author and he had promised to do something for me. What it was I didn't know, except that it was certainly connected with my work.

(Continued on Page 64)

New Rochelle, N.Y., 1918: Rockwell as a successful young illustrator of twenty-four, with Eddie Carson, one of a long succession of boys who have appeared on his *Post* covers.

Below is the second of his 307 *Post* covers to date. Billy Paine, the first of the artist's youthful models, portrayed the "strong man."

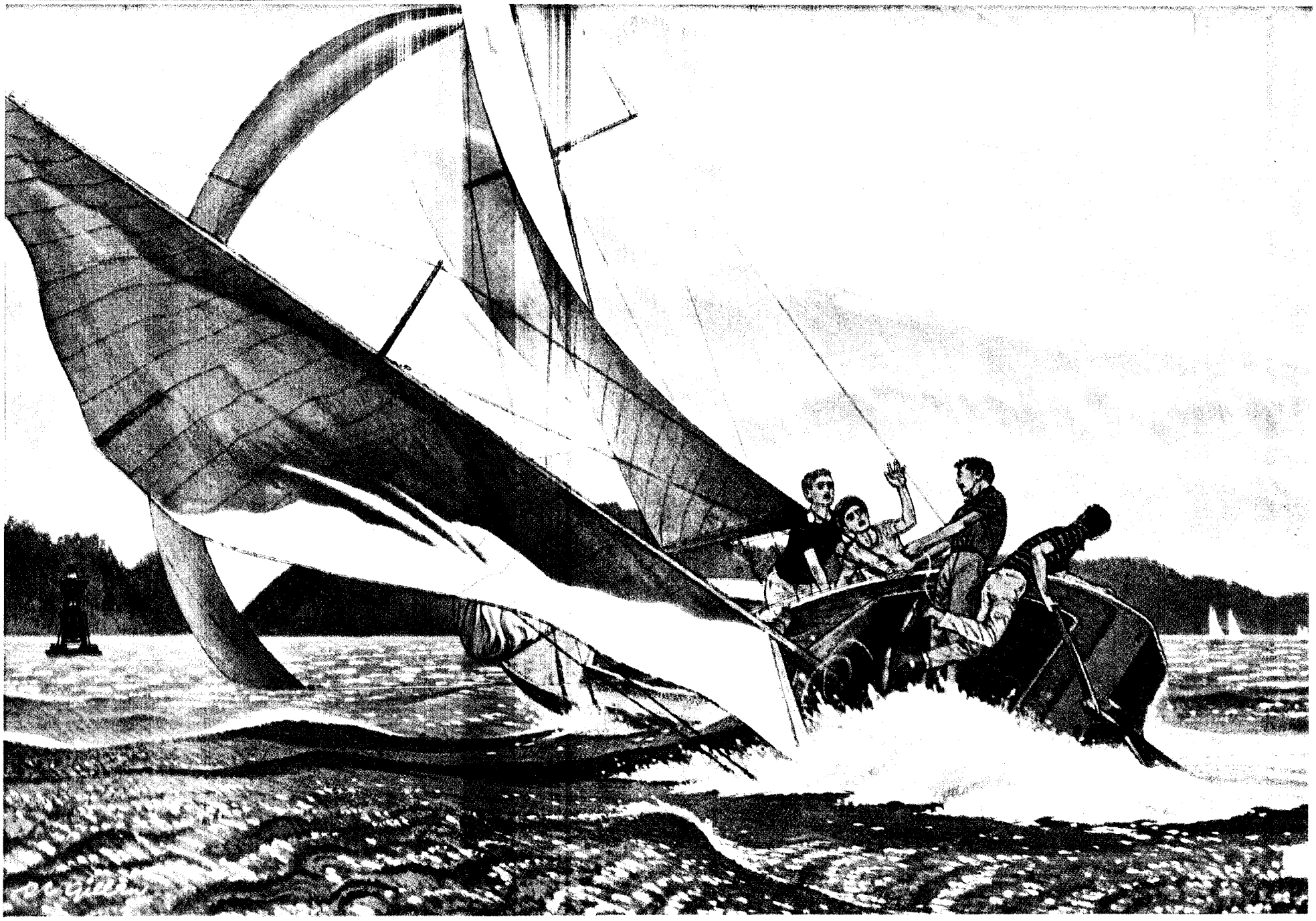

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by B. Franklin
JUNE 3, 1916
5cts. THE COPY
FRANCE AND THE NEW AGE—By Will Irwin



For a Saturday-night-bath calendar picture the artist coached two young neighbors in how to indicate the appropriate small-boy aversion to cleanliness.

"Mutts are the most popular dogs in America," says Rockwell, whose work has assisted their popularity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chapin's boat cut viciously across Joe's bow.

# THE OUTSIDER

He wasn't their kind, and the gentlemen yachtsmen let him know it.

By LEON WARE

There was a long moment of silence. Joe looked from face to face of the three-man protest committee, then pushed back his chair and stood up. The luxurious board room of the yacht club, draped with burgees from other plush clubs around the world, was suddenly smothering.

"Thank you," he said abruptly and turned to the door.

"Blue Prairie Yacht Club," his successful opponent, a tanned young man named Chapin, murmured. "Just where is that, Clark?"

Joe looked back. Chapin had Joe's entry blank in his hand and wore a half-smile.

"Kansas," Joe said flatly. "It's a two-year-old yacht club on a mud puddle out in the flat of Kansas." He went out and shut the door behind him.

He stood for a moment, looking over the boat-crowded anchorage. When he had arrived this morning the activity, the beauty, the tailored antiquity of this world-famous club had filled him with excitement. Now they could have it. He ought to have known better than to expect a fair shake in these hallowed surroundings.

"Need help getting the knife out of your back?"

He turned. A blond, long-legged girl in sailing clothes sat on the weathered stone balustrade, her gray eyes studying him amusedly. She was vaguely familiar somehow. Then he remembered; she had sailed in one of the other boats, with an older man.

"It went in so far," he said, "I didn't think it showed."

She slid off her perch. "You have an expressive face."

The hard knot in his stomach eased a little, and he laughed shortly. "I'd better apologize for my thoughts then."

She smiled. "That's better. My dad says you should never go away mad. Why don't we have a drink of something cool and relaxing?"

"Do you get a percentage, or is this just gold-coast hospitality?"

"Now, I should get angry—but one of us is enough. No, I'm just curious. What was it—the overlap improperly established?"

Joe glanced up at the ivy-draped stone walls. "Is the protest committee hooked up to the public-address system?"

She laughed, a pleasant sound. "No, it just seemed logical." (Continued on Page 56)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Is Foreign Aid Jeopardizing American Jobs?

*By DEMAREE BESS*

**As a result of our massive postwar aid programs to Europe we now face formidable trade competition from abroad. Can we meet the challenge?**

Ten years ago my wife and I built a home in the western North Carolina mountains at Asheville. This move from Europe puzzled our friends, who knew that I intended to keep on writing about America's international relations, as I have done since 1924. I explained that I would still spend a good part of my time traveling, but after living abroad for more than thirty years we felt that we needed to know more about our fellow Americans who live outside the world's political centers.

One reason we chose western North Carolina was that the South was almost as "foreign" to us Midwesterners as the numerous overseas countries where we have resided. We looked forward to another novel experience. During these ten years we have learned a lot about the South and about the United States. And we have become more aware of the intimate connection between America's international relations and the everyday problems of the American people.

The trips which I take abroad and to Washington give me what Ernie Pyle, the great war reporter, used to call "the big picture." But that picture often stays badly blurred until I have come home to think about what I have learned and to discuss it with my neighbors. Recently I have done that with one phase of our foreign relations now undergoing searching reappraisal. This is our foreign economic policy, which has produced some of the most grandiose and imaginative projects in our history, including the Marshall Plan and other varieties of foreign aid. But this policy also has created potential dangers to two things affecting the lives of most Americans—dollars and jobs.

Unfortunately our foreign economic policy is so complicated, so controversial, that most of us get bored reading about it. I often feel that way, although I have been struggling to understand and report the development of this policy ever since it began to assume its present shape during World War II. I have watched it evolve step by step until it produced this year a dilemma which was aptly pointed out by Edwin Dale Jr., economics specialist for *The New York Times*. Mr. Dale reported that President Eisenhower and his advisers are now torn between two powerful emotions. On the one hand, they feel that we should maintain foreign aid at present levels, or even increase it. Today most foreign aid goes to underdeveloped countries and has become as much a weapon in the cold war as missiles. When underdeveloped countries cannot get help from our side they turn to the Soviet bloc, which frankly uses foreign aid to encourage the spread of Communism. But on the other hand, the President has become increasingly concerned about the stability of the dollar and the millions of American jobs which may be affected one way or another by foreign economic policies.

It has often been noted that Mr. Eisenhower keeps in tune with popular feeling, and my home-town neighbors confirm this impression. Our medium-sized Southern community is undergoing the same emotional conflict about foreign economic policy which reportedly is bothering the President. Asheville people have generally approved foreign-aid projects, under both Democratic and Republican administrations. This community lies in what is sometimes called the "Bible belt" and has supported missionaries all over the world for generations. The concept of sharing our abundance with countries wrecked by the war appealed to the missionary spirit, as did the later policies of helping underdeveloped countries. With surprisingly little complaint my neighbors have accepted the heavy taxes necessitated by our world-wide mutual-security program. To an extent, they have also personally profited from Washington's huge expenditures in foreign countries for defense

(Continued on Page 96)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

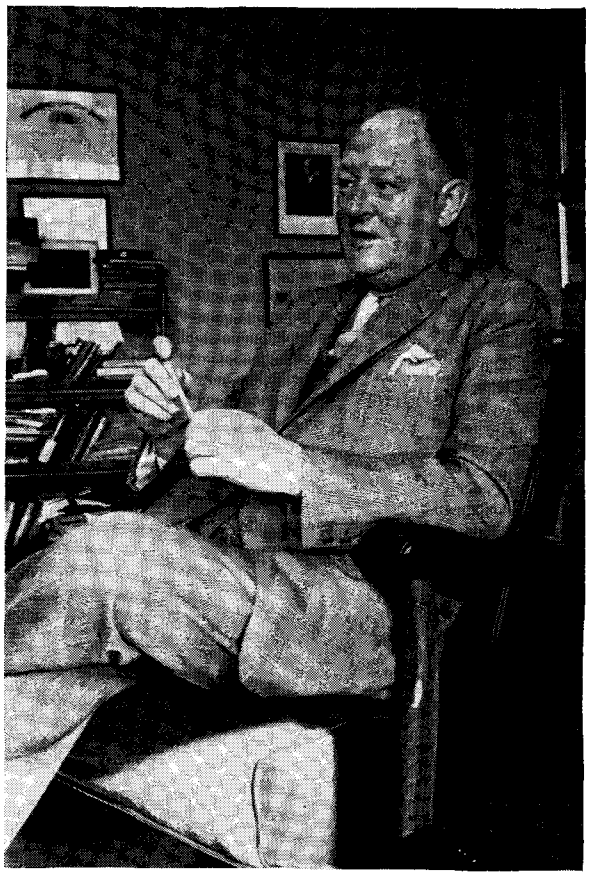
Photographs by George Burns

# What is Railroad "Featherbedding"?

By
JOE
ALEX
MORRIS

Here are the facts behind a smoldering management-union controversy over "unnecessary" jobs, with the threat the nation may face if the issues aren't resolved.

Labor: H. E. Gilbert, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.



Management: Daniel P. Loomis, president of the 110-member Association of American Railroads.

Below: The New York Central's *Empire State Express* heading out of Albany, N.Y. Under present rules this 961-mile New York-Chicago run requires eight crew changes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the "good old days" when grandpa was a boy, "featherbedding" meant a tick stuffed with chicken down on which fortunate persons reclined in luxurious comfort, particularly on cold winter nights. Today featherbeds are almost as rare as early New England bundling boards, but the word has lingered on as a cynical synonym for a soft job. For a variety of reasons it has been heard most frequently in the railroad industry, and this year it is possible that controversy over featherbedding will lead to a major transportation crisis.

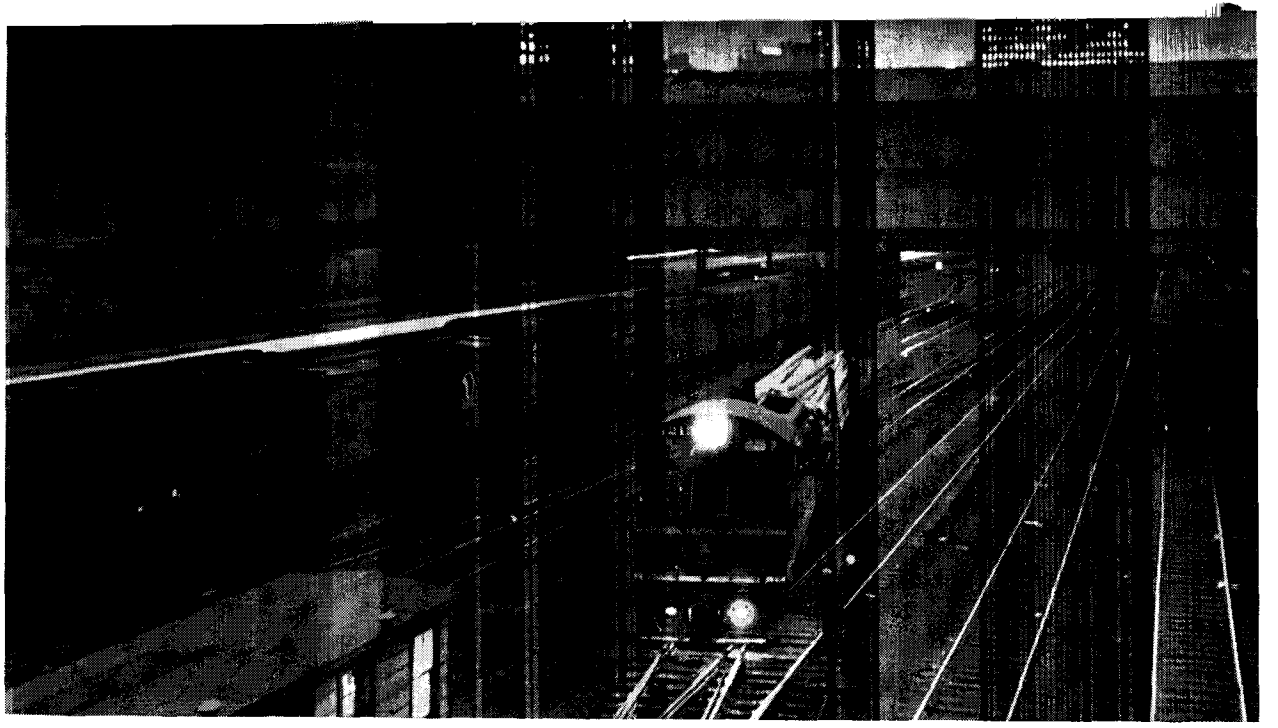
Whether a great railroad strike or a number of lesser strikes will result depends on various unpredictable factors, including the attitude of the unions toward increasing automation and the firmness of management's announced determination to modernize working rules in the interest of economy and efficiency. Nobody can be sure, for example, of whether or how the controversy may be effected by the fact that no positive progress was made toward eliminating featherbedding in the steel mills when that industry's nationwide strike was recently settled under pressure from the Eisenhower administration.

Although railroad management and labor are bitterly at odds over featherbedding, nobody is quite certain about the history of the word. It may have come into use in its present context as the result of a long-ago incident when a Rock Island railroad crew complained that the mattresses in their freight-train caboose were stuffed with corncobs. They got little sympathy from the trainmaster, who demanded, "What do you want—featherbeds?"

The story is doubtless apocryphal, but the fact remains that between the first and second World Wars railroad and other unions became strong and were able to enforce demands for many needed improvements in working conditions, as well as some that may not have been needed. And the word "featherbedding" got into the dictionary as meaning "a union rule requiring an employer to pay unneeded workmen, or to pay for unnecessary or duplicating jobs, or limiting the amount of work to be done in a day, as a means of stretching work."

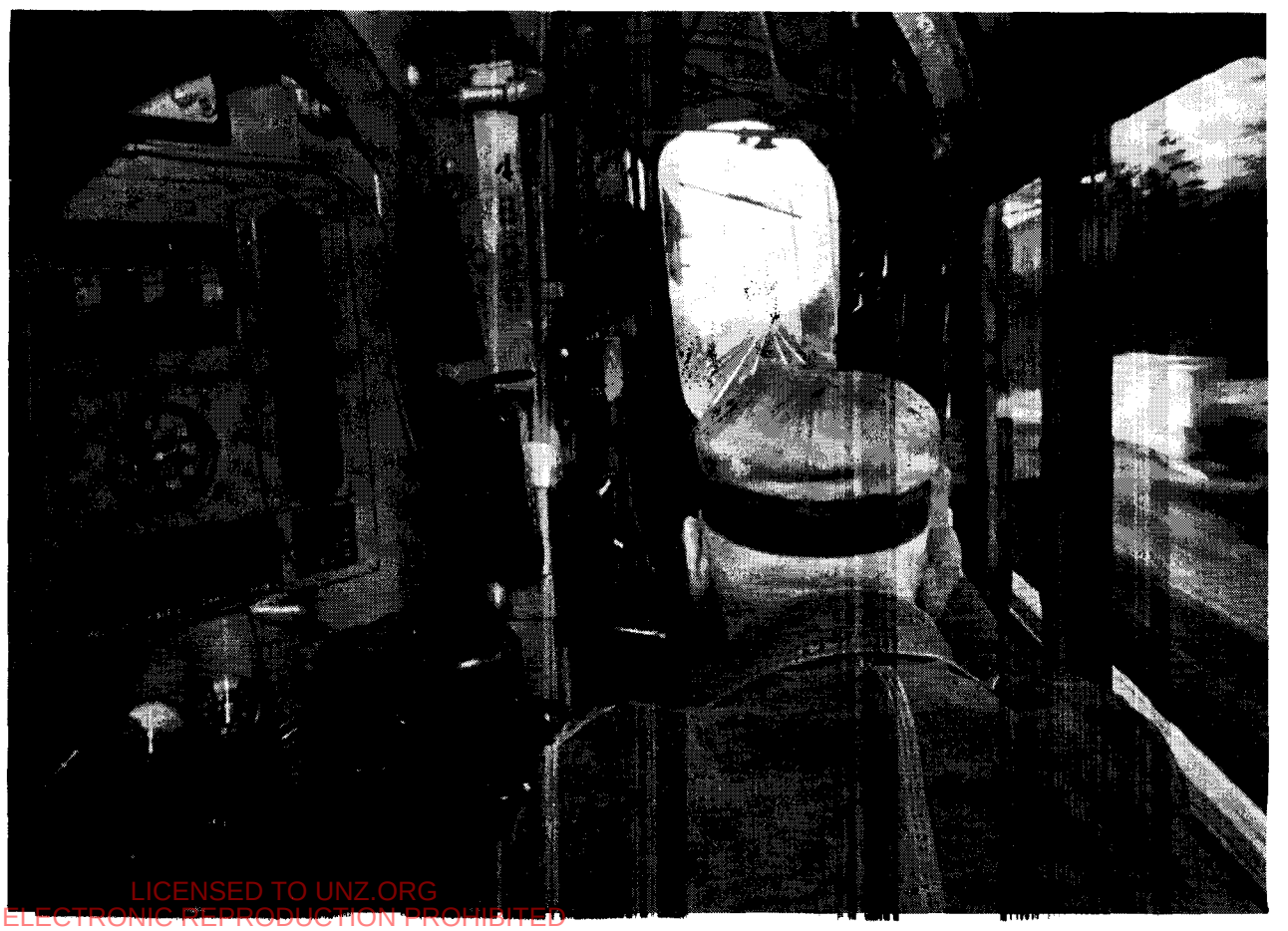
Why then, after so many years, has featherbedding suddenly assumed such importance in the railroad industry? Any curious outsider asking this question is likely to receive widely different answers from the interested parties. Daniel P. Loomis, president of the Association of American Railroads and representing the viewpoint of the nation's 110 Class 1 roads, says that management can no longer afford the "indefensible waste" of featherbedding and that inefficient and antiquated work rules should be changed to conform to the modern era of automation and diesel locomotives.

But H. E. Gilbert, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, says that wasted or idle time—union men scorn the word "featherbedding" as unjustified—is no greater in railroading than in other industries. And he charges the proposed changes in work rules are designed "to render impotent the railway labor movement" and to "return to the days of (Continued on Page 69)



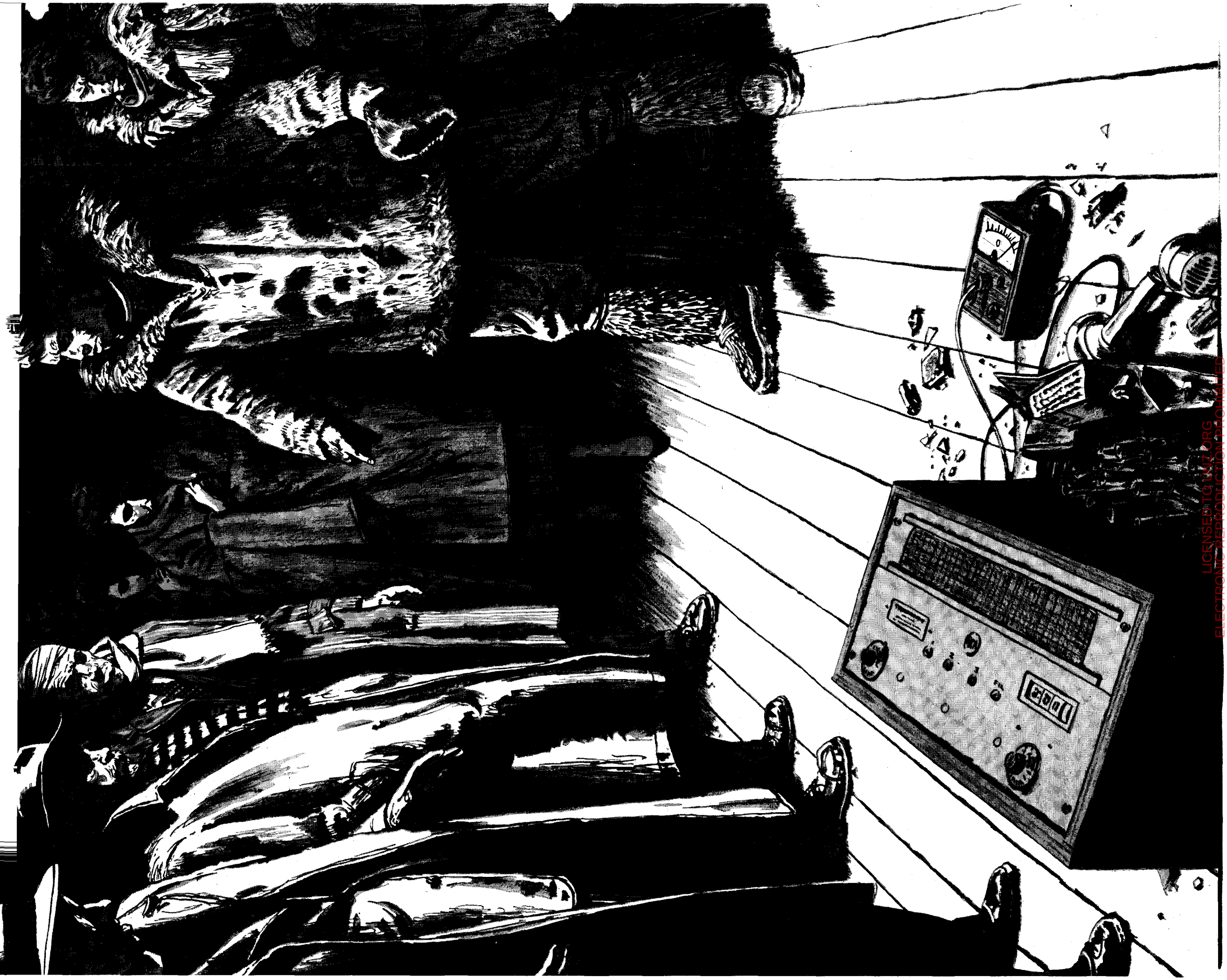
Yard crewmen at work in Chicago's Illinois Central switching yard. Regulations usually forbid them to pick up cars beyond its limits. Conversely, road crews may not switch cars inside the yard.

Are all these three men—engineer, head-end brakeman and fireman—necessary? Management says no. The railroad unions, having seen jobs decline from 1,448,000 to 800,000 since World War II, say yes.



Inside the cab of the Pennsy's *Morning Congressional* (New York–Washington). An engineer on a choice "red-apple" run such as this may earn $12,000 or more a year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



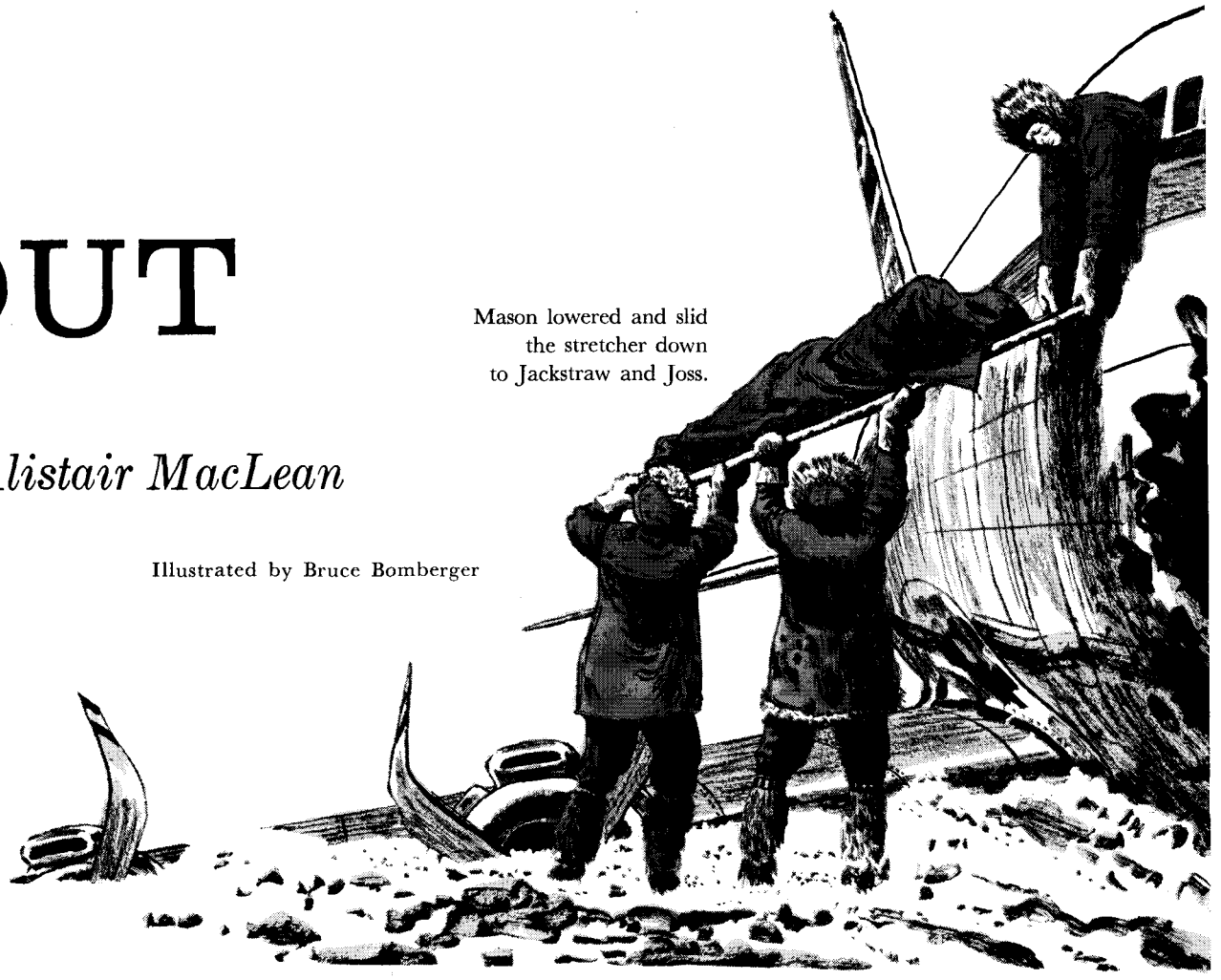
LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NIGHT WITHOUT END

*By Alistair MacLean*

*The radio—their sole source of contact with the outer world—had been smashed beyond recovery.*

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger



Mason lowered and slid the stretcher down to Jackstraw and Joss.

He's coming down this time," Doctor Mason said. "I'm sure of it."

Jackstraw, Mason's colleague, was the first to hear the sound of the distressed airliner above their scientific I.G.Y. station six hundred miles southeast of Thule on the Greenland icecap. They awakened Joss, their radioman, and prepared to rescue any survivors.

In the biting forty-below-zero wind, the three men watched the crippled plane circle for the last time before crash-landing on the drift-hidden hummocks a half mile north of their cabin. Securing a guideline to an antenna pole, they sledded through the tar-black arctic night to the wreckage.

Both pilots were dead, one crushed horribly, the other curiously unmarked. Another crew member was lying dead in the crew rest room. The radioman suffered critical head injuries; the ship's stewardess was in a state of shock. Forcing the cabin door open, Mason and Jackstraw found one of the ten passengers dead, one with a broken collarbone and the remaining eight glassy-eyed with shock.

As Mason prepared to evacuate the survivors, he noted a strange fact: None of them had fastened their seat belts—although the pilots must have had plenty of time to warn them of impending disaster.

## II

The circular door handle refused to budge. I called Jackstraw, but even the extra weight made not the slightest impression on it. If the door I had noticed behind the control cabin was as badly warped as this one—and, being nearer the point of impact, it almost inevitably would be—then they'd all have to leave via the windshields of the control cabin. I thought of the radio operator with his dreadful head wound and wondered bleakly whether even trying to move him out could be more than a futile gesture, anyway.

A figure barred my way as I turned from the door. It was the white-haired, white-mustached Dixie colonel. His face was red, his eyes blue, choleric, protuberant. He seemed plenty mad.

"What's happened? What in the devil *is* all this?" He had a voice like a Dixie colonel, too; the Mason-Dixon Line lay far to the north of wherever he had been born. "We've landed. Why? What are we doing here? What's the noise outside? And—and who in the name of heaven are you?"

A big-business tycoon, I thought wryly, with money enough and power enough to indulge an obviously overgenerous capacity for righteous indignation. If I was going to meet any trouble, it wasn't hard to guess the direction it was going to come from. But right then there was some excuse for his attitude: I wondered how I would have felt if I had gone to sleep in a transatlantic airliner and waked up to find myself landed in the freezing middle of nowhere with three fur-clad people, complete with snow goggles and snow masks, waddling about the aisle of the plane.

"You've crash-landed," I said briefly. "I don't know why—how the deuce should I? The noise outside is an ice blizzard rattling against the fuselage. As for us, we are scientists manning an International Geophysical Year station half a mile from here. We saw and heard you just before you crashed."

I made to push past him, but he barred my way. "Just a minute, if you don't mind." The voice was more authoritative than ever, and there was a surprising amount of muscle in that arm across my chest. "I think we have a right to know ——"

"Later." I knocked his arm away, and Jackstraw completed the job by pushing him down into his seat. "Don't make a nuisance of yourself. There's a critically injured man who has to have attention, and at once. We'll take him to safety and then come back for you. Keep the door shut." I was addressing all of them now, but the white-haired man's wrathful spluttering attracted my attention again. "And if you don't shut up and co-operate, you can stay here. If it weren't for us you'd be dead, stiff as a board, in a couple of hours. Maybe you will be yet."

I moved up the aisle, followed by Jackstraw. The young man who had been lying on the floor pulled himself onto a seat, and he grinned at me as I passed.

"How to win friends and influence people." He had a slow, cultured drawl. "I fear you have offended our worthy friend."

"I fear I have." I smiled, passed by, then turned. These wide shoulders and large, capable hands could be more than useful to us. "How are you feeling?"

"Recoverin' rapidly."

"You are indeed. You didn't look so good a minute ago."

"Just taking a long count," he said easily. "Can I help?"

"That's why I asked," I nodded.

"Glad to oblige." He heaved himself to his feet, towering inches above me. The little man in the loud tie and the Glen Urquhart jacket gave an anguished sound, like the yelp of an injured puppy.

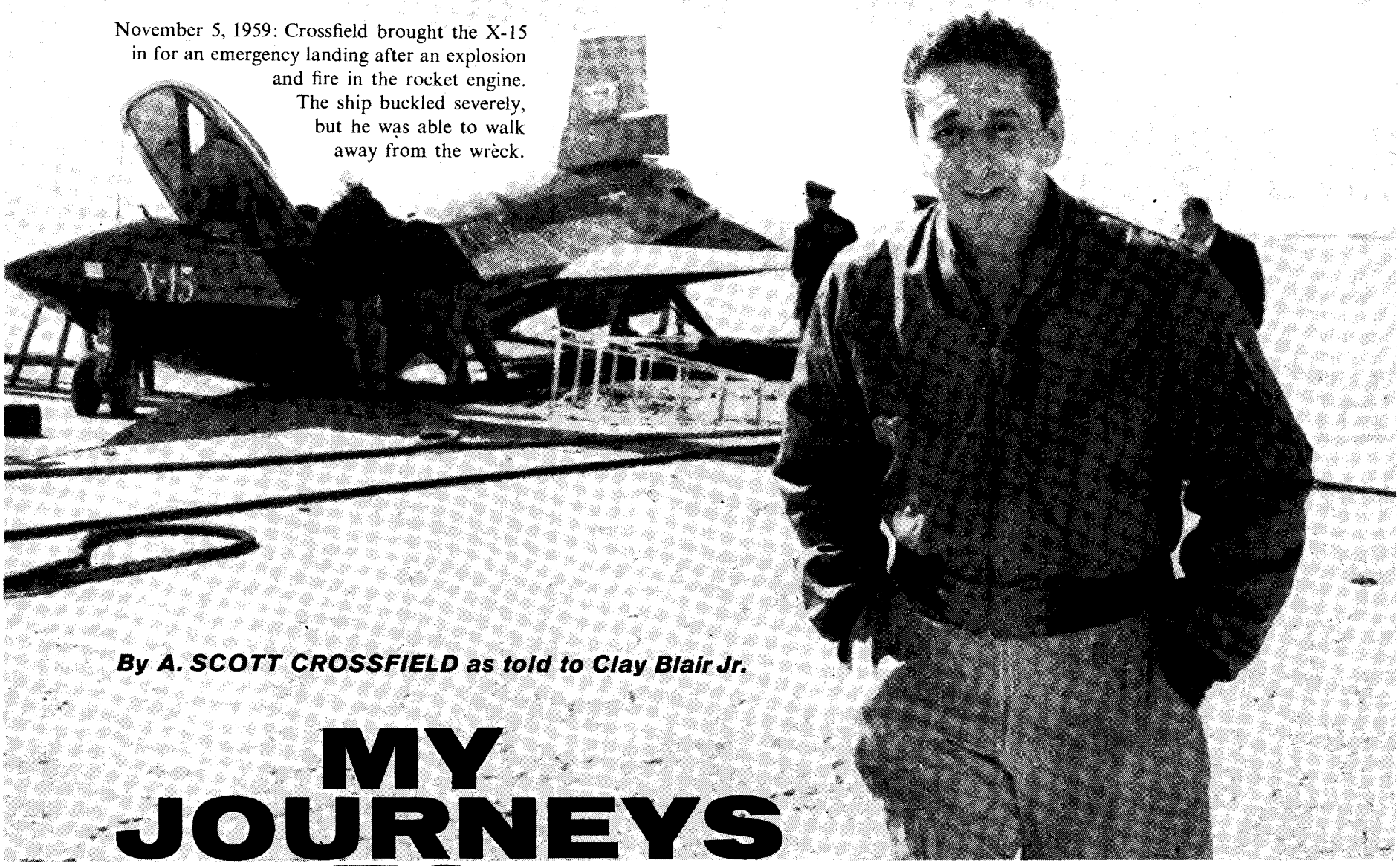
"Careful, Johnny, careful!" The voice, the rich, nasal and rather grating twang, was pure Bowery. "We got our responsibilities, boy, big commitments. We might strain a ligament ——"

(Continued on Page 89)

© 1960 by Gilach, A. G.

"What bloody idiot was responsible for this?" Mason demanded.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




November 5, 1959: Crossfield brought the X-15 in for an emergency landing after an explosion and fire in the rocket engine. The ship buckled severely, but he was able to walk away from the wreck.

*By A. SCOTT CROSSFIELD as told to Clay Blair Jr.*

# MY JOURNEYS TOWARD THE STARS

*CONCLUSION*

## BRUSH WITH DISASTER

***The test pilot of the X-15 reveals some of the harrowing moments of his rocket-powered flights in the ship he is grooming to carry a man into space.***

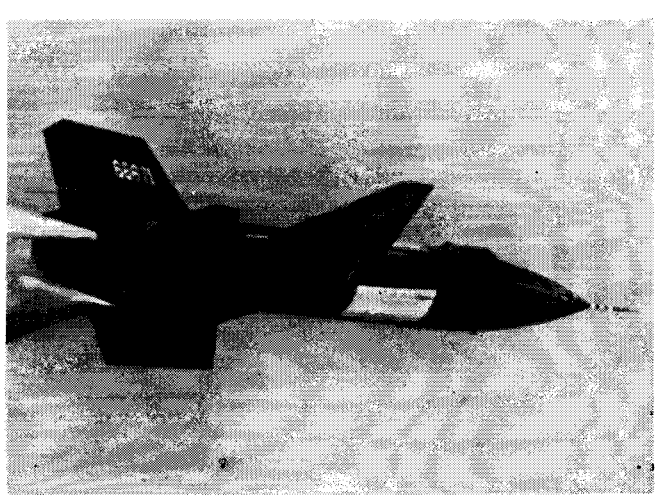
The X-15 rocket plane, designed to pioneer man into the age of space travel, had been at the great desert test center—Edwards Air Force Base—for six months. In that time we had taken her aloft five times snugged beneath the right wing of the B-52 mother plane. On the fifth flight the X-15 was dropped, to simulate a powerless glide back to earth following rocket burn-out. At the controls I, the X-15 test pilot for North American, experienced a few anxious moments when she porpoised dangerously near the ground. After some adjustments we believed the X-15 was ready for a supreme test—rocket-powered flight. However, these plans were interrupted when, during a routine test on the ground, a hydrogen-peroxide fire shot through the X-15.

Fortunately the X-15 had not blown "sky high" as I was first told by a North American guard in Los Angeles. However, the fire had gutted the engine bay. By working at an urgent pace, many nights without sleep, we repaired the plane in about thirty days. One reason for our hurry was that we feared the Russians might launch a man into space to coincide with Khrushchev's visit to the United States. We hoped that, even at low speed and altitude, a rocket-powered flight of the X-15 might help to offset this feat. After a fueled "captive" flight last September fourth, during which we checked the X-15's intricate LOX "top-off" system in the air, we felt we were ready.

On the morning of September seventeenth I squeezed into my full-pressure suit and boarded the X-15 for our eighth take-off. Air Force Maj. Robert White, who is scheduled to fly the X-15 later, and Joe Walker, who will fly the X-15 for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—NASA—and Al White, a North American pilot, were assigned as "chase." Charley Bock and his copilot, Jack Allavie, manned the controls of the B-52. A hundred other men moved to their ground stations.

The chase planes whined into position and took off. Bock taxied the B-52 five long miles to the end of the runway and turned up the engines. Inside the X-15 cockpit I droned off an endless series of numbers. With one exception, all was well. The exception could do us in. The helium gas, used to force liquid nitrogen from a tank to a vital cooling system, was sagging. It may have been foolishness, but this time I believed common sense would permit using up our margin of safety. The X-15 had to fly, no matter what material deficiencies developed.

(Continued on Page 100)



As the stricken X-15 descended toward the desert, the author jettisoned its highly flammable alcohol-and-liquid-oxygen fuel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# COMANCHE HOLDUP

By DUVAN POLK

The Indians wanted the mules, and in this country the mules were the difference between life and death.

They were a ragtag bunch. There were an old squaw and a feeble old man; also a warrior well past his prime and a younger brave. There was one horse among them, and the old man was riding. Dangling from the horse were two travois poles over which was stretched a mangy-looking buffalo hide that held all their worldly belongings.

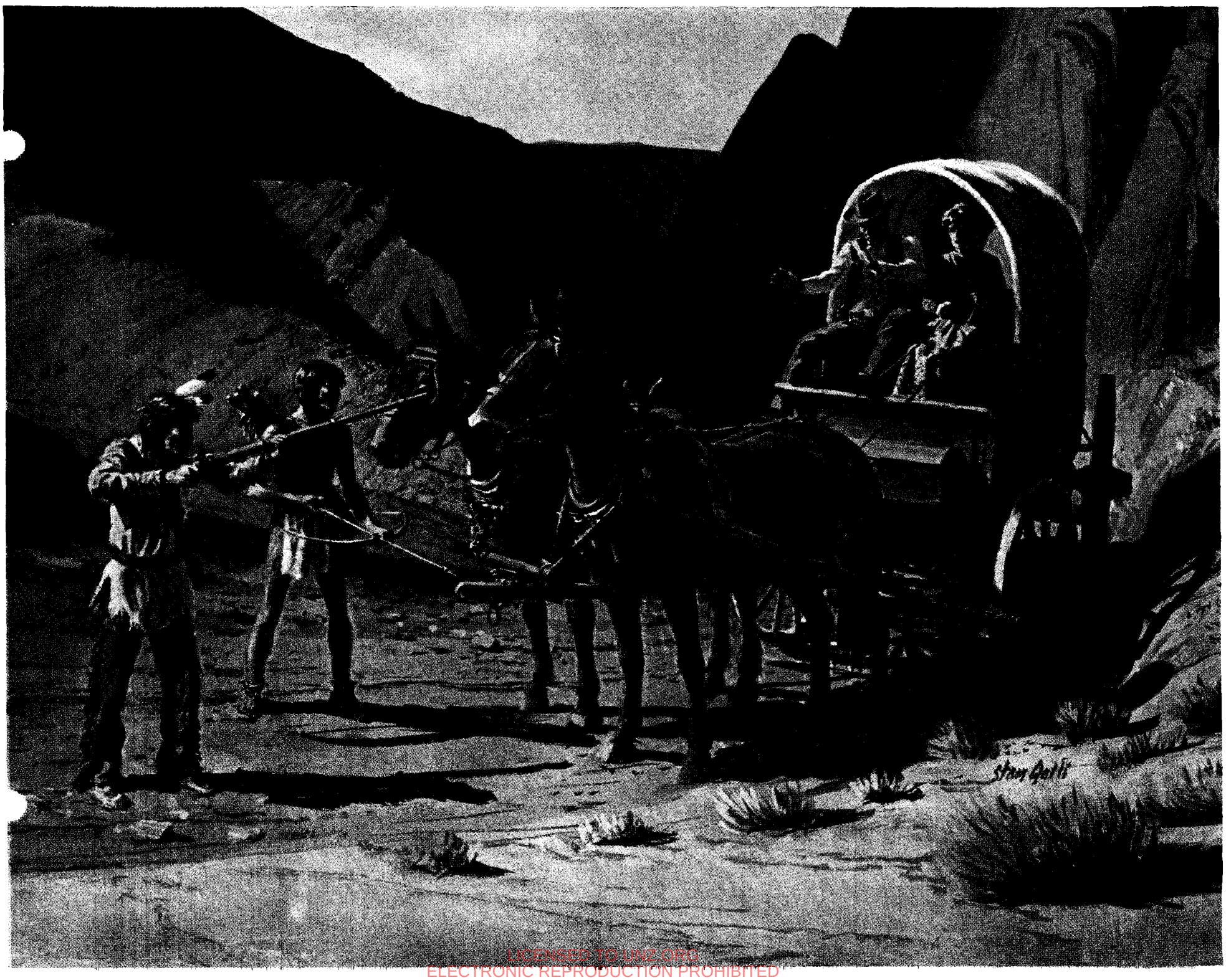
The squaw was not attractive to look upon. She was tattooed heavily on her face and arms, and her hair had been butchered off short and ragged. She looked very frightened. The old man, almost blind, sat slack and loose-legged on the back of the emaciated pinto and held his blanket about his shoulders with one hand, while he covered his mouth in dismay with the other. The older warrior had a wary, uneasy look about him as he stood directly in the path of the two teams of mules and faced the man and the woman on the seat of the big covered wagon. The young Comanche held his short, rawhide-bound bow in readiness. He was the picture of defiance and gave the impression of being as tightly strung as his bow.

They watched one another carefully, still and motionless for the moment, and then Becky said with a queer, breathless, breaking sound to her voice, "Roy, are these wild ones?"

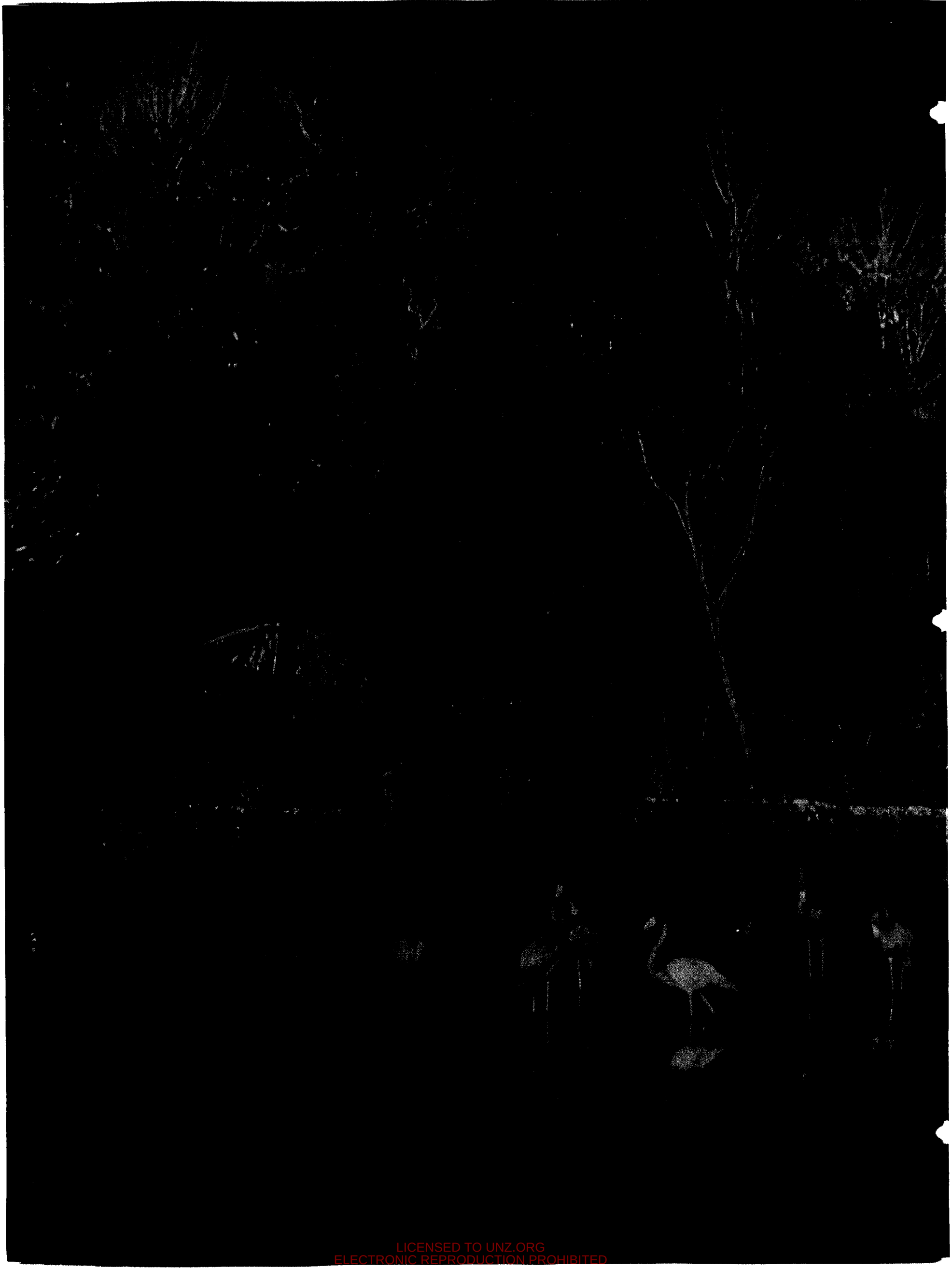
"I don't know," he said to her in a low, even tone. "But sit still and don't make any sudden moves. They seem just as surprised as we are. What's got me to wondering," he said uneasily, "is whether or not there's any more of them up that draw."

Roy Franklin placed everything in his mind and he did not like the way things were. He did not. As far as he knew they were forty miles or more from the nearest white man. His rifle was inside (Continued on Page 60)

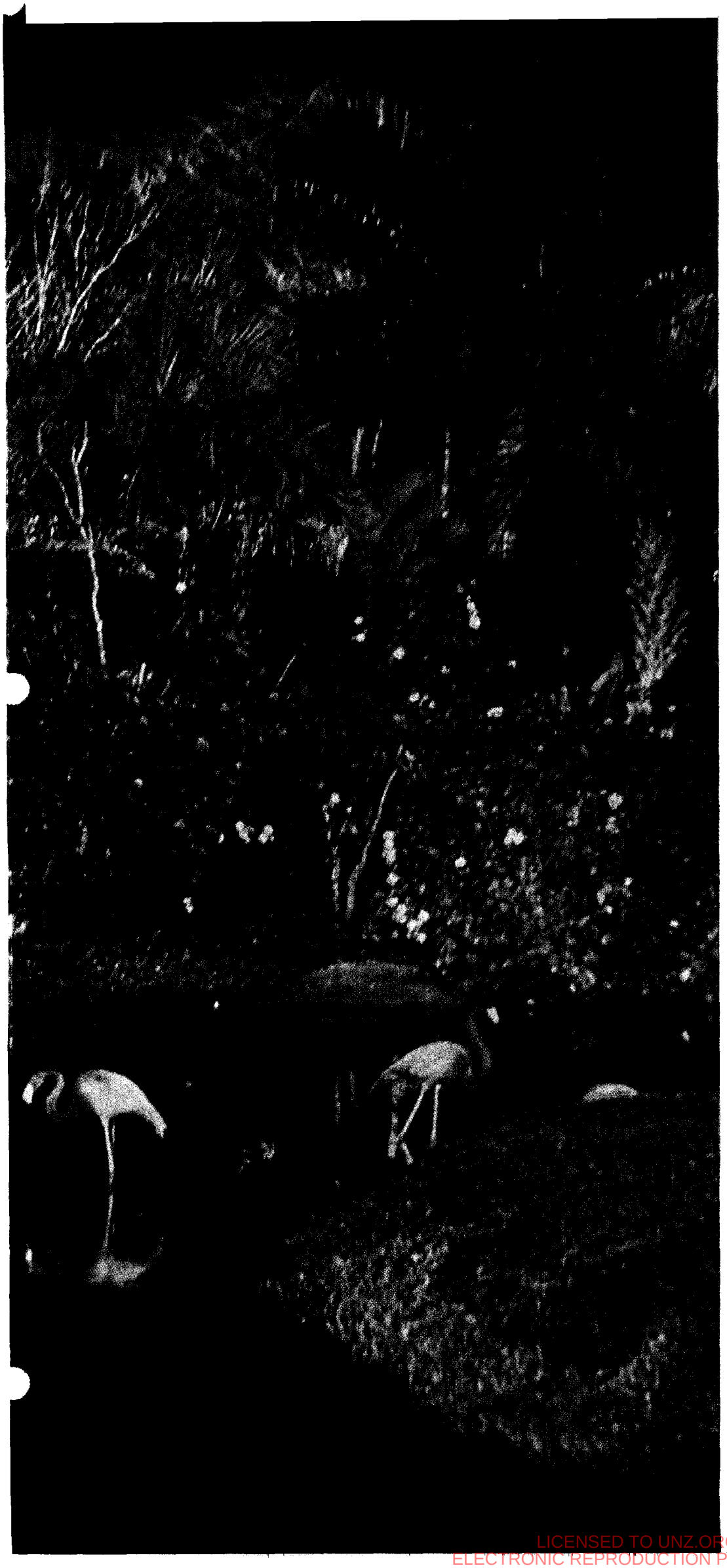
The older Indian shifted his musket in his hands, and his face went cold and hard.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.



The Face of AMERICA

# Before the Storm

"Florida is a great poem of color, light, bird song and plant life," wrote naturalist Henry Nehrling, who in his sixty-sixth year established a vast subtropical garden adjacent to the Gulf Coast community of Naples. Despite the fact that at the time—1919—the Naples area was a near wilderness, Nehrling's garden soon became a horticulturist's mecca, famed for its palms, figs, bamboos, amaryllis and 1500 varieties of caladiums. Nehrling died in 1929, and his dream garden almost had reverted to jungle by 1951, when Julius Fleischmann of Cincinnati bought the property and began its transformation into Caribbean Gardens. Today 144 species of exotic birds complement the exotic flora. One of the most popular attractions is the colony of gregarious flamingos which take their ease in Spoonbill Lake, against a graceful backdrop of palm, pine, pepper and cypress. Too timid to compete with geese for peanut handouts from tourists (below), they spend much of their time roiling the water with their feet and using their sievelike bills to sift worms and shellfish from the mud. Their grave, hushed immobility in the picture at left shows how they wait for the thunderheads to release the tropic storm. ● Photographs by Frank Ross

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Post Scripts

## You Wouldn't Be Trying to Impress Me, Would You?

"I can't see that there's anything really so glamorous about ocean travel. We just came back on the *Queen*—had a de luxe suite. Oh, I grant you the service was good, and it was nice meeting the captain and sitting at his table, but I mean it's so cut and dried these days ——"

"I sometimes wonder if the life of a Hollywood star is all it's cracked up to be. After all, there's a lot of hard work and drudgery—and all that publicity and fanfare you have to put up with. I was talking to Marilyn the other day—I happen to be acquainted with her, you know—and she said ——"

"Golf isn't always the relaxation that people might think. There's the pressure too. Now you take the other day. I'm still fuming because the last time out I shot a lousy seventy-five. Well, I reach the eighteenth tee in one under par—which is about what I'd expected—but then——"

"I feel much more optimistic about the juvenile-crime problem around here. The fact is, the papers have been grossly exaggerating. Reason I know is that when the mayor had lunch with me the other day, he informed me ——"

"That appears to make good sense on the surface, but actually it's very much an oversimplification. Now one of the first things I learned when I was working for my Ph.D. was not to ——"

PARKE CUMMINGS

"If I were angry about something, would I be smiling?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## Suitcase

Cram it,
Stomp on it,
Jam it,
Tromp on it,
Finally snap the lock.
Then glumly perceive
It's been slammed on a sleeve
Or a roguishly dangling
Sock.

ETHEL JACOBSON

## Cocktail Lounge

The music's soft,
The setting's quaint,
The lights are low,
But the prices ain't.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

## Current-Event Time

"Now, class, I hope each of you has an interesting and informative current event to share with us this morning. . . . Janet?"

"Sunday afternoon Mrs. J. R. Dixon called the police because her cat, Snowball, was up in a tree and wouldn't come down, so the police car came and they had to call the fire department. So they put up a ladder and got the cat down. This was very interesting because I am related to Snowball. She is my aunt's cat."

"Thank you, Janet. . . . Sandra?"

"I read in the paper where they made Eighth Avenue a one-way street going east."

"That's fine, Sandra. . . . Barry?"

"Uh—they made Seventh Avenue a one-way street going west."

"All right, Barry. . . . Roger, you seem eager to bring us your news item."

"Well, there was this girl named Martini Gibson or something, and she was extranged from her boy friend, this guy named Spider Smith. She was getting ready for bed Saturday night, and this guy comes to her apartment with a gun and blasts the lock offa the door and breaks in and starts strangling this girl."

"Thank you, Roger; that's enough."

"But she hollers, and the landlady comes running in and finds this guy bleeding all over the place because the girl hit him over the head with a whisky bottle and then ——"

"I said, that will be all, Roger. Please turn to page thirty-five in your civics books, class."

"But Miss Sanger, I didn't finish yet! You see, this guy was trying to tear off the girl's ——"

"All *right*, Roger! . . . Tomorrow, class, we will omit current-event time and have silent reading instead."

KAY NELSON

## Slim Hope

I yearn to be willowy.
How am I? Pillowy!

*PENNY PENNINGTON*

## Any Book on This Table—10 Cents

WARREN HARDING AND THE ISSUES
THE KUTB SHAHI KINGS OF GOLCONDA
NYASALAND BY MOTORCADE
PETRARCHA SONNETS AND OTHER ELEGIAC VERSE
ENGLISH BARRISTERS AND THE INNS OF COURT
THE WICKETT TWINS AT THE DESERTED MINE
THE COMING AGE OF THE MONOPLANE
THE CRAB APPLE BOW (A Chronicle of the Nootka Indians)
DICK SCHUYLER AT YALE
STORY OF A BANTU NOMAD
LES MISERABLES (Vol. II)

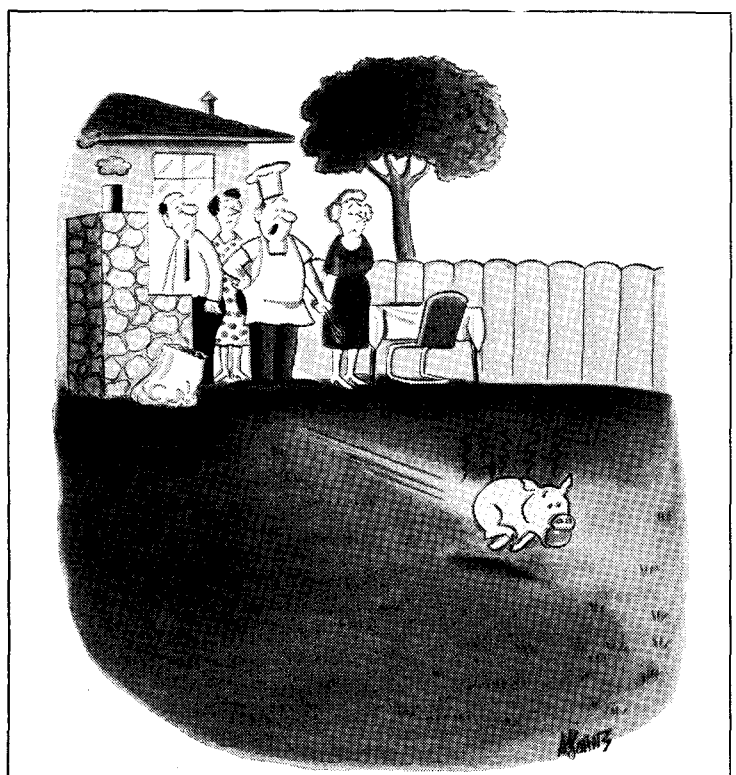
VERNON H. KURTZ

## Who Pays the Tab?

I've never bought a soda for the Gaekwar of Baroda,
Nor entertained Sir Winston at a tea,
I've never worn my best with a Khrushchev for a guest,
Nor hosted any sheiks of Araby.

I'm just an ignoramus unacquainted with the famous,
A common man who's never met the great,
But there is no gainsaying that the taxes I've been paying
Have helped to host a lot of them in state!

S. OMAR BARKER

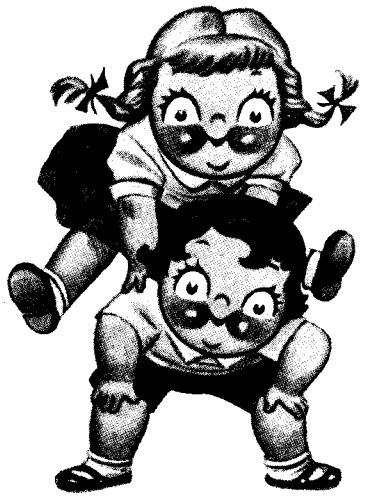


"Guess I should've cooked him a little longer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...



## ...when Saturday lunch is a soup-plate lunch

**Everybody home on Saturday?** Everybody hungry? Fix a soup-plate lunch. See what good things happen.

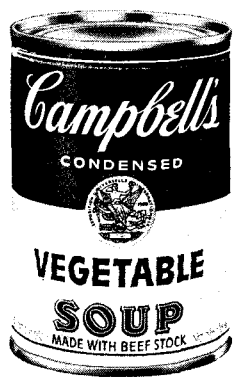
**Time for more good times together.** Soup heats up in just 4 minutes. Team it with a hot dog or the family's favorite sandwiches. Add a glass of milk. Soup smells so good, tastes so good, feels so warm and friendly inside, anything you eat with it just seems to taste better!

**Spirits perk up** with soup's warming, soothing broth. It helps folks relax so they enjoy a whole meal more. Kind of makes them feel good all over.

**Heat up Campbell's Vegetable Soup.** Ladle out those 15 good vegetables, that fragrant vegetable-meat broth—and feel good about it. For every vegetable in every bowl is a prize Campbell vegetable picked at its sun-ripened prime.

**And soup's so good for everybody.** You're serving proteins, vitamins, minerals—good solid, balanced nourishment by the bowlful. Have a soup-plate lunch every Saturday—or every day in the week if you like.

**There are 21 kinds** of Campbell's Soups to choose from, and every single one is somebody's favorite — and all of them M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!




**Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The boat capsized, and the roughnecks were thrown into the water.

# The Monitor Affair

## The sabotage attempt had failed. From now on the enemy would be vicious.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"You know too much about their spying," Yvonne told Eric Nelson. "Aunt Carlotta has ordered Captain Tempest to kill you."

Yvonne, though a Southerner, had no taste for the vicious tactics employed by Carlotta Ouverard, who, with an agent named Ross Lane, was operating a rebel spy ring in New York City. It was one thing, Yvonne believed, for the rebels to try to stop the building of the *Monitor*. The iron-hulled warship, designed by the Swedish inventor John Ericsson, was a threat to the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac*, and sabotage was legitimate wartime activity.

But the plot to kill Eric was something else. Young Eric she did have a taste for, and so she decided to tell him all she knew about the rebel scheme. Her first opportunity came when the two were alone in the shipyard office, just before the ceremony celebrating the laying of the *Monitor*'s keel. No sooner had the words passed her lips than Madame Ouverard's partner, Hugo Tempest, and a hired roughneck burst into the room. "My friend here will demolish the machine shop," Tempest declared. "And you, Nelson, will snoop no more."

VI

Eric Nelson had never before been confronted by a threat to his life. Never before had he come face to face with an emergency such as this, where the odds were heavily against him and where there rested upon him the responsibility for the safety of another.

In that first second all he could do was interpose his body between Yvonne Constant and the dueling pistol in the hands of Capt. Hugo Tempest. It was that slender, deadly weapon that held his eyes, and not the sledge hammer gripped by Tempest's companion. That other man was big, clumsily brutish, doubtless ruthless in a hand-to-hand combat—but Hugo Tempest was neither clumsy nor brutish. He stood there handsome, graceful and smiling. If the presence of Yvonne and Eric interfered with his plan, he gave no sign whatever of surprise or discomfiture. Quite probably he had not expected to find them there, but he seemed rather pleased that he had done so.

His simple intention, adeptly calculated, had been to enter the office with his burly companion—the office which he knew would be deserted—and from it to reach the machine shop, which also would be unmanned at this hour. The workmen, the mechanics—indeed, all the employees of the shipyard—would be gathering at the ways to attend the ceremonies ordained by John Ericsson to signalize the laying of the keel of the *Monitor*.

While that rite was in progress it would be an easy thing for the broad-shouldered tough to wreck the machine shop with his sledge hammer, to smash and disable the machines in a matter of minutes. The heart of the enterprise would be stopped. The keel of the *Monitor* might be laid, but that would be the end of it. How many (Continued on Page 75)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE A NIGHT-FLIGHT IN THE MOST SATISFYING CAR FOR '60

# OLDSMOBILE *with* GUIDE-MATIC

You'll get a satisfying sense of safety and assurance driving a 1960 Oldsmobile with Guide-Matic. Take a Night-Flight and see!

Night driving has never been easier. Just sit back and relax while the Guide-Matic Power Headlight Control automatically selects the right beam for every driving situation. Turn into traffic—and the brights are instantly dimmed. Roll into a side street—and the brights snap on to guide you.

Out on the highway, Guide-Matic with its exclusive Safety Salute automatically dims your brights with the speed of light . . . tells others to dim theirs too! And the instant you've passed, your brights flick up again. Guide-Matic's a mighty satisfying and a mighty reassuring feature to have, and it costs so little to own. Ask your GM dealer for a demonstration . . . day or night!

SAFETY SALUTE works like this . . . energized by the lights from an oncoming car, Guide-Matic fades down your bright beams ○○ 1 ○○ to a soft glow, signaling the other driver to dim his brights ●● 2 ●● . An instant later, the inboard beams turn off ●● 3 ●● , restating . . . with greater urgency . . . a safety message that can't be ignored. Once you've passed in perfect safety, all four lamps instantly switch back to ○○ 4 ○○ bright.

*Look for Safety Salute tonight, try Guide-Matic tomorrow.*

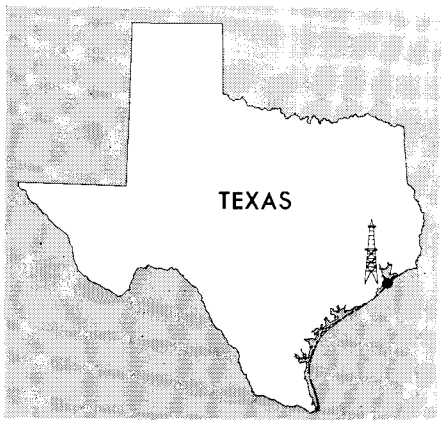
## GUIDE-MATIC

POWER HEADLIGHT CONTROL

*DEVELOPED BY GUIDE LAMP DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • ANDERSON, INDIANA*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIONEERING WITH PURE




Map shows location of PURE's Houston Farms Development Co. Well No. 1

# PURE brings in the deepest producer ever drilled in Texas

## Better than three miles down, PURE makes a new gas discovery.

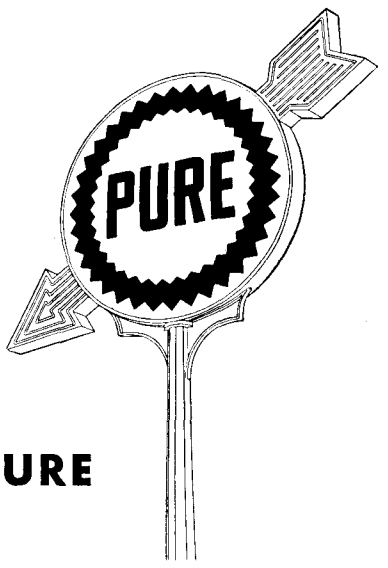
Ten miles west of Galveston, on the flank of a buried salt dome, a team of Pure Oil geologists said, "Drill here."

And drill we did, down and down and down, until we struck natural gas at 16,408 feet—the deepest producing well ever drilled in Texas (the previous record holder came in at 15,324 feet). This makes Texas the third state, along with Arizona and Wyoming, in which PURE holds or shares the record for the deepest producing well.

The Pure Oil Company has over 5,000 producing oil and gas wells in the United States and South America. But the search for new fields goes on every day. Why? Because in the oil business you can't stand still. And because Pure Oil must prepare today to meet the needs of tomorrow—to furnish the fuels and lubricants that will be required by the 100 million vehicles expected to be on the road in 1970.

Knowing where tomorrow's oil is coming from is one of the best ways we have of keeping the *sure* in PURE at the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.




**BE SURE WITH PURE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Deadbeats Are My Business

(Continued from Page 21)

By impressing wives with the seriousness of their husbands' fiscal sins we often turn the women into twenty-four-hour-a-day collectors' deputies, who wheedle money out of their men and pay us. Women do this because they worry about their family's reputation and neighborhood gossip about, say, repossession of their furniture. Also, women frequently anticipate the worst. To them, any night noise can sound like a tornado instead of a train.

I'd say our business deals with about 2 per cent of the population, and the other 98 would be surprised at the lengths to which debtors will go just to avoid paying us. They change their names. They teach their children to lie about the parents' whereabouts. They drop friends and relatives and leave town. They impersonate their bosses on the telephone. They join the Army. They switch to lower-paying civil-service jobs where their salaries cannot be attached. Some eventually take the legal consequences like the Milwaukee woman whose spouse owed $12.99 for records and who wrote us: "My husband has filed bankruptcy and you are one of them."

Mostly, though, they argue. My, how they argue! They didn't get the bill. The merchandise was no good. They sent the money—but "lost" the money-order receipt. It takes a first-rate collector to follow the counsel I give our men: Don't argue back; forget the past; let them lie and save face; tell them they're now on notice and the money is due today!

Frankly I feel we're dealing with lemon peels. Our average debtor owes a *total* of $1900 in various bills. How much we can squeeze out of him depends in part on how many other creditors got there first. But when we apply psychologically sound pressures, we find we can wring some money out of almost anyone. In fact, we collect an estimated 79 per cent of the bills from those debtors we can locate. This is remarkably high and compares with a national average of approximately 55 per cent.

For our big clients who operate nationally I have introduced an unprecedented method which allows us to eliminate much irksome personal contact with debtors: I have automated the dunning sequence. Data from the 9000 overdue accounts which a large phonograph-record club sends us monthly is fed to processing machines which make out and address a series of notices I composed. My messages follow certain psychological precepts:

1. We must motivate the debtor to pay up by lighting within him the fires of anxiety and fear.

2. We must threaten the debtor, but only with acts that he can expect us to carry out. The certain prospect of unpleasant consequences is more dreaded than the possibility of total catastrophe; more people worry about next week's definite problems than about the possibility of atomic war.

3. Our tone must be compelling enough to invite no back talk.

4. Having placed the debtor in his hole, we must show him how he can climb out—right now!

5. Debtors cultivate the habit of forgetfulness, and so our notices must hit them while our previous reminders remain fresh in their minds. As I explained in the seventy-two-page manual I wrote for our collectors: "Fear drops off sharply as the distance in time or space from the thing which is feared increases. Mother may promise Junior a spanking when father comes home, but Junior doesn't really begin to worry until shortly before he expects dad."

I'd like to mail notices every three days. Unfortunately this does not give debtors enough time to reply. So we have my missives mailed five days apart. This is frequent enough to approximate the techniques of the Spanish Inquisition, when the torturers made drops of water drip-drip-drip on the foreheads of their victims. It's the cumulative effect that melts resistance.

My first notice is a business-machine card stating: "This account has been placed with us for immediate collection. The entire balance is due and payable now. If full payment is received in this office by return mail, this account will not be placed with your local credit bureau." The card carries our cable address, NASINC. Actually our debtors hardly ever cable us. But the fact that we have a cable address suggests that we are a giant octopus with tentacles from which there is no escape.

The second notice is printed in red and marked URGENT. It says: "This account must have your immediate attention. Continued delay will jeopardize your credit standing and may compel us to use more drastic measures." Notice that we don't specify what measures we would take. That's because we can't sue anybody. Only our clients can. On small accounts the legal expenses may not make it worth while, although suits are occasionally filed on them to keep debtors off guard.

The third notice is pink and begins with these words in large type: WHAT IS THE MATTER??? It goes on: "We cannot believe that you would risk censure for this sum of money. Take care of this matter today and spare yourself unpleasantness." The tone here is parental; as in most of our mail material, I carefully avoided using the word "please"—and for an important reason. Most debtors, as we shall see, are afflicted with personality deficiencies. At times they can be shocked into action by being treated like children. Here is how it works.

Bt the time debtors are referred to us, most credit grantors have already dunned them. This covers the phase we might equate with the request: "Johnny, please pay that bill." When we take them in hand, we must step up the urgency of the demand by saying, in effect, "Johnny, it's time to pay that bill now." If that gets no action, we must order bluntly, "Johnny, pay that bill!"

This last phase is covered by my blue notice—the fourth. It is headed, "Further delay cannot be tolerated" and promises, "We will resort to other measures if we do not receive payment in full by return mail." If there is still no response, we turn over the delinquents to our telephone collectors. Accounts of debtors who live in cities where we have no office are sent to local collection agencies.

Soon my notices will be illustrated, but not by the traditional gay little men pointing at the words "mail now." To hint at legal action, I will use an accusing finger attached to a hand lurking out from a judicial robe. Scenting will come next. For a while I thought I might make our notices smell of decay, but this would only arouse repugnance. I am searching for ways to inspire fear subliminally. The most likely idea I've had is to try the odor of charred wood. This suggests fire and has a connotation of urgency.

All of this may make me look like a sadist who loves to persecute people. Actually I have reason to believe that my family and friends consider me a rather easy-going, good-humored character. I am forty years old and have trouble keeping down my weight because I love to cook and eat. I like to plant trees and putter around my new house in suburban Libertyville. I am happily married to the psychologist of North Chicago High School and have a thirteen-year-old son.

I hail from Kansas City, Missouri, and my father owns a hardware store. I served two hitches in the Navy and got my doctorate in psychology from Northwestern University while working, at various times, as a bookkeeper, bartender and college instructor. I first encountered debtors when I became a practicing psychologist in Waukegan, Illinois. Certain identifiable types of patients tended not to pay my bills. Later, when I administered tests and psychotherapy at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Downey, Illinois, I encountered similar personalities. As soon as they were released from our care, they began running up bills they couldn't or wouldn't pay.

My own bad accounts I turned over to Gordon Fletcher, a former career Navy chief petty officer who had set up a small collection agency in Waukegan in 1949. Today, at thirty-seven, Gordon is president of National Accounts System Incorporated, and it is one of the largest agencies in the business. I went to work for him full time when he opened his Chicago office two years ago, but I assisted him as a consultant long before that.

One of my first jobs was to test Gordon's personnel and analyze what makes a good bill collector. I found that the best men harbor a certain hostility, for which their work provides a socially acceptable outlet. However, too much hostility is dangerous, and we have fired men for excessive enthusiasm.

Our most valuable collectors are restless, driven fellows who sit tensely on the edge of their chairs, walk rapidly and derive pleasure from their battle of wits with debtors. We usually pay them between $7200 and $10,400 a year, but no commissions. College training or I.Q.'s exceeding 110 are unnecessary, but their telephone voices should convey an "air of command." The successful collector, my manual says, "should sound like the kind of person whom people expect to obey." Most of all he must be equipped with a high indignation quotient—"*I* can't get away with not paying bills; why should they?" It is best for him to view the world in terms of blacks and whites—that is, good guys who pay their bills and bad guys who don't. Otherwise his work might trouble him.

Candidly, Gordon himself was once uneasy about being a bill collector and exhibited unrealistic do-good tendencies. He started an employment agency for debtors, but found that most of them didn't last on their jobs. The agency is still in business, but it handles only a few choice debtors. For a short time he ran a budget service to consolidate debtors' bills and marshal their finances to pay them off, but most of the clients kept breaking the rules and wound up deeper in debt. He cosigned promissory notes for some of his accounts and had to pay off many of them himself.

Personally I had some reservations about my job. According to an ethic of our society, many feel that it's all right to steal from prosperous corporations; since most credit grantors fall in this category, public sympathy is generally with the debtors. Nobody loves a bill collector. Knowing this, I avoid arguments with chance acquaintances on planes or in restaurants by telling them I'm "in research." In fact, pure research and teaching are what I enjoy most. But I can't support my family adequately on the pay prevailing in these fields. Besides, like Gordon, I have become convinced that bill collectors perform an indispensable function in our economy.

I think of us as credit cops, and each year we have more to police. Consumer credit now outstanding totals slightly more than $50,000,000,000. This is $5,000,000,000 more than a year ago and almost three times as much as ten years ago. Competition is no longer merely for the customer's dollar but for his promise to pay the dollar later. If too many of these promises are broken, m-

"Know something? I'm pooped already."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must add more and more of the cost of bad debts to the prices everybody else pays.

As it is, our services are not inexpensive. We charge a basic contingency fee of one third of the amount collected. If an account is for less than twenty-five dollars, or is more than two years old, or requires collaboration with another collection agency, we charge 50 per cent. We also get half of everything we collect from "skips." Still, our client companies find that it costs them more to dun slow-paying customers than to let us do it. And it's better public relations for merchants, after they have nudged their debtors a bit, to have us pursue the operation, like a surgeon called in on a tough case by the family physician.

The event that afforded Gordon and me the most revealing insight we have yet had into the psychology of debtors occurred in 1956. It also helped considerably to quiet whatever twinges of conscience we still felt about being bill collectors.

For four hours we conferred with ten of our chronic debtors in Waukegan. We invited a cab driver, two housewives, a civil-service clerk, a plasterer and five factory workers. We paid each $1.50 an hour to give us their reactions to our collection letters and tell us about themselves and their financial problems.

The results were depressing. All our subjects were what are technically called "inadequate personalities." They lacked the capacity to delay fulfillment of their wants. They were unable to accept responsibility for their actions. They owed for freezers, perfume and expensive hats, not because they felt they "needed" these luxuries but because they "wanted" them. Invariably they blamed the credit grantors for their problems—"They shouldn't make it so easy to buy." Our collection letters struck them as "just more duns" and produced within them amorphous distress, but no desire to act, except perhaps to go out for a drink and forget their woes.

As a result our new letters and our collectors' phone calls now keep pounding at the theme that the debtor can avoid real trouble only if he calls us *now* and starts paying now. "Pin it down and lock him into a specific commitment," instructs my manual. "'O.K., I'll get it to you in a few days' does not mean more than 'You must come over to my place for dinner sometime.'"

Since our Waukegan meeting I have conducted surveys indicating that certain time-honored threats used in the collection business are not too effective, notably the threat of a lawsuit. Most debtors aren't sufficiently familiar with the trouble a lawsuit can be. They consider it a remote phenomenon which, like lightning, happens only to others. I tried to overcome this with a brief pamphlet called *If You are Sued on a Debt*. It warns that "an execution can be issued against you" and that "a judgment hanging over your head will cost you many times the amount of the debt." But our most effective club, I find, is a threat to the debtor's job. My most productive letter says only:

> Do you know that employers frequently ask for credit reports before hiring? Why handicap yourself with a bad recommendation? Clear it up by sending or bringing us your payment now.

None of this should create the notion that debtors are a homogeneous herd and respond to the same techniques. On the contrary. While many are of modest means, one of my surveys indicates that nearly 10 per cent live in areas where family incomes average more than $7000. Their state of mind at the time we contact them is totally unpredictable. I keep reminding our collectors that it's their task, like that of any diagnostician, to tap their way into each debtor's psyche and discover the weakness we can exploit most profitably.

A businessman may have to be flattered into paying—"I'm sure a man in your position . . ." A low-paid dishwasher may have to be overwhelmed with kindness. A poor fellow should be addressed as "sir," but a rich, chronically slow-paying society matron can probably be stirred by some blunt talk. Anger has its place as a collector's technique, but it must be employed sparingly and only if our man has deliberately determined that it is the best way to try for the money. Remarkable results can be reaped from a change in the collector's voice level, perhaps from a near shout to a near whisper. If a debtor entraps himself in obviously contradictory excuses, he may respond admirably to a collector's chuckle and the comment that it was a nice try, but really sort of silly, wasn't it?

I think it's fair to say that it's the hunter's spirit that keeps us going strong at National Accounts System, and nowhere is this more necessary than in "skip tracing." To locate a debtor who has decamped from his last-known address is so time consuming that each case costs us money. We do it as a customer service, and most of this kind of work is reserved for one of my favorite people, Oscar Safran.

Oscar is an artist. Alone in a huge empty office six floors above us, he hugs his telephones and hunts "skips." He used to work for a loan company and happens to be a superb impersonator. All day he calls the relatives, former landlords, neighbors and employers of debtors. If the debtor is of Irish extraction, Oscar turns Irish and adopts a suitable name. If the prey is Swedish, Oscar becomes Mr. Olson. He may be the insurance man checking on a new group-hospitalization policy, or an ex-GI in need of a loan from his former buddy in the old outfit. Often he is a truck driver who found a billfold full of cash belonging to the debtor, but containing only the telephone number of the relative he is calling—"Look, lady, I'm in a phone booth, and I gotta be at the stockyards in fifteen minutes! Does he want the money or don't he?"

Oscar frequently traces "skips" to graveyards. When he does, he gets the lot number, because he is, like all of us, a dedicated man.

## Oasis for Golfers (Continued from Page 25)

city were issued in the average amount of $1,000,000 a month. In the immediate area outside the city another $1,000,000 monthly was spent on building.

Offhand, Palm Springs would seem a most unlikely place for a real-estate boom. It is an isolated community with only one public bus, one traffic light, no industry, a railroad station located ten miles from town and a permanent population of less than 13,000. Nor does it appear ideal for golf. Dry and mostly flat, the region gets less than three inches of rainfall a year. Millions of gallons of water must be pumped daily to keep the courses alive, especially during summer, when temperatures rise as high as 125 degrees. Yet twelve golf courses are now operating in the Greater Palm Springs area, and at least six more are planned for the near future.

The effect of all this on the local economy has been staggering. "Until golf became popular here," says Tony Burke, one of the happy real-estate men of Palm Springs, "we couldn't get big-money people to remain for any length of time. They would come for a weekend of sunshine and then leave because there wasn't much else to hold their interest. But now, with golf, we not only get them to spend considerable time here but they also build homes, buy acreage, develop ranches and invest in income property."

During the eight-month "season" of Palm Springs—October through May—the golf bugs take over the town. Country-club members, comprising a virtual who's who of American business and industry, descend from great distances in private planes. The Desert Air Hotel, for one, offers them 2500 feet of runway.

Politicians and statesmen also make Palm Springs their winter-golf headquarters, together with countless celebrities from neighboring Hollywood. Even President Eisenhower has three times yielded to the enchantment of golf in the Palm Springs area. Each time he has escaped without buying a rod of land.

"He's weakening though," says a Palm Springs real-estate man. "On one of his visits here he eyed a piece of property pretty seriously."

The mayor of Palm Springs, tall, free-spoken Frank Bogert, who, with many constituents, has done well in land investments, is flabbergasted by the roaring prosperity that has struck his village. "When I first came here more than twenty-five years ago," says Bogert, "Palm Springs was a tiny desert watering hole where movie stars retreated to bake out their hang-overs and dudes came to ride horses. The swells walked the streets in boots and Western outfits. We used to call them The Mink and Manure Club.

"Today it's mostly mink. There's only a handful of stables around. Golf is the thing. It's worked miracles for the hotel business. Say, for instance, we're trying to land a convention in December. Sunshine alone won't attract a delegate from Chicago or Toledo. But you arrange a golf tournament for all the delegates, and they come flying."

"Mom, I'm home—peel me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Golf on the desert isn't without its problems. At the new La Quinta Country Club, for instance, windstorms blew away the seed for the third green five times before exasperated gardeners could get the grass started. At Bermuda Dunes Country Club, waterfowl on an artificial lake fell repeatedly to coyotes. Finally the club got a watchdog. It frightened off the coyotes and endeared itself to the management—until it helped itself one night to a plump mallard.

Then there were the two gentlemen riding down a fairway in their golf cart who discovered a sidewinder—a desert species of rattlesnake—squirming on the floor. Both men dived overboard, and the runaway cart hit a tree. The snake was uninjured—that is, until a groundsman nailed it with a spade. For golfers who encounter sidewinders on the course, the No. 9 iron is the recommended club.

The burgeoning of Palm Springs as a golf center has created some police problems. One of the main responsibilities of Gus Kettmann, the chief of police, is to watch for the breed of confidence men known as "golf hustlers" who prey upon unsuspecting duffers. Not long ago Kettmann ran out of town a hustler who had teamed with a Hollywood talent agent to fleece a pigeon for $6000. The agent had set up his own client for the kill.

The golf hustler is usually a suave crook who promotes invitations to the better country clubs, falsifies his handicap and takes his playing companions for a ride with side bets. The Palm Springs police department maintains a large catalogue of known hustlers. Included in each dossier is the false handicap which the hustler will usually claim.

Described by its chamber of commerce as the Jewel Box (*Continued on Page 50*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Never too strong.**
**Never too weak.**
**Always just right!**

*You can light either end!*

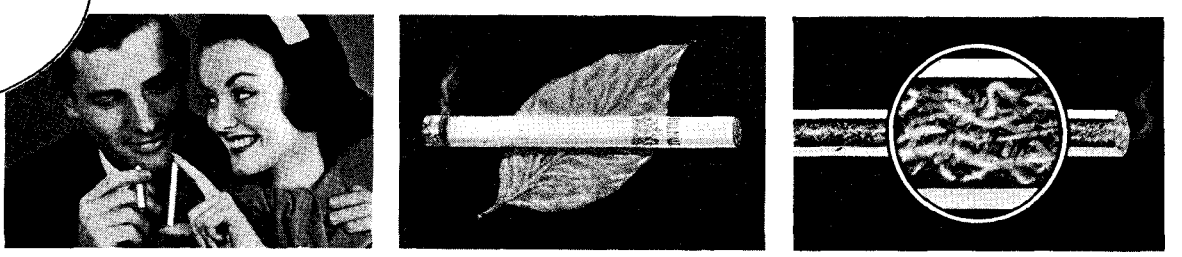
# Get satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

**NO FLAT "FILTERED-OUT" FLAVOR!**

**NO DRY "SMOKED-OUT" TASTE!**

Outstanding...
and they are Mild!

**See how** Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



**HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST**

1. You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.
2. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .
3. Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos—and makes it mild!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

***New York Life Presents*** *the 40th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

The busy young administrator of United Hospital in Port Chester, N. Y., is Richard H. Ward. Like his fellow administrators throughout the nation, he must keep continually informed on every aspect of his hospital's round-the-clock operation.

# Should your child be a Hospital Administrator?

**by EDWIN L. CROSBY, M.D., Dr. P.H.,** *Director, American Hospital Association, Fellow, American College of Hospital Administrators, as told to Donald Robinson*

"If you haven't had a crisis yet today, wait five minutes." That's an old saying among hospital administrators, and it's no exaggeration, as every administrator in our nation's 6,800 hospitals will testify. Six thousand eight hundred crises a day is a goodly number, but it's not that simple. Sometimes the administrator faces them in multiples.

Picture a quiet day—the hospital, in all its complexity, functioning smoothly like a well-oiled machine. Suddenly a man, fighting for breath, is carried in on a stretcher. He has just had a severe heart attack and must have oxygen —at once. Three auto accident victims arrive together. All require surgery—at once. A car brakes to a halt at the hospital's front door and a wild looking young man rushes in. A baby wants to be born—at once.

All this within a matter of moments. But that's the way it goes in the hospital—a not untypical day.

Twenty-four hours a day, a hospital is ready for such emergencies and for countless other problems of life versus death. Its personnel and equipment must always be set for action, its operating rooms and delivery rooms in a state of constant readiness. The hospital's laboratories must always be prepared to make any of a wide range of tests and its pharmacy to dispense the most intricate prescriptions. Its dietary kitchens, laundry, maintenance department, and all other facilities must always be geared for routine and emergency service.

Obviously, it takes a specialist to run the fast-paced and complex system which is the hospital. First of all, the hospital administrator has to be a top-notch executive for, in his over-all responsibility for the hospital, he is the coordinator of professional and non-professional people.

### Many Abilities Needed

It is his task to mold together into a cohesive team doctors, nurses, dietitians, technicians, engineers, physical therapists, clerical workers, chief cooks and bottle washers. In addition, the hospital administrator has to be a capable planner and skilled in finance as well. The complicated problems of organization involved in providing effective and economical service demand these qualities. Few posts in the medical world are as pivotal as that of a hospital administrator. He must be able to make decisions involving every single activity of the hospital.

The administrator also speaks with many voices. In the voluntary or community hospital, he is the direct representative of the Board of Trustees, the group of volunteer community leaders who set hospital policy. In public hospitals, the administrator represents the government. In both cases, he is responsible to the governing authority for the effective functioning of every single department in the institution. And in both cases, he is the liaison between the medical staff and the governing board.

Not only is the administrator concerned with the service side of the hospital; maintenance of the physical plant and all equipment is his concern, as well. Raising funds to meet deficits is his concern. Education is his concern, for hospitals, to a larger extent than almost any other type of organization, must train their own personnel—in formal programs such as those for nurses, technicians and therapists, and in on-the-job training for many types of workers. And this still does not cover the field of the administrator's responsibility.

If there is a tuberculosis prevention campaign, a drive to inoculate the population against polio, or any other public health program, he is usually expected to play a major role.

### Special Demands

What happens when a pathologist pleads for $100,000 worth of radioactive isotopes? "We've got to have them," he says. "It can mean the difference between life and death for cancer patients." But just the day before, another doctor has stated the case just as strongly for a new research laboratory. What happens? It is the administrator's job to get the facts in both cases and to recommend a course of action to the governing board for its decision.

What happens when disaster strikes? At four o'clock one October morning, the administrator of a New

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOS BY MARC SLADE

On his daily tours, Mr. Ward is called upon to make decisions of every kind affecting the welfare of the many patients throughout United Hospital.

Staff physicians rely on the administrator to help raise funds for the best possible medical facilities and equipment adequate for the needs of the community.

Mr. Ward's many "housekeeping" responsibilities range from inspecting the hospital kitchen's food to keeping the buildings and grounds well maintained.

England hospital was awakened at home by a frantic phone call. The calm little river that flowed through the area had gone on a rampage, swamping much of the city under ten feet of water!

Scores of injured were pouring into the hospital. And the hospital's electrical power had been cut off; it had no refrigerants for its blood bank, no water safe to drink. Worse, the bridges were out, which meant that many doctors and nurses could not get to the hospital.

The administrator got to the hospital. When he arrived he had to direct the improvising of temporary power lines, the importing of water and dry ice, the rounding up of volunteers, and the organizing of a helicopter service for flying in doctors, nurses, drugs and food. It was an ordeal, but worth every bit of energy and ingenuity, for by his actions the administrator helped to save the lives of more than 400 people.

### Wide Range of Duties

Once when I was administrator of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, I figured out the extent of my duties statistically, since, while the administrator does not do the actual work of the hospital, he is responsible for its getting done. I found that I was responsible for hospital activities that resulted in more than 300,000 days of patient care a year, including the delivery of 2,000 babies. There were 2,000 employees, a payroll of more than $2,500,000 and 35,000 meals a week, with 280,000 dishes to wash. What a headache! But I enjoyed every hectic moment of it. For while administering a hospital is generally agreed to be one of the most complex of all administrative jobs, it is also rewardingly absorbing.

There is a real demand for well-trained administrators and not enough qualified people, by far, to satisfy it. Only about 200 students of hospital administration graduate each year. At this rate, it is estimated there will be 1,750 graduates in our hospitals by 1970.

There is a rather prevalent misconception that to become a hospital administrator one must be a doctor or a nurse. Many hospitals are administered by doctors or nurses and, certainly, their training is beneficial for a career in hospital administration, but the current trend is toward hiring young men and women who have been specifically educated for the career of hospital administration.

### Educational Requirements

What are the educational requirements for this career? First, graduation from an accredited four-year college. Then a master's degree in hospital administration. Sixteen distinguished universities offer programs leading to this degree, which usually requires two years.

The student spends his initial year in academic work, the second year in administrative residency at an approved hospital. Here, under the guidance of a seasoned administrator, he learns hospital problems from the inside, on the job. It's similar to a medical internship.

Generally, a graduate's first post will be that of an administrative assistant. Next, he will be promoted to assistant administrator with several departments placed under his control. Later, if he is effective, he himself will be the chief executive of a hospital. And soon. I know men who have become administrators of great city hospitals within five or six years after receiving their degrees.

These days it is still possible for a young graduate to start right out at the top as administrator of a small hospital.

### A Rewarding Career

How much money the administrator earns is largely contingent upon the size and situation of his hospital. Ordinarily, it is a good-paying position. An administrative assistant can make from $5,000 to $8,000 a year. An assistant administrator can expect to earn from $5,000 to $8,000 a year to start, and as much as $15,000 annually later. An administrator can begin at $8,000 or $10,000 a year and go up from there. Many earn between $15,000 and $25,000 a year. Some earn more.

The profession offers many advantages as to a way of life. By the very nature of his position, the administrator has a leadership role in his community. Without question, his professional life will be a busy one and his social life can be just as active as he wishes. But, most important, he has the daily satisfaction of helping his fellow men in such a tangible way that the results are always before him.

What are the disadvantages? It's a pressure job of long hours and brittle tensions. The hospital administrator is constantly dealing with people at a time when they are at a low physical and emotional ebb. He works with approximately sixteen different professional groups, each having its individual motivations and problems. Personality clashes can be many, making diplomacy another qualification of the successful administrator.

In my opinion, a young person considering a career as a hospital administrator must have a general interest in health matters and a deep, unselfish desire to help suffering people. Beyond that, he should be a natural leader, a talented public speaker, have a copious supply of innate tact and diplomacy and, unquestionably, should be an extrovert. This is a job for a good mixer.

Someone once said that hospital administration is a career for a person with "a tough mind and a warm heart." It is true.

You are fortunate if your child is the right sort to become a hospital administrator. Every year, 23,000,000 people enter American hospitals needing care. They deserve the finest care. Perhaps your child can help give it to them.

### Booklets Available on Many Careers

*This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are a list of similar articles on thirty-nine other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "Planning a College Education." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:*

## DID YOU KNOW...

- ... few posts in the medical world are as pivotal as that of a hospital administrator?
- ... that, contrary to common belief, the administrator need not be a doctor or nurse?
- ... administrators are usually well paid, and enjoy many special advantages?
- ... sixteen universities now confer a master's degree in hospital administration?

This series of articles is brought to you to help you and your family plan for the future. Your New York Life Agent can be of assistance, too. He is specially qualified through training and experience to aid you in making plans for education, retirement and all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Get to know him soon.

**New York Life Insurance Company**

nylic

Career Information Service
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

*The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know*

COPYRIGHT 1960, NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 46*) of the Desert, Palm Springs occupies a tiny corner of the Colorado Desert, at the northernmost point of the sprawling Coachella Valley. Los Angeles, which feeds the area most of its tourists, lies 110 miles northwest, only two driving hours over a network of freeways.

Weatherwise, Palm Springs is a freak of nature. Lofty, copper-colored mountains along the western perimeter shelter it from coastal rains and fog and Los Angeles smog. The result is dry, clean air and sunshine in almost endless quantities. The tourist bureau boasts that the sun can be relied upon to shine each year "over 90 per cent of available hours."

Unlike such rollicking winter playgrounds as Miami Beach and Las Vegas, Palm Springs is a quiet resort where only one night club of consequence operates. The streets are largely deserted by eleven P.M. For an evening's entertainment people will often stroll to the courtyard of the new City National Bank and watch the water fountain, illuminated by multicolored lights, send its spray skyward. Convinced he has the livest show in town, Alfred Hart, the president of the bank, recently installed benches to accommodate his nightly visitors.

Palm Springs permits no industry within its borders. Its slogan is: "We welcome the industrialist, shun industry." Last year a group tried to build a cement plant on the northern outskirts of town. Civic leaders promptly made a deal with Riverside County, in which Palm Springs is located, to extend the city limits beyond the proposed site. "What's more," says a Palm Springs councilman, "we can keep extending far into the desert if we're forced to."

Outdoor advertising is another delicate matter in Palm Springs. Business signs of more than thirty square feet are not permitted. Where neon is used, the sign limit is reduced by 50 per cent. Neither red nor flashing neon is allowed, and all signs must be arranged parallel to the street.

Palm Springs also sets an unusual restriction for those in the business of providing public lodgings. Owners of the 350 hostelries crammed within the forty-one square miles of the city are forbidden to call their establishments "motels."

"We have villas, inns, lodges, manors, bungalows, pueblos and chateaux," says one proprietor mockingly, "but we don't have motels, because this seems to be a naughty word in Palm Springs."

Next to the renting of rooms the most widespread occupation in Palm Springs appears to be the peddling of land. At a recent count the area contained thirty-four attorneys, thirty-eight policemen, forty-seven doctors and dentists—and 210 licensed real-estate brokers and salesmen.

These purveyors of property now work from Palm Springs to the neighboring city of Indio along a twenty-mile desert stretch called the Blue Chip Strip. The Strip includes the settlements of Palm Desert, Cathedral City, Indian Wells, La Quinta and Rancho Mirage.

Of the five, Palm Desert is expanding the most rapidly. Once the training grounds of General Patton's 2nd Armored Division, Palm Desert was developed as a community in 1948. Its post office that year reported a gross business of $1700. By 1958 the annual gross had risen to $53,000, and it is steadily increasing. The boom in Palm Desert has been ascribed largely to its proximity to five golf courses.

In conversations about land deals in the Greater Palm Springs area, one story of fantastic profit making seems to top the next. Hal Kapp, a real-estate developer in Palm Desert, tells about a forty-four-acre ranch he sold for a woman four years ago for $35,000. Two weeks later the announcement was made that a golf course would be built at Indian Wells, a short distance away. "Immediately," says Kapp, "the value of the ranch doubled. And right now the man who bought it from my client has refused an offer of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

Directly across the road from Indian Wells, Bob Hope had bought 100 acres in trust for his children, at a reported price of $1900 an acre. Since the opening of the golf course the land has increased in value to $5500 an acre.

A Hollywood director made a bundle at Palm Springs through a remarkable land parlay. In 1952 he bought eighty acres for $1250 an acre. Two years later he sold half of it for $2500 an acre. He then bought a parcel of twenty acres for $2000 an acre. He kept it briefly and sold out for $6000 an acre, after which he unloaded the remaining forty acres of his original purchase for $7500 an acre. His investment of $100,000 returned $520,000, less land taxes.

"I still have the topper," insists actor William Gargan, a long-time resident of Palm Springs. "Shortly after World War II a friend of mine bought some land here for five dollars an acre. About a year later he struck a sucker who offered fifty dollars an acre. As a big expert I advised him to sell. Today the same property is going for eight thousand dollars a lot—and you get four lots to the acre."

The start of the Palm Springs golf-and-property boom dates approximately to 1951, when a large dude ranch six miles east of the city was transformed into the Thunderbird Country Club. Until that time only two small nine-hole courses were operating in the area, with no great measure of success.

Johnny Dawson, former amateur golf star and a shrewd business manipulator, conceived the idea of the Thunderbird Country Club. Envisioning more than just recreational possibilities in a lush, eighteen-hole golf course, he formed a group that bought 640 acres from the guest-ranch owners for fifty dollars an acre. Pressed for cash to develop the property, the golf operators then floated $300,000 worth of stock and sold homesites on the proposed course.

This established the pattern of "fairways living" at Palm Springs, where one today can easily spend $75,000 for a golf-course home which offers little privacy, and whose windows are exposed dangerously to errant drives. An insurance company, in fact, raised the premium for one fairways homeowner at Indian Wells after a misguided shot crashed through his picture window for the third time.

Anyway, the initial Thunderbird lots sold so swiftly that the group later purchased an additional eighty acres of choice land. The cost was $1000 an acre. "We screamed to the sellers that the price was a stick-up," recalls a stockholder. "We paid the money grudgingly." Today all the Thunderbird property, which originally cost less than $425,000, is valued conservatively at $5,000,000.

The success of the Thunderbird venture inspired other golf-course speculators to try their luck. They were now convinced: (1) that golf was a sure-fire device for selling property; (2) that the sandy desert loam, given seed and water, would sprout grass bountifully, and (3) that proper rotation of seed would assure a good quality of grass the year round, even in the boiling temperatures of summer.

Crawling, tough-fibered Bermuda grass forms the basic carpet for most Palm Springs courses. Heat resistant, it remains richly green during the summer, fades during the winter months, but re-establishes itself in the spring. Meanwhile rye seed is planted during the fall to provide healthy grass in winter.

By 1953 the second major golf course in Palm Springs, Tamarisk Country Club, had opened with a membership that included some of Hollywood's most famous citizens. Then Desi Arnaz formed a seven-man syndicate to build a course at Indian Wells. As a private undertaking Desi added a million-dollar hotel.

Arnaz is a notoriously bad golfer, but he is by no means lacking in enthusiasm for the game. Using a helicopter borrowed from his company's television show, *Whirlybirds*, he has flown from Hollywood to Indian Wells in midafternoon, landed at the first hole and, with no wasted time, teed off.

Perhaps the most luxurious of the new Palm Springs courses is the $4,000,000 Eldorado Country Club, scene of the Ryder Cup matches between the British and American professional teams last November. Thirty-five states are represented in Eldorado's ultraexclusive membership. When the British players found conditions on the course uncommonly crowded during practice rounds for the Ryder matches, their captain complained, "You can't move out there for aristocracy."

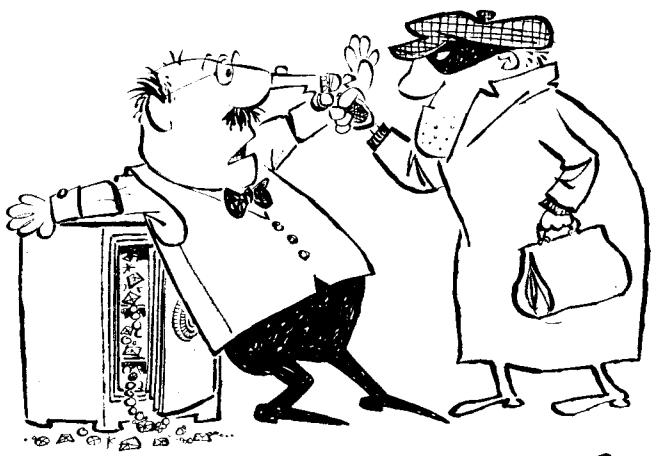
Two miles from Palm Desert, Eldorado rests alongside the Santa Rosa Mountains in an elegant setting of date palms, acacias and fruit trees. The course is decorated with seven lakes, four of them visible from the giant, glass-enclosed bar of the $1,000,000 clubhouse, which features a lower-level garage for golf carts.

Like other major courses in Palm Springs, Eldorado is essentially a real-estate proposition. Some 360 homesites are being developed along the fairways at prices beginning at $16,000. By club rule no home built on these lots may contain less than 4000 square feet. Most will doubtless have more. The average cost of house and lot has been estimated at $75,000.

One of the latest and most ambitious developments is Bermuda Dunes, backed by oil speculator Ray Ryan and Palm Springs realtor Ernie Dunlevie. This is a $20,000,000 project which calls for some 2500 homes, a six-story hotel, a shopping center and sixty co-operative apartments.

"And the whole shootin' match," says Ryan, "is keyed to one golf course with eighteen holes."

To accommodate golfers who can't afford memberships in the fashionable country clubs, Palm Springs recently spent $1,040,000 on a municipal course which for a $3.50 greens fee is available to anyone. But even here the real-estate angle hasn't been overlooked. The development company that sold the land to the city retained the rights to 300 homesites, on which (*Continued on Page 54*)




## You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Although Arthur carefully put jewelry pledged to his loan company in his safe, he left the safe open for convenience during business hours. One quiet day a gunman walked in and cleaned out the safe despite Arthur's pleas. The gunman hurried out, however, without finding a hidden compartment holding Arthur's cash. Callie, who came in later to redeem her diamond ring, became furious at its theft and sued Arthur for the value of the sparkler.

"Judge, I operate a hock shop, not a safety-deposit vault," Arthur said. "Even so, I risked bullets to plead with that hoodlum not to take my customers' pledges. Is it my fault if that guy had no respect for property rights?"

"If Arthur had hidden his customers' gems as carefully as he hid his own cash," Callie retorted, "my ring wouldn't have been stolen. Nor would it have been stolen if he had used due care in locking his safe during business hours."

If you were the judge, would you make Arthur pay?

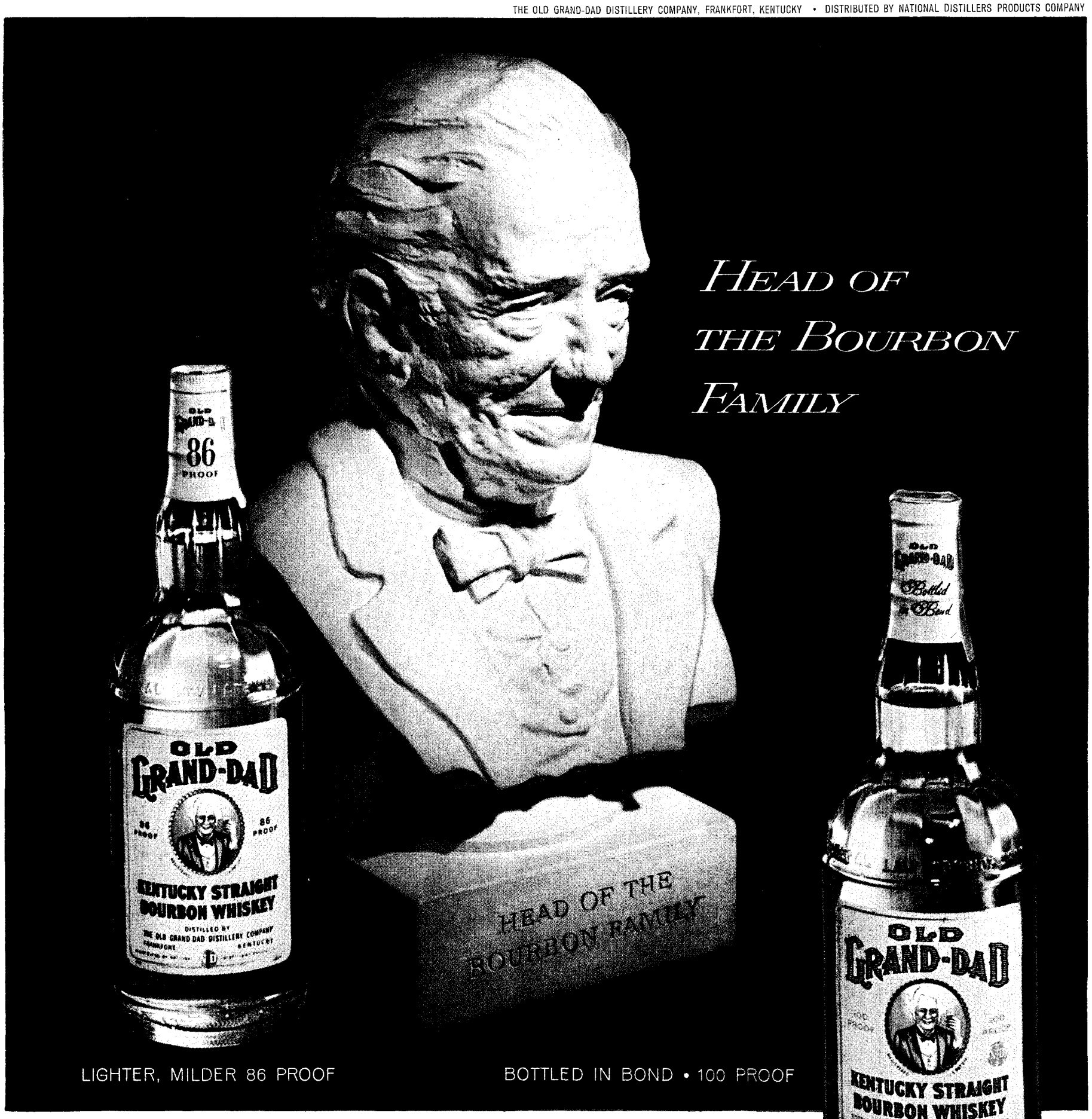
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Arthur had to pay. The court said he was more influenced by his convenience in doing business than in taking care of such valuable pledges as diamond rings.

*Based upon a 1958 Oregon decision.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
86 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT KENTUCKY
Bottled in Bond
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVT.
DISTILLED BY THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
LIGHTER, MILDER 86 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF

*So perfectly matched – so delightfully different!*

Both are Old Grand-Dad and each is a true delight. If you enjoy Kentucky bourbon in all its rich and hearty goodness—then your choice will be Old Grand-Dad, bottled in bond 100 proof. Or, if you lean toward the somewhat lighter bourbon—then you may select Old Grand-Dad in milder 86 proof. In either case your pleasure is completely assured.

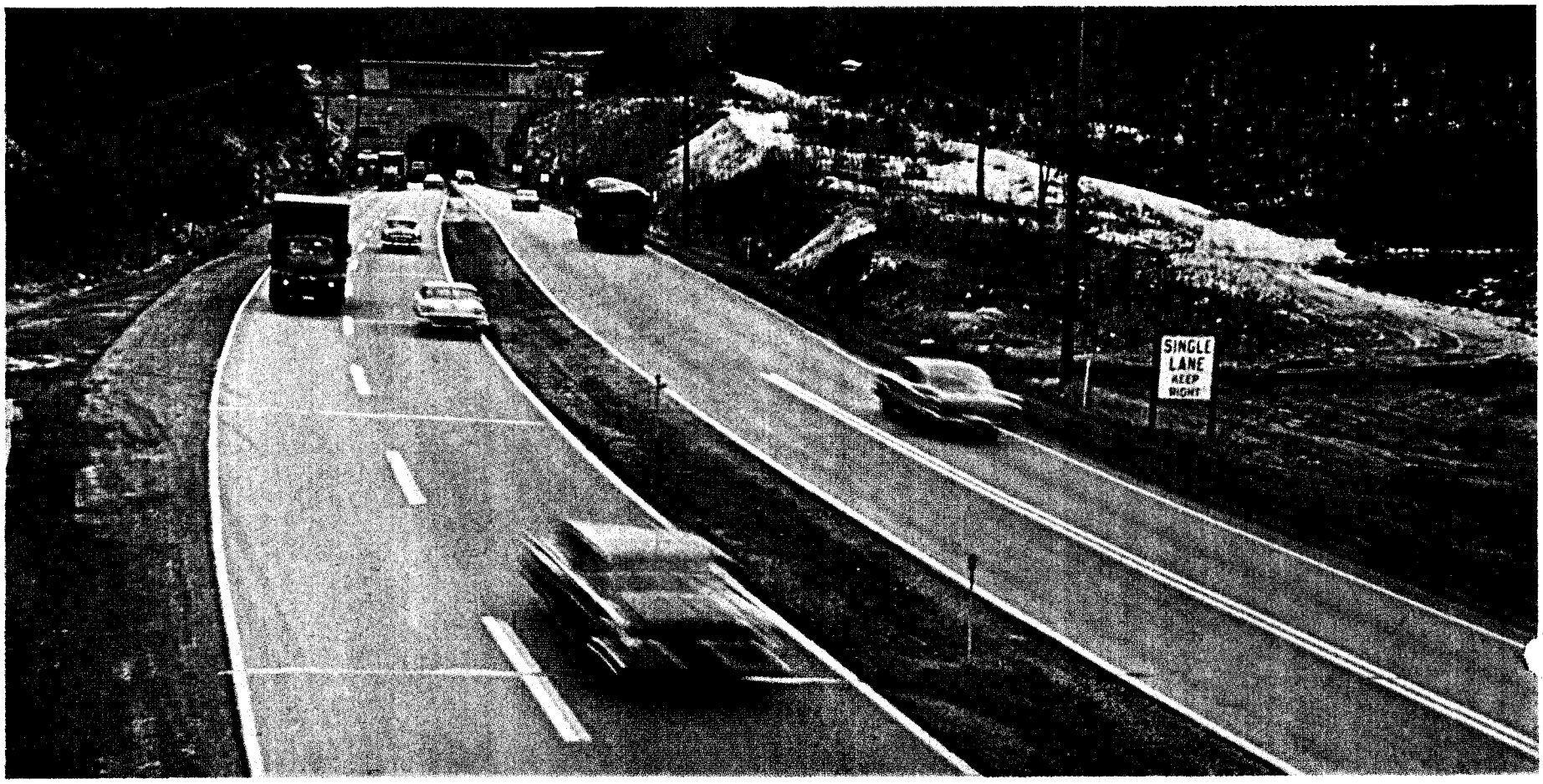
# OLD GRAND-DAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOODYEAR TIRES

# Up to 25% more s

## ...from the world's



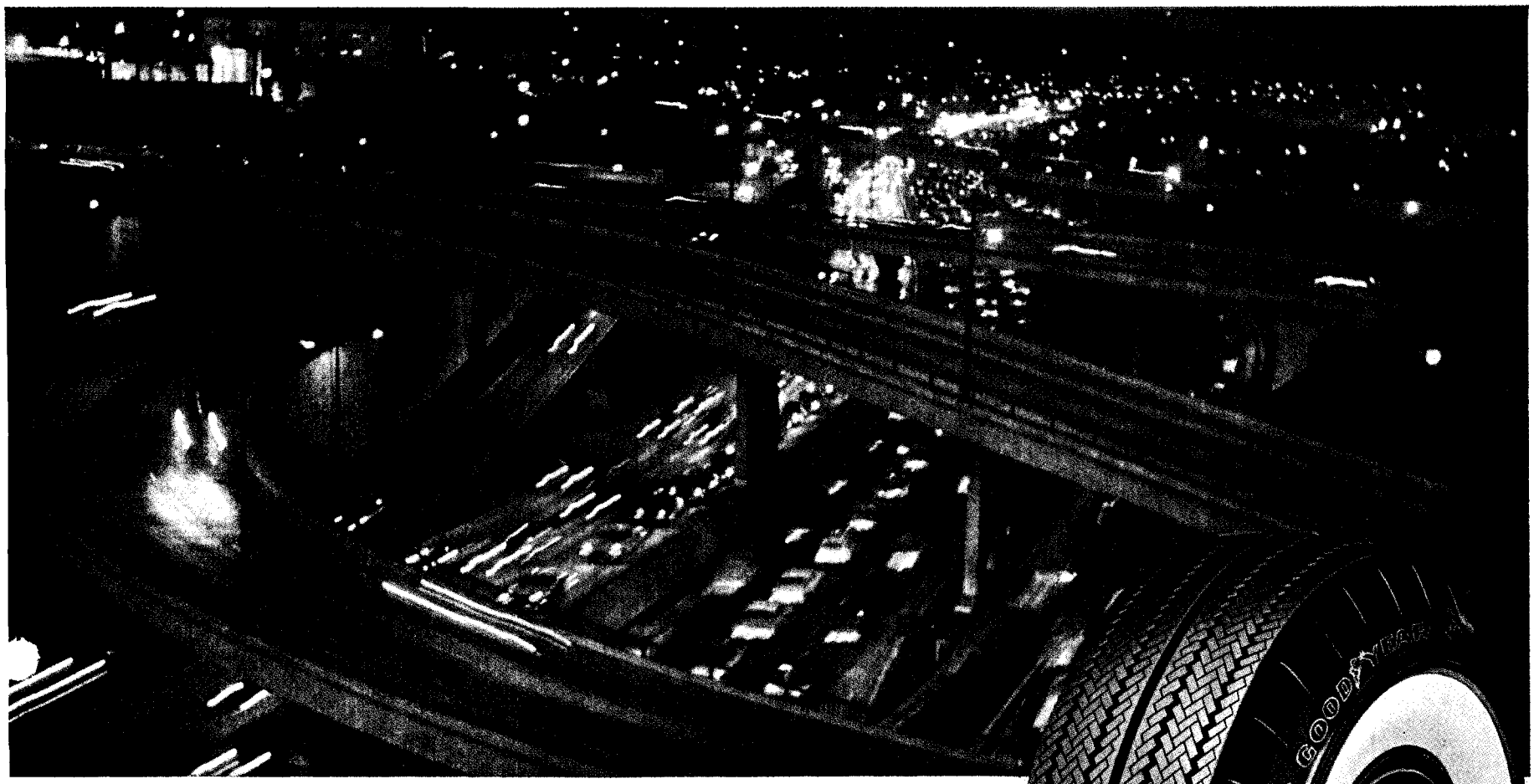

**Even on the Pennsylvania Turnpike,** you can't begin to duplicate the way Goodyear tires are Turnpike-Proved—on Goodyear's five-mile, high-speed test track at San Angelo, Texas.

**This year, the average motorist** will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, freeways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds. Above, the Congress St. Expressway, Chicago.

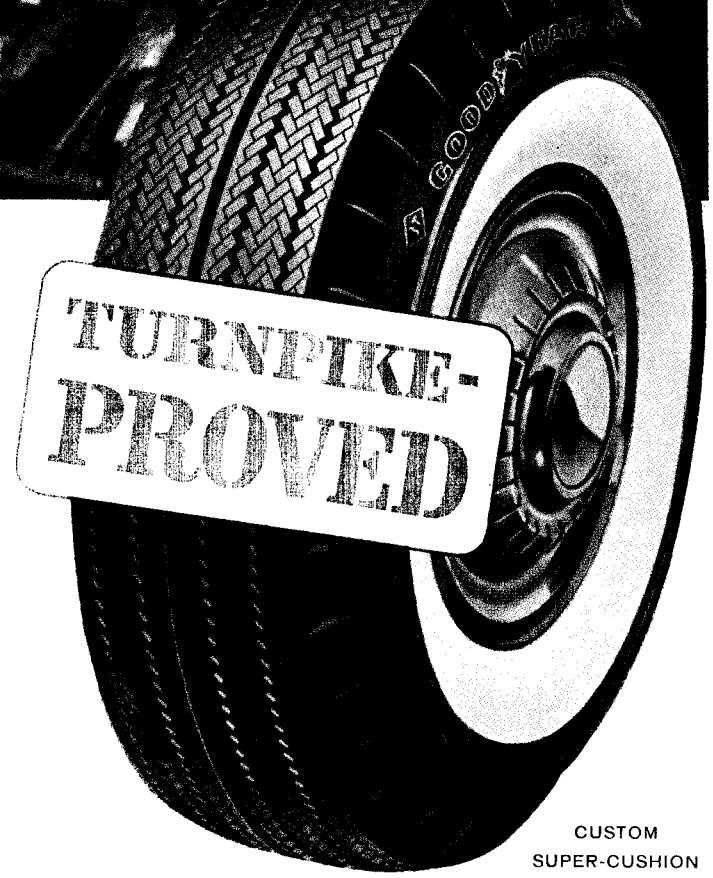
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

February 27, 1960

# fe mileage...anywhere
# rst [illegible] tires.



**Around Los Angeles,** where super roads like the Harbor Freeway fan out everywhere, Turnpike-Proved means even more than extra mileage . . . it means extra safety even "around town."




CUSTOM
SUPER-CUSHION

**Here are the reasons** why Turnpike-Proved tires by Goodyear will give you up to 25% more safe mileage:

First, Goodyear has combined new rubbers and new chemicals into a more *intimate mixture*—to create a tread compound that has far greater toughness and resistance to wear.

Second, Goodyear puts both Nylon and Rayon through an exclusive *triple-toughening* process—to make superior 3-T Cord.

*Cost? Not one cent more than ordinary tires.* You can get new Turnpike-Proved tires by Goodyear for all cars, and in all price classes. Just see your Goodyear dealer.

Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

# GOODYEAR

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

Super-Cushion T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron 16, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 50*) dwellings in the $30,000 to $40,000 class are being built.

Many outsiders are unable to comprehend why there should be such a colossal golf boom in the wilds of the desert. The explanation most often advanced is the weather. Edward Crowley, a Los Angeles hotel man associated with the development at nearby La Quinta, explains, "A man can come to Palm Springs secure in the feeling that bad weather won't interfere with his game. This is important if you're traveling four or five thousand miles round trip. Last season the weather caused only six days to be unfit for golf."

Ellsworth Vines, a former world tennis champion who switched over to golf and now is the pro at Tamarisk, claims that the Los Angeles smog has driven countless golfers out to the desert. "With new freeways making Palm Springs an easy drive from L. A.," says Vines, "a lot of people who like golf without smog come here to play. And since they come so often, they build a second home."

Kent B. Hayes, an Oklahoma City banker who is president of Thunderbird, feels that golf carts have helped the boom immeasurably. "Golf at these prices out here isn't for many young men," he says. "The average age of our members is fifty-seven. The legs of a man that age could probably stand no more than two or three rounds a week if he had to walk. But now, with the carts, the same man can ride and play every day." At the last count the chamber of commerce listed 1057 golf carts in the area. They cost about $1000 apiece.

On a typical winter day in Palm Springs when the sun begins ascending and the coyote's howl gives way to the disjointed song of the mockingbird, all hell breaks loose as the golfers go on the march. They storm the clubhouses and crowd the practice greens and driving ranges. The panzer division of golf carts begins its invasion of the courses. Many players grab their breakfast on the hoof, plucking oranges or dates from fairways trees.

To try to discourage the morning rush and arrange a balanced schedule of starting times, most private clubs have boosted the greens fees for guests playing before noon. At Thunderbird, for instance, a member can bring a guest for $7.50 after 11:30 A.M. Before that time the cost is a whopping fifteen dollars.

Phil Harris, whose home borders the thirteenth fairway at Thunderbird, often gets up early and begins his game at the thirteenth tee. He continues on from there for eighteen holes, finishing at the twelfth—"Unless I'm hooked a few dollars and have to go on to get even."

Harris has engaged in matches so long and so zealous that the players have had to use cigarette lighters on the greens to identify the balls. Ending up one night in pitch-darkness, Phil's foursome found a lantern behind the eighteenth green that illuminated this note: "Follow candles to golf shop—CADDIE MASTER."

Inveterate golfers such as Bing Crosby join more than one club at Palm Springs. Bing belongs to four, playing a different one each day. As defending club champion of both Thunderbird and Eldorado, he was forced to yield his titles by default last year when summoned for work on the movie *Say One for Me*.

"I play golf all over the world," says Crosby, "but there is nothing quite like Palm Springs. This is the true golfer's paradise. There are no galleries here, no night life, no distractions like horse racing, boating or fishing. You come here just for the pure pleasure of golf."

No sooner had Nikita Khrushchev returned to Russia from his visit to the United States last fall than President Eisenhower took off for the Palm Springs area, announcing that he wanted to shake off a lingering cold. Ike lost little time getting out to Eldorado. On the first hole he sliced his drive sharply into a grapefruit tree, knocking several pieces of fruit to the ground. Red-faced, he stood for a moment in disbelief, then remarked quietly, "Well, I've been starting with grapefruit in the morning for years."

During the President's stay—here and at La Quinta—the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce presented him a gold putter which was to have been engraved: WELCOME, IKE, TO THE WINTER GOLF CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

However, the engraver—the only one in town—fell out of a palm tree shortly before the presentation and broke his engraving arm. The putter was handed to Ike without inscription.

About the time the game of golf was originated—roughly five centuries ago—Cahuilla Indians are believed to have settled in Palm Springs. They built their huts near mineral pools from which 105-degree water still bubbles. Until the white settlers came in 1884, the area was called Agua Caliente, which meant "hot water" in Spanish. It wasn't until 1938 that Palm Springs was incorporated as a city, with 910 registered voters.

"When I got there in 1945," recalls Police Chief Gus Kettmann, "the place had grown up some. People had come there during the war, apparently to escape bombs. Gambling houses were running wide open in county territory outside the city. The business people and hotels encouraged them because the gambling helped attract tourists. But county authorities eventually closed in, and gambling was wiped out in 1951. Luckily for our town the first big golf course was built that year. Visitors thereafter were to find a new interest."

The height of the season at Palm Springs is usually between January fifteenth and Easter, when hotel rates are at their peak and the big spenders occupy the town. "In that short period," reports Eddie Davidson, manager of the fashionable Ocotillo Lodge, "we do about forty-five per cent of our total business."

A modest room that rents for thirty-five dollars a night during the peak period drops to twenty-five dollars in late spring and fall and dives to fifteen dollars in the summer. "We die during the summer here," says Dave Margolis, who operates the Howard Manor with former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey. "We lower the price of drinks, give away food—do anything to try to rent some rooms."

Palm Springs pampers its tourists. Visitors who overpark in front of meters receive "courtesy citations" for first offenses. These notices read, "Don't be alarmed. This is not a citation. You have inadvertently overparked. Please avoid this in future." Police Chief Kettmann confides that his officers also drive harmless drunks home rather than to jail.

Considering the number of people who visit Palm Springs each year, the crime rate is surprisingly small. Only five murders have been recorded in the last fifteen years. Police are kept busy, however, guarding against the infiltration of hoodlums. Although most of the mobsters who venture into Palm Springs come not on business, but for golf, health and relaxation, those with criminal records are required to register as ex-convicts.

Jewel and fur thieves also pose difficulties for the Palm Springs police. Within a period of three hours in 1958, an internationally notorious jewel thief named Harry Sitner struck at three hotels and, selecting only choice gems, got away with $75,000 worth. However, he left behind a clue, in the form of a heel print of a golf shoe he was wearing.

"He now belongs to Leavenworth Country Club," says Kettmann. "But, frankly, we don't expect our burglary dangers to vanish. It will be a problem as long as the boom continues in Palm Springs and wealthy people keep coming here."

How long the boom will continue is a matter of conjecture among those who study economic conditions in the community. Actor Charles Farrell, former mayor of Palm Springs and onetime owner of the Racquet Club, views the rapid expansion with a certain amount of alarm.

"During the last twenty-five years," says Farrell, "I have seen Palm Springs overbuilt twice on a smaller scale. Each time a catching-up period has followed, during which investors have suffered. They may be building golf courses, homes and hotels too fast here right now. If money tightens up, a lot of people stand to lose heavily."

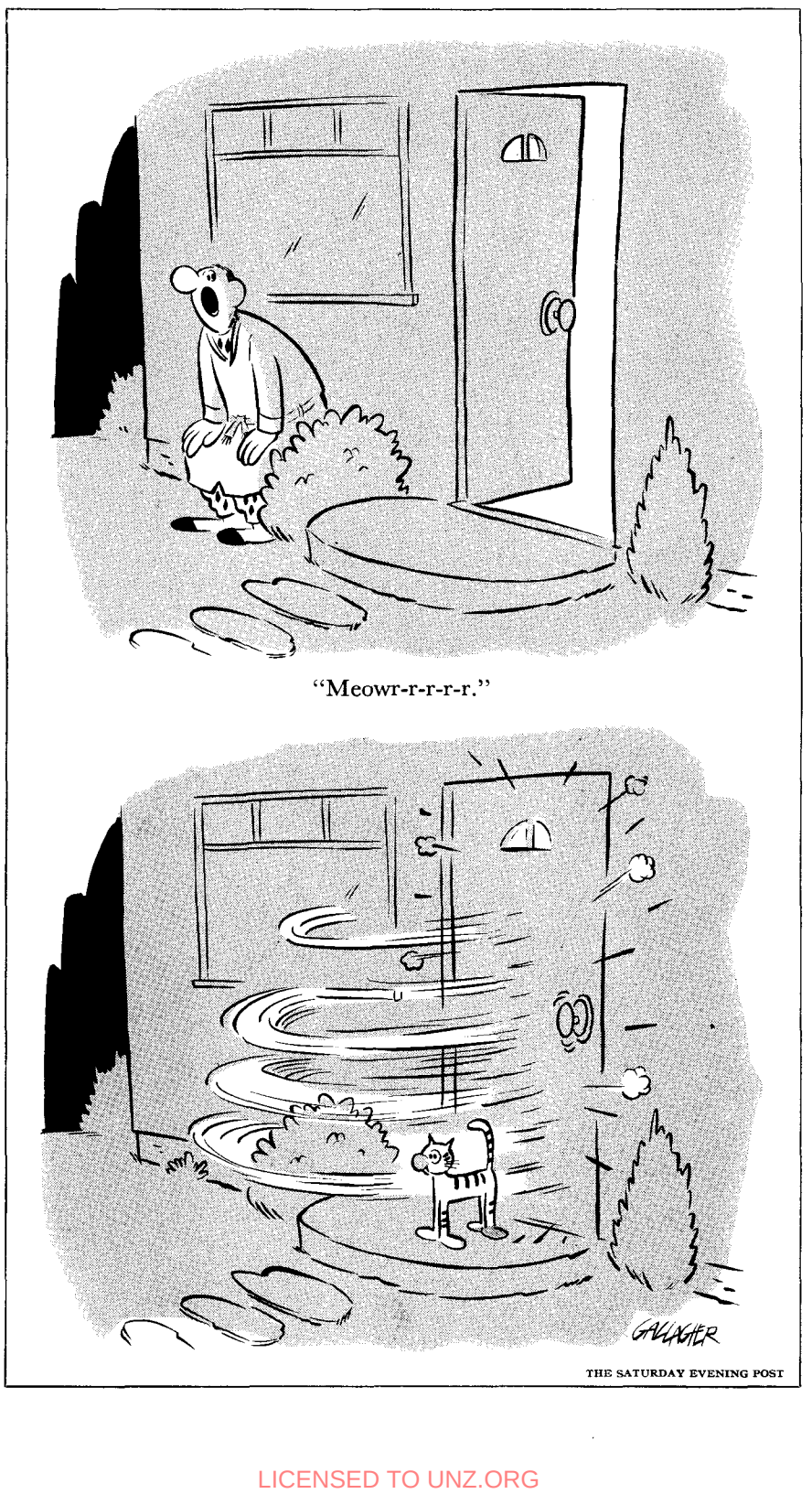
This opinion isn't shared by Alfred Hart, whose City National Bank of Beverly Hills has invested $900,000 in its Palm Springs branch. "The economy here isn't fly-by-night," says Hart. "You can tell by the kind of business that's moving in—Saks Fifth Avenue, Woolworth's, Penney's, Safeway—concerns that do sound research before investing. This region is ripe for development. People will be moving here by the thousands. They will occupy the whole Coachella Valley, all the way to the Salton Sea."

Meanwhile the better to promote the Palm Springs area, four of the major golf clubs—Bermuda Dunes, Tamarisk, Thunderbird and Indian Wells—recently inaugurated a ninety-hole, $100,000 pro tournament called the Desert Classic. The richest golf meet in the world, it offered as an added inducement a $50,000 bonus for each hole-in-one. The sponsors discreetly insured the hole-in-one phase with Lloyds of London.

"The tournament should bring thousands of new visitors to Palm Springs," predicted Ernie Dunlevie, co-owner of Bermuda Dunes. "And that's where we come in. We hope to send them away the proud owners of a fairways house and lot."

The idea of fairways living is amusing to Mayor Bogert, who resides a comfortable distance from a golf course. "I guess living on a fairway is O.K. if you stay indoors during the day," he says. "But step outside to walk the dog, say, and you're a sucker for someone's slice."

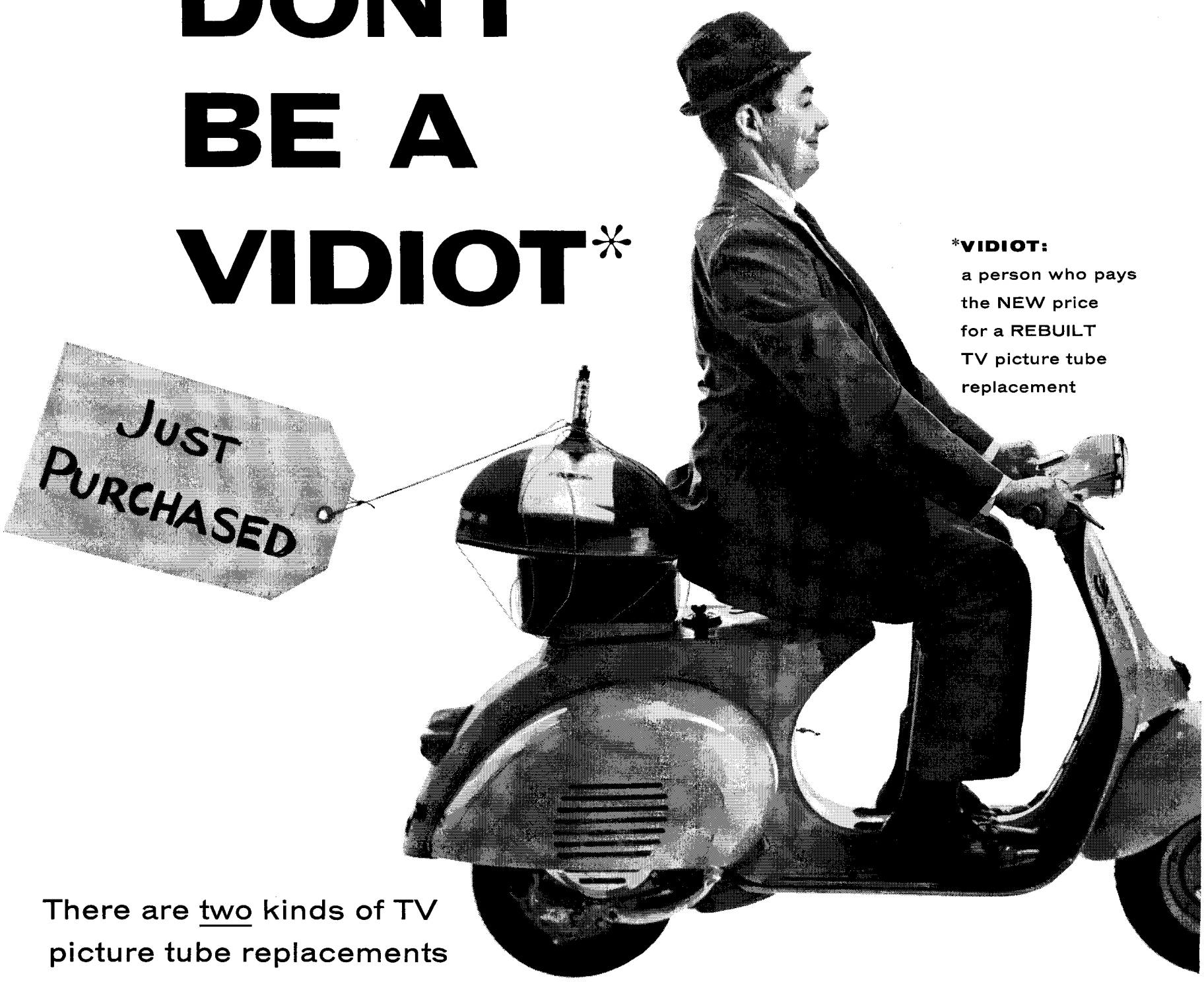
THE END




"Meowr-r-r-r-r."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# DON'T BE A VIDIOT*




***VIDIOT:**
a person who pays
the NEW price
for a REBUILT
TV picture tube
replacement

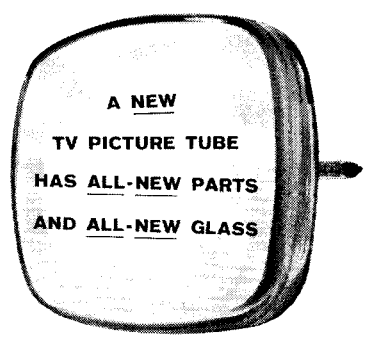
There are two kinds of TV picture tube replacements on the market. They may look alike . . . but they're not alike. Some are New . . . others, rebuilt. So, when you pay the New price, don't be a Vidiot! Be sure you get an All-New tube. Look for the All-New Warranty Tag.

When it comes time to replace your present TV picture tube, be sure you get what you pay for!

Last year, 79% of the people interviewed by National Family Opinion said they had installed a New replacement tube in their TV set. Yet, sales figures show only 20% of replacement tubes sold actually were All-New!

There are *two* kinds of tube replacements. Some are New—others rebuilt. If the tube is New, its Warranty tag will say so. If the tube is rebuilt, the tag may, or may *not* say so. Don't be a Vidiot! When you buy, follow these rules:

1. Decide whether you want to replace your present tube with an All-New tube or a rebuilt one.
2. Make sure your television dealer carries All-New picture tube replacements.
3. Compare the price of All-New tubes to rebuilt ones.
4. If you decide to buy the All-New tube, *first* check its Warranty tag. If it doesn't say the tube's All-New, chances are it's rebuilt.




This advertising message is presented by Kimble Glass Company, maker of scientific and electronic glass products, a subsidiary of Owens-Illinois, Toledo 1, Ohio.

©1960, Owens-Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Outsider (Continued from Page 30)

"Why logical?"

"It'd have to be a judgment decision. You see, you bought the best boat in the fleet. The bar's this way."

He walked with her across a grass lawn, up two steps to a stone terrace. Men and women, only a few of them in sailing clothes, sat with their drinks at shaded tables. The girl selected a table near a low wall.

"Women aren't allowed in the bar," she explained. She sat down, and a waiter appeared almost before Joe could pull out his chair. "Two whisky sodas, Robert."

"Very good, Miss Horne."

The man melted away as Joe reached for his wallet.

"I'll sign," the girl said.

Her calm assurance annoyed Joe. "Where I come from, a guy picks up the bar tabs."

"Ah, but you aren't there any more."

"That's for sure," he said. He offered her a cigarette, took one himself and lighted them both with a lighter on which the burgee of the Blue Prairie Yacht Club was enameled. She took it from his hand.

"Why, it's copied from ours, in reverse colors."

"Which in turn was copied from the Royal Yacht Squadron, plus a dash of the Falmouth Boat Club."

---

Apparently the only way to get rid of a dance craze is to replace it with a crazier one.

CHARLES RUFFING

---

She looked at him and smiled. "Not really?"

"Yeah. Tell me, do you people take courses in this or does needling strangers just come naturally?"

"You're edgy, aren't you, Mr. Clark?"

"Just nervous. A minute ago you said it was logical that I'd lost the protest because I'd bought the best boat in the fleet. I didn't know it was the best boat, and what's that got to do with it?"

Their drinks came, and after the waiter had left she picked up her glass and looked at him across the brim.

"What do you know about our Lido fleet?"

"Not much. A hot class, sure. I've only been around a month and I like to sail. This Sharp guy had a boat to sell, so I bought it."

"There were thirty-five boats built all at the same time. I presume you've got a copy of the class rules. All new sails are made together and drawn for; one mid-season haul-out allowed; no rig changes—everything is supposed to be the same. Jack Sharp is not the best skipper, but in *Dark Image* he's been hard to beat. To let an outsider get hold of the boat shocked everyone. Almost inexcusable."

"Probably why he sold to me. So now they try to discourage me via the protest route. O.K. I've heard a lot of malarkey about this being a Corinthian sport. From now on, when I'm right, instead of veering off and running up the red flag, I'm going right on in. Some of these lads are going to find themselves with a lapful of bow and their feet wet."

"This is not the way to win popularity contests."

"Who wants to be popular?"

She laughed very suddenly. "You and my grandfather would have gotten along wonderfully. I gather he was really a tough 'un. He made a lot of money, and after a while they got so used to his snorting fire that they even elected him commodore of this club. It didn't mellow him a bit either. But by then he was called eccentric."

"I don't expect to be around long enough to mellow."

"What *are* you doing here, Mr. Clark?"

"It's Joe. All girls who buy me drinks call me Joe. I'm working on that bridge over the narrows."

He was. All the underwater engineering, the drilling, caissons, tower bases, and so on, were his responsibility. The outfit he worked for, Bartel Construction, was sprawled around the globe, and his performance on the dam that made the fourteen-mile lake which spawned the Blue Prairie Yacht Club had won him this plum. It was a headache, but it was a plum nevertheless. "You do the darnedest things," she said.

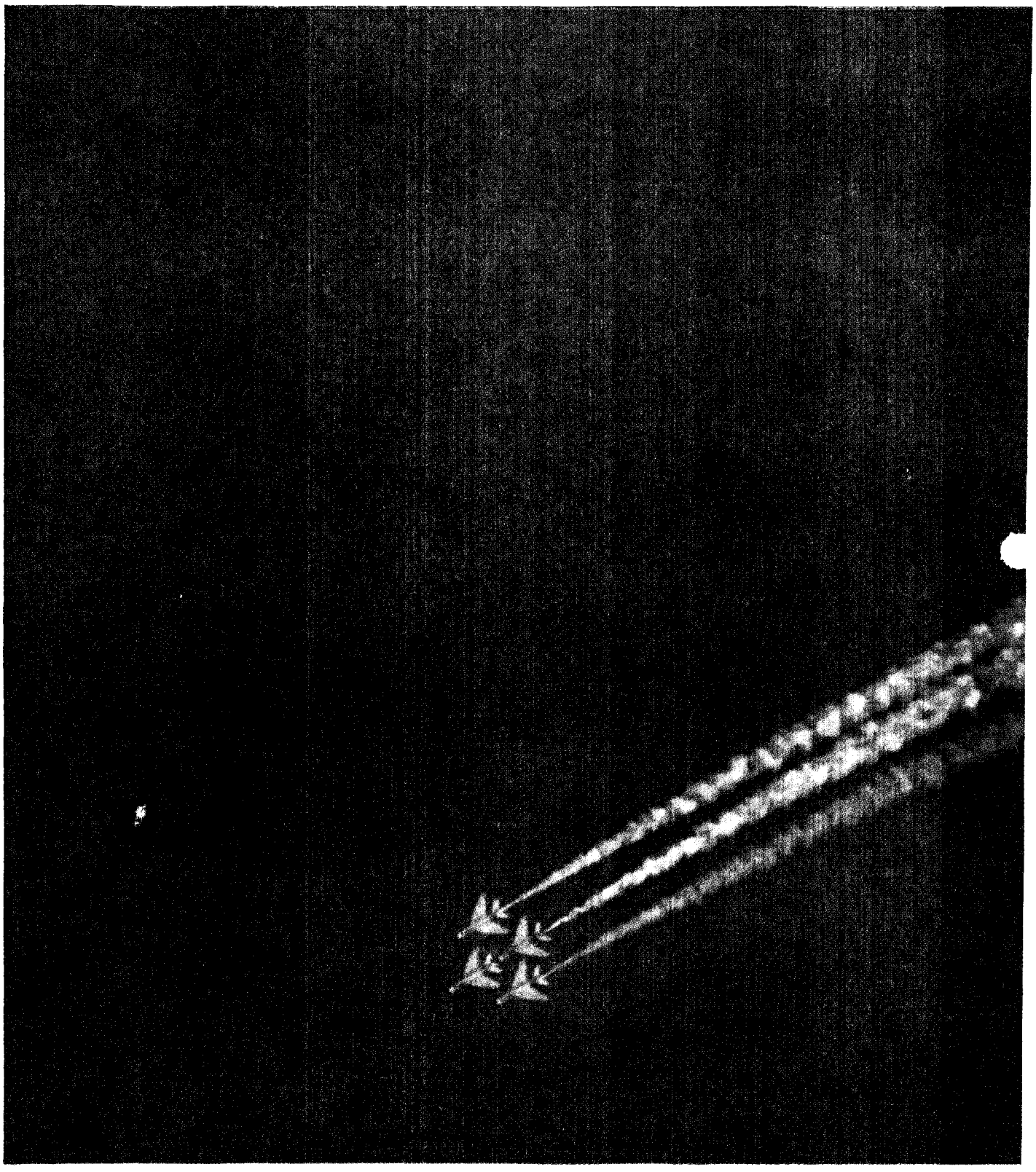
"What prompted that crack?"

"It happens that the bridge over the narrows is a naughty word around here. The mean high-water height is to be seventy-five feet. My—the commodore, three staff commodores and about half a dozen other members have yachts whose masts are taller than seventy-five feet."

"I didn't draw the plans. It's tough on the commodores, but it's no skin off me."

"It's already taken the skin off a United States senator, two state senators and four assemblymen."

"But it's still going up. Which proves that the Colossus of Roads is bigger than anybody." He lifted his glass. "Cheers, as they say in jolly old England."



electrical energy for the needs of motion

While the prime moving forces change as man moves his vehicles from the highway to the sky and on into space, the all-important auxiliary power continues to be electricity. Jet, rocket and missile contractors who need reliable units for the release, transformation and control of vital electrical energy on the ground or in the air can turn to Delco-Remy for on-time delivery, whether the quantity be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She made a little gesture with her glass and then smiled beyond him. Joe drank and turned casually as the tall man she had sailed with paused beside the table.

"Hi, dad." She waved at Joe. "Mr. Joe Clark—you know, *Dark Image*. . . . My father, Commodore Horne."

Joe found himself on his feet, shaking hands, trying to remember what he had said about commodores a moment before.

"Ah, yes," Horne said. "Sailed a good race, Mr. Clark. Fifth of twenty-six boats, first time out, is not bad at all. Remarkable boat, *Dark Image*, isn't it?"

*Thank you*, Joe thought; but he said, "Very nice."

"He'd have been fourth, but he lost a protest against Bobby Chapin."

The commodore smiled. "Bobby's very hard to beat on protests. Knows the rules backward and forward. . . . Well, Mr. Clark, better luck next time."

"I doubt it," Joe said.

There was a moment of silence, as if Commodore Horne couldn't believe what he had heard. "I beg your pardon?"

"I doubt if I'd do better unless I brought Chapin's boat in, impaled on my bow."

The commodore's face went bleak. The lips under the gray mustache were thin, and the blue eyes that locked with Joe's had flecks of ice in them.

"You're implying, of course, that the protest committee showed favoritism. We have many faults, Mr. Clark, but this is not one of them. I trust, after tomorrow's races, you will feel differently." He looked at his daughter. "I'll be driving home to change in about half an hour, Diane, if you care to go along." He nodded slightly to Joe and went into the bar.

Joe picked up his glass and took a long pull. Diane Horne was watching him, definitely puzzled.

"Now, why that?" she asked. "Or do you just go around pushing people to see if they'll push?"

Joe drained his glass. "I didn't care for the implication that if I win it'll be because of the boat."

"Nobody knows what kind of a skipper you are, Mr. Clark, but we all know *Dark Image* is good."

"It must be," he said. He put down the glass and smiled thinly. "I'm going to paint it yellow and call it the *Kansas Sunflower*."

She stared at him and then her lips went thin, as her father's had. "I just believe you might, Mr. Clark."

"Joe," he said amiably. "All the girls who buy me drinks call me Joe."

He watched her cross the lawn toward the clubhouse and, as he bent to pick up his lighter, Bobby Chapin came out of the bar.

"Oh, Clark," he said. He came over, smiling. "I gather you think you got a fast shuffle. The question was an overlap—your word against mine; and as the rules say, in the absence of other evidence it must be assumed that the overlap was improperly established."

"Yeah," Joe said.

"Besides, tomorrow is another day."

"I may not be going tomorrow," Joe said. He dropped his lighter into his pocket. "I'm thinking of cutting off the mast and putting a fringed surrey top over the cockpit and following the races in style. Kansas style, that is—whoopin' and hollerin'."

Chapin nodded. "That might be better. I don't think you've got the guts for the kind of competition we have around here."

Joe rose onto the balls of his feet, and the knot was back in his stomach. "If it's only a question of guts," he said quietly, "I'll be there. Just make sure, Buster, that you're right when we start splitting tacks."

Chapin flushed. "Don't call me Buster."

Joe waited, but nothing happened. "When I think of a better name," he said with a mildness he didn't feel, "I'll use it."

"It may be old age setting in," said twenty-five-year-old Ron Cox, the bright assistant engineer who had served as Joe's crew, "but I seem to feel a definite chill in the air."

They sat alone at a table for four in the handsome, paneled dining room. Genial table hoppers flowed around them, but aside from a casual nod or two from passers-by, their presence had been ignored.

Joe smiled faintly. "I probably shouldn't have cut you in on this, Ron. It stems from my protest and their resentment over the fact that I got hold of *Dark Image* when they couldn't. A hick from Kansas shouldn't come up smelling like a rose when he buys a pig in a poke."

"Kansas hick? Who pinned that on you?"

"Blue Prairie Yacht Club."

Ron grinned. "Want I should drop the word that you're a San Franciscan who got his M.S. at Cal Tech?"

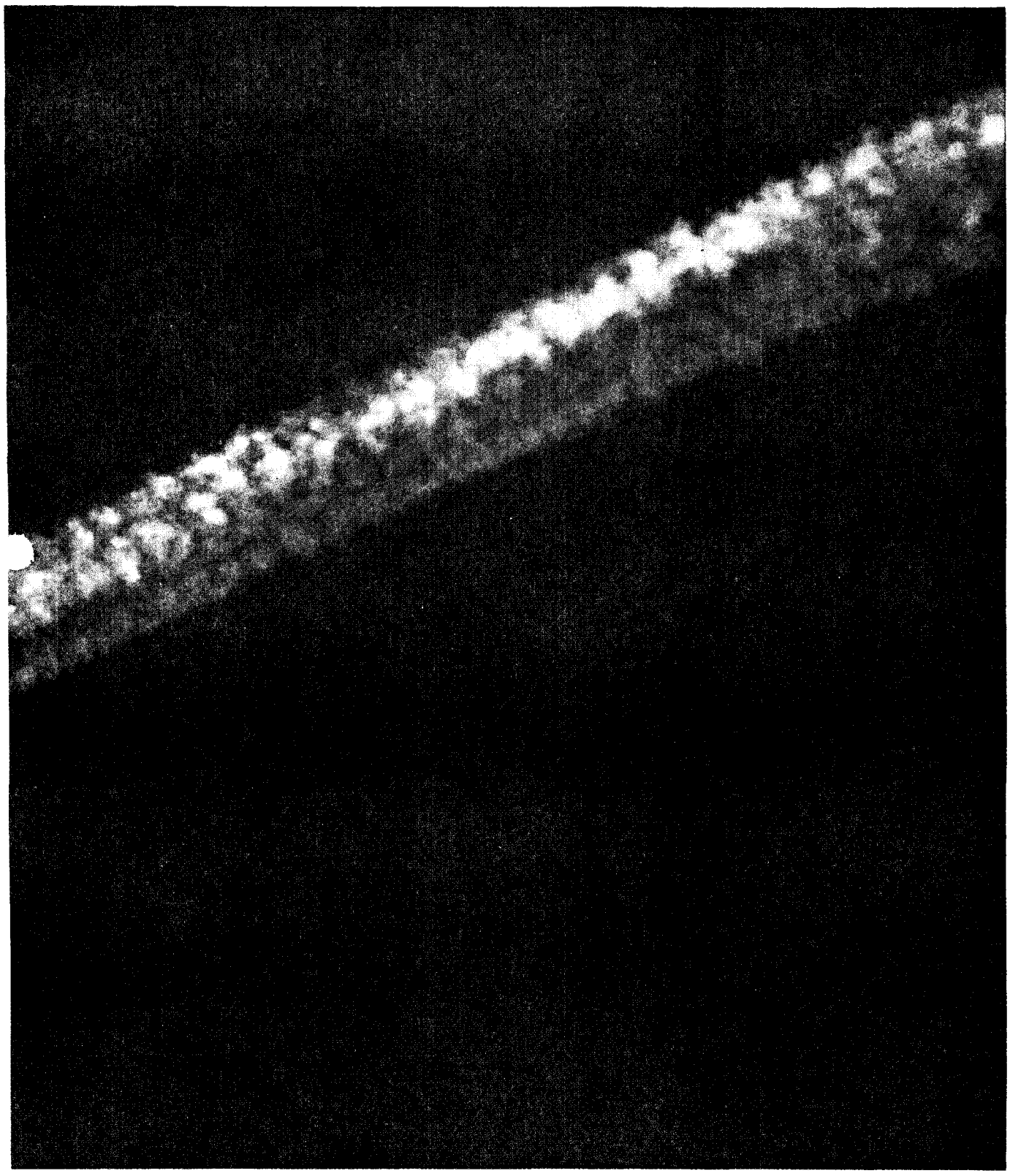
"If you want to find yourself in a cornerstone box in Number Four caisson, go ahead."

"You're a hard boss to love," Ron said.

"All I ask is twenty-five hours a day of hard work, plus a wet weekend setting spinnakers and hiking out to windward."

"All of which I give devotedly," Ron murmured.

"Speaking of wet weekends," Joe went on, "did you get a look at Mitchell's weather chart? They've had some hairy line squalls in Ohio that ought to reach us



measured in tens or ten thousands. For more than half a century, Delco-Remy electrical units have proved their dependability in cars, trucks, buses and tractors—in aircraft, marine, and a multitude of more specialized applications. New products will play fully as important a role in the ground support and space-borne vehicles of tomorrow. Delco-Remy experience, facilities and personnel make it inevitable.

Delco-Remy's research and development program on electrical components of high reliability for advanced weapon systems currently includes • Sensors • Servo Systems • Power Sources • Power Generators and Converters • and Precision Miniature Relays

Delco-Remy

From the highway to the stars

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS, ANDERSON, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tomorrow afternoon. Your gang got everything tied down out there?"

Ron nodded. "I thought I'd take a run out there first thing in the morning. Be back in time for the early race."

"This is just a game. Let's not stumble over the big things."

"Right," Ron said. From the other room came the muted tones of an orchestra. Ron grinned and inclined his head politely. "Care to dance, boss?"

Morning held the menace of an evil day. The sky was overcast, with wisps of scud flying. The wind blew fitfully along the surface, boxing the compass perversely, now warm, now cool. Joe, readying the seventeen-foot *Dark Image* while he waited for Ron, watched the barefooted, slickered youngsters milling along the dock. A spate of fine rain darkened the planks and was gone. A little towhead caught Joe's eye.

"Mister, you think it's going to blow hard?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," Joe said.

"You think it's all right to go out?"

"I couldn't tell you about that, son."

"Come on, Charley," a scrawny, pigtailed girl called. "Don't be chicken!"

"I'm not chicken!" Charley shouted. "I been over three times already this summer, and my dad says if I lose another dagger board I gotta pay for it myself!" He jerked his sail bag to his shoulder and trudged on down the dock.

Ron appeared, walking down the dock with Diane Horne, whose boat, Joe realized, lay alongside his. She jumped down into the cockpit and smiled across at him.

"Morning! I'm afraid we're going to put on one of our nasty days."

"Can't get much worse than springtime in Kansas," Joe said.

She started unbagging the main, then looked up. "If we get a hard northwesterly during the ebb, it's better to keep away from the point. It builds up quite a tide rip along there."

"Thanks," Joe said. . . . "Cast off, Ron, and back the jib."

They slid deftly away from the dock, clearing the crowded boats; then Joe jerked the tiller over, hardened the main as the bow swung off the wind and they scudded out into the anchorage. Ron secured the jib sheet, coiled down the painter and got upon the rail beside Joe.

"Nice girl."

"Everything O.K. on the job?"

"Yeah. Vandervort had a couple of men there, shoring up that framing on Number Three. Told him to put on a whole gang if necessary. Cost us three, four days if we should lose it now." He grinned. "She wanted to know if you're really going to paint the boat yellow?"

"What'd you tell her?"

"I went along with you. Told her us Kansas folk think yellow's a mighty purty color."

"You also tell her that Alabama accent was just south Kansas?"

Ron laughed. "I think it's been a long time since anybody's fooled her much."

They got a good start in a thin haze of rain, crossing the line fifth, and just to weather of the commodore's boat. They beat up to the windward mark, picking up a boat, luffing through a brief, heavy squall, took advantage of a too-wide turn of another boat and found themselves third when the spinnaker was set and drawing on the downwind leg. Ron hunched his shoulders against the spray and rain and turned his head.

"We'd be planing in a center-boarder," he exulted.

Joe grinned. The exhilaration of the cresting surges made his body tingle. "Hang on—we may break loose yet!"

On the reaching leg home they were still third, fifty yards behind Chapin's dark-blue boat and gaining. The fleet was scattered by the storm, some withdrawn with damage. Water sluiced over the lee bow, jumped the coaming and swirled around their feet. Here and there in the foam-flecked water they passed small boats in trouble, skittering by the club launch, which was pulling some youngsters from the bay. A wall of water swept down on them, and Joe luffed up sharply, the sails slatting angrily, until the gust had passed. When they could see again, Chapin was just ahead, swinging wide to avoid a capsized small boat.

"Boat ahead!" Ron yelled.

"Stand by to jibe," Joe snapped. They swept up past the overturned boat. A tiny, white-faced boy waved his hand, and Joe jerked over the tiller, let the mainsheet run, snapped the boat around and headed up, sails shuddering, toward the capsized boat. It was little Charley.

"Go ahead," he shouted bravely. "They'll pick me up."

"Get him," Joe said. Ron grabbed the boy by the shirt and hauled him in like a protesting fish. Charley dragged in his small boat's dagger board and flopped in the cockpit as Joe hardened up and *Dark Image* heeled, then surged ahead.

"You didn't need to stop," Charley gasped, his teeth chattering. "I go over all the time."

"Didn't want you to lose that board again."

Charley grinned broadly and hugged it to his chest. "I got it O.K. this time!"

They were still third when they crossed the line. When they docked, the fleet was a shambles—gear broken, sails split, battens lost—everything sopping. Young Charley climbed out, shivering, his lips blue, but hugging his dagger board.

"You shouldn't of," he repeated, teeth clicking, "but gee, thanks, mister!" He plodded soggily up the ramp.

"Meet you in the bar," Ron said when they'd snugged down the sails. "I want to call the job. Think they'll sail the last one?"

Joe wiped the salt spray from his face. "They're a pretty rugged bunch."

Joe stood at the bar, on the fringe of the conferring group, listening to the discussion. All the junior races were canceled. Most of the other classes were willing to call it a day, though the Stars, who never knew when they had enough, were eager to go. Joe smiled faintly, and as he lifted his glass his eyes met those of Bobby Chapin. Chapin flushed.

"The Lidos will go," he announced loudly.

"Not me," Commodore Horne said. "My main's split."

Others reported their damage. Seven boats were willing to try it again, in spite of the savage gusts sweeping the harbor. Chapin looked at Joe.

"How about it, Kansas? You had enough?"

"Spring shower like this is good for the crops," Joe said amiably. "When do we start?"

As he went into the lounge where the women waited, he saw Ron enter, then stop to speak to Diane Horne. He joined them.

"What's the word?" Joe asked bluntly.

Ron shook his head. "They've got troubles, Joe. I better get out there. Hate to duck out on you, but if there's anything I can do to help 'em, I should."

"I might as well go along then," Joe said.

"I'll crew for you," Diane said suddenly. "We're out of it. I didn't think they'd sail the last race in weather like this."

Joe's smile was very thin. "It's Chapin's idea."

"The darned fool," she said. "I'll get my gear back on and meet you on the dock."

She made a good crew. Diane's weight didn't approach Ron's, but she used it skillfully and in time to keep the boat as even as possible in the vicious gusts. Her movements were fluid, and her suggestions about local conditions extremely helpful. Joe found himself sailing with relaxed enjoyment, and when they rounded the weather mark they were in first place. The wind had eased momentarily and the rain was only a fine mist, though the clouds hung low and showed hard edges. The downwind leg was almost pleasant, and Joe looked back at the seven bulging spinnakers and smiled.

"I was sure you could," Diane said.

He looked at her. "Could what?"

"Smile. I knew that somewhere in that stern and rock-bound face there lurked a germ of human pleasure. How did you happen to select the whole world for your opponent?"

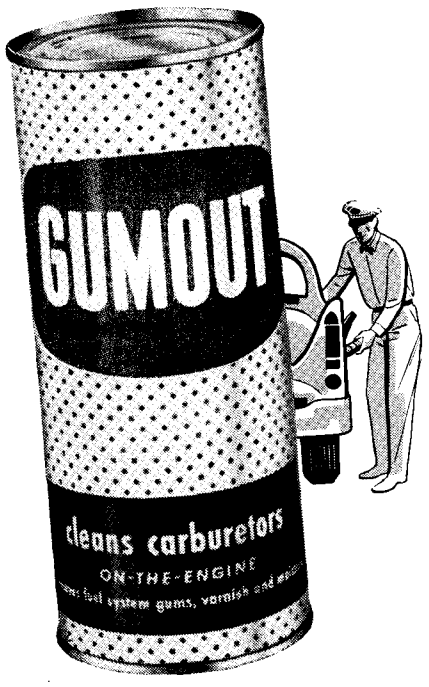
Joe grunted. "When I was a kid I learned that every time I turned my back, I got kicked. A guy gets tired of that after a while. This contracting's a dog-eat-dog business; I like to get in the first bite."

She eased the spinnaker sheet as the wind picked up. "As I said before, this is no way to make friends."

"Who wants to make friends?"

Her eyes met his directly. "You seem to have made a pretty good one in Ron Cox."

The boom lifted as they foamed down a wave. "Harden the boom vang," he said, and when she got back to her seat on


...IF YOU'RE GETTING POOR GAS MILEAGE...

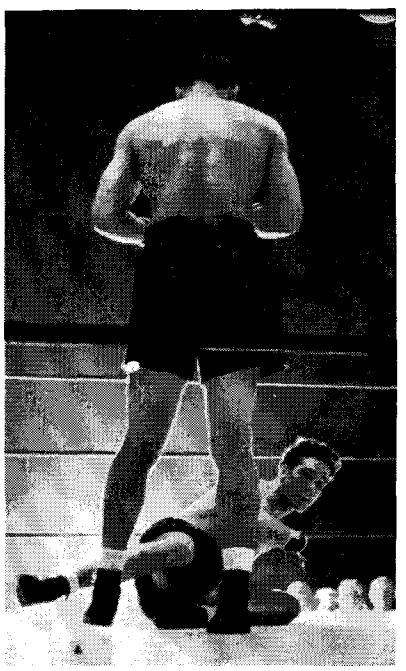
Clean Your Carburetor with GUMOUT

Car becoming a gas glutton? Sluggish pick-up, hard starts, frequent stalling? Chances are your carburetor's dirty.

The cure is simple. Just add a can of GUMOUT to your gas tank. It cleans the carburetor *while you drive*, gives you easier starts, smoother running, better gas mileage, too. Millions of motorists use GUMOUT regularly. Why don't you?

Sold at most service stations and auto supply stores.

GUMOUT CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

## Let's Face It

There's an old saying that hindsight is better than foresight. But let's see. Here is a rear view of a person whose face you would quickly recognize. To help identify this unusual view of him, we can tell you that he comes under some—but not necessarily all—of the following categories:

1. A farmer's son.
2. Former world-heavyweight champion.
3. An unsuccessful championship contender.
4. An entertainer turned boxer.
5. A public-relations executive.

Max Brandel

CORRECT ANSWER:
Joe Louis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rail, "I'm only squeezing the work out of him. Nine years ago old man Bartel did the same to me: tossed me a job and left me alone to produce or get out. If Ron falls on his face he falls on his face; the fault'll be mine, but I won't have to worry about him making any more mistakes for me."

She ducked away from a gust of cold rain and then turned her head again. "You can't be that hard."

"Hard? I'm only being realistic." He glanced astern. "Stand by to get the chute in before we reach the mark."

The wind was a solid force now and the slate-gray water streaked with foam. There were only five spinnakers behind them, and through the murk Joe caught a glimpse of the two other boats fighting to get in the shreds of their blown-out sails. Directly behind them Chapin surged down the lifting seas like an avalanche.

"O.K.," yelled Joe, "down chute!"

Diane fought the sail down, half in, half out of the cockpit, while Joe struggled to keep the boat off the wind. As the mark neared she still hadn't completely smothered the bulging nylon.

"Come on," he shouted, "get it in!"

She glanced back over her shoulder, water sluicing off her face, her eyes snapping. "Don't yell at me!"

The mark was almost abeam. "Stand by to jibe!"

Joe waited, then jerked the tiller over. The boom slammed across the cockpit, Diane fell back, wrapped in wet nylon; the boat whipped around and dipped its bow into a sea, lifted, then slammed ahead. "Get the jib on her!"

Diane struggled free of the spinnaker, unsnapped the halyard, reached out to snap it onto the head, took the full brunt of a wave, came up, crawled back into the cockpit and began heaving on the halyard.

"Darn you, give me a luff!" she yelled at him.

Grinning, Joe headed the boat up a moment until she got the sail as taut as possible on the headstay, then fell off while she sheeted it home and climbed exhaustedly onto the high weather rail beside him. Hair hung damply around her face, and her lips were drawn. Even hiking way out they couldn't keep the boat down, and Joe had to ease the main. They sat shoulder to shoulder, rocking out, rising up, rocking out again.

"Sorry I yelled," he found a chance to say.

She shook hair from her eyes, then turned and laughed. "Heck, dad usually kicks me when he wants me to move!"

The wind tore off the wave tops and flung them aboard. Joe felt the trembling rudder, the hull vibrations, and watched anxiously for rigging failure. There wasn't much they could do now, except luff through the worst of it and hope something wouldn't carry away—or that the water around their feet wouldn't get so deep they'd go under. Diane leaned toward him.

"Bobby's still behind. You've got to get a couple of boats between you to beat him on points."

They headed toward the neck of land where Joe could see the tide rip lifting ominously. He glanced to weather briefly and then swallowed. Below the dark, torn clouds was a thin, white, rolling cloud, reaching from horizon to horizon. A line squall, howling down on them.

"Look!" he shouted.

Diane nodded grimly. "We can luff through it."

He watched its approach and then, tucked back of the tumbling line, Joe saw the dark, bulging belly of a boiling cloud. He got a half-remembered picture of an angry Kansas sky and stiffened.

"Get the main down!" he roared.

"We can luff through ——"

"Get it down!" He shoved the tiller away, jumped forward, cast off the main halyard and threw himself on the sail as the boat came slamming up into the wind. The wind hit, and he lay smothered in sail and rain, *Dark Image* heeling until water poured in over the lee coaming.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

## Light Diet

By Ralph Owen Baird

We eat by candlelight. It's
fun,
My wife tells me.
It takes you back; it makes
two one,
My wife tells me.
It sets your ancient heart to
beating,
My wife tells me.
So when I ask, "What's this
I'm eating?"
My wife tells me.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Then the jib let go with a spang! and the boat righted somewhat to lie wallowing in the cold, veering blow that followed the line squall's passage.

Joe fought free of the sail and looked out across the seething water. Two of the boats still had their masts, but none of them had sails. Chapin's mastless hull, wallowing soddenly, was far to leeward, drifting toward the rearing tide rips. Joe drew a long, weary breath and turned to Diane.

"O.K.," he said, "let's get the main back on. We'll have to pull Chapin out of that mess before he goes under."

She looked at him, then brushed at her face. "I think I see the launch coming. If we go on, you can beat him on points now."

Joe glanced at her. "I only want to beat him; I don't want him to lose his boat. Come on, crew, hop to it. Let's get the show back on the road."

They had pulled Chapin clear of the rips by the time the launch came alongside to take over. Bobby Chapin clasped his hands over his head as Joe tossed the line to the boatman.

"I thought you were being chicken, dropping that main," Chapin yelled. "*I* should get so smart!"

Joe nodded. "Same thing cost me a week's work in Kansas once," he answered. He hardened the sheet, and *Dark Image* dipped into one sea, then another, picking up speed toward the finish line under mainsail alone.

Diane, who had hardly spoken during the rescue, looked at him and pursed her lips. "I know it's going to break your heart," she said dryly, "but I'm afraid you made a lot of friends today."

Joe looked at her blankly, then abruptly grinned.

"Who needs friends," he said, "when he can sit ankle-deep in the cold rain with a pretty girl who doesn't mind getting kicked around?"

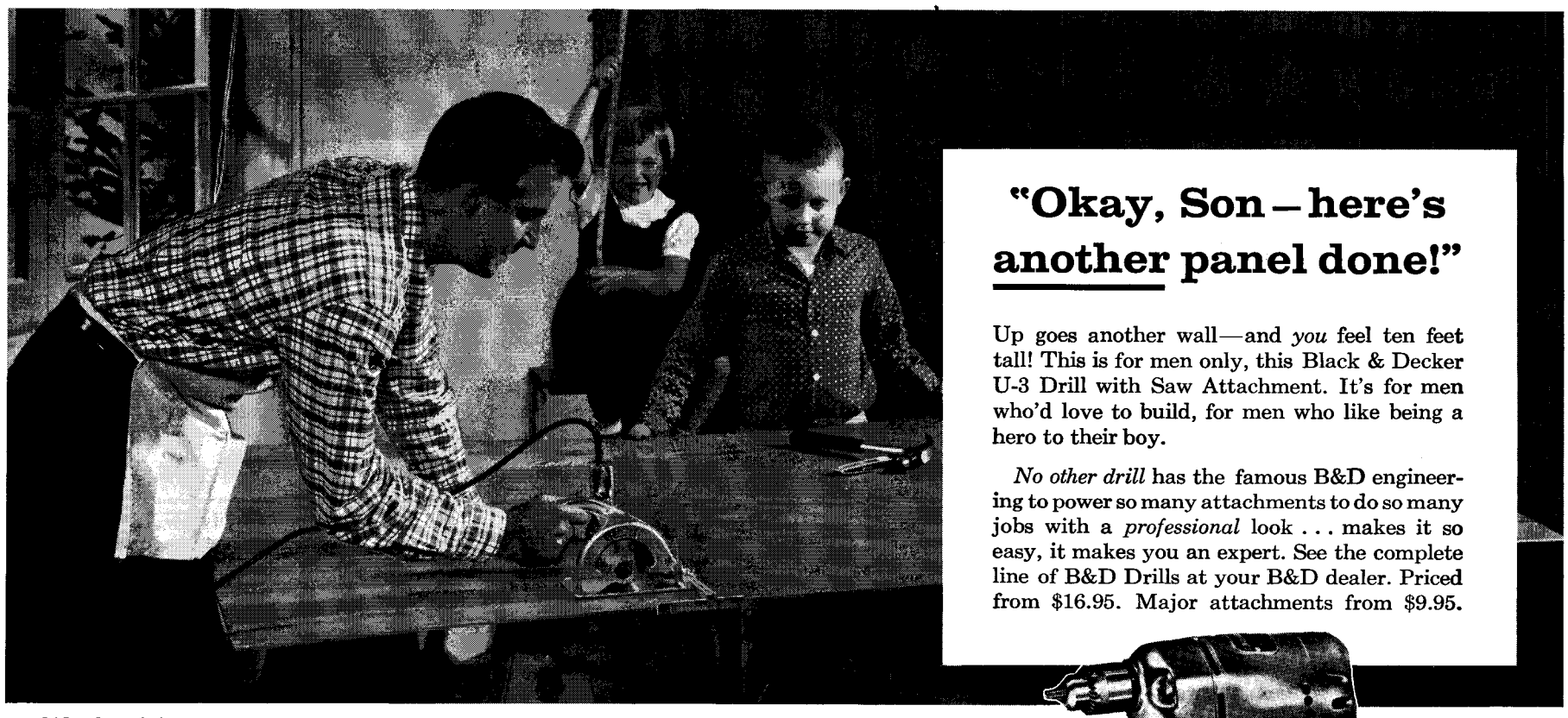
"Why, that's almost human!"

"Suppose, when we get dry again, you start teaching me some of the niceties of refined living?"

"That might take quite a while," Diane said bluntly.

"This is a devil of a big bridge," Joe said. He grinned once more. "I could even flub part of it and have to do it over again."

THE END

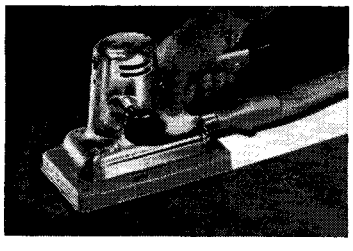



"Okay, Son—here's another panel done!"

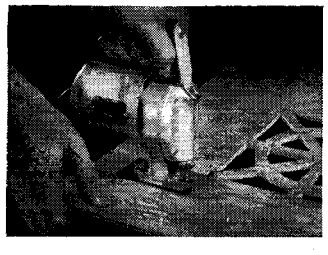
Up goes another wall—and *you* feel ten feet tall! This is for men only, this Black & Decker U-3 Drill with Saw Attachment. It's for men who'd love to build, for men who like being a hero to their boy.

*No other drill* has the famous B&D engineering to power so many attachments to do so many jobs with a *professional* look . . . makes it so easy, it makes you an expert. See the complete line of B&D Drills at your B&D dealer. Priced from $16.95. Major attachments from $9.95.

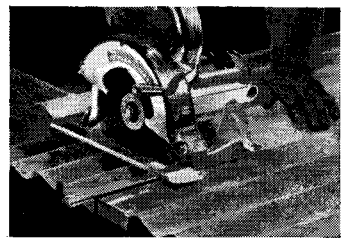
**B&D's DUST-LESS SANDER** is so *dustless* you can sand and paint side by side. See it! Try it! B&D Sanders from $29.95. Sander Attachment: $14.95.



**B&D's IMPROVED JIG SAW** gives you 25% faster cutting, better control. Cuts straight, curved or intricate designs. Two *extra* blades free. Only $29.95.



**B&D's 6½" HEAVY-DUTY SAW** turns amateurs into pros! A doll to handle—yet tough, durable. Races through 2 x 4's at 45°. B&D Saws from $49.95.



See 'Tools-Electric' -Yellow Pages- for Service & Sales

For free power tool catalog, write: THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO., Dept. A-020, Towson 4, Md.

50th YEAR Black & Decker®

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Comanche Holdup (Continued from Page 37)

the wagon and he was not sure enough of the situation to reach for his pistol. The young Indian was primed, but maybe he was scared too; and if he was, Roy did not want to startle him with a precipitate, warlike move. He could see the head of the arrow with a peculiar clarity. It gave him a chill to think about it penetrating meat and bone and particularly Becky's flesh, and he would have given much to have his rifle already in his hands.

So he kept his big, rangy frame quite still and moved only his strong brown hands to exert pressure on the four nervous mules. The Indians had materialized out of nowhere before their eyes, and the mules had shied and still wanted to shy. "Whoa," Roy said firmly, keeping his eyes on the two warriors. "Whoa."

The older warrior carried an ancient-looking firearm. It was of dubious vintage, but it was in his hands, and he muttered something to the young brave. The young one hesitated, evidently of a mind to argue, but with a final malevolent look at the man and the woman on the wagon he started in a trot for the top of the rise. He went almost south, at a right angle from the wagon, and trotted steadily but without fluidity of movement. He seemed very tired.

"Roy!"

"Don't get excited," Roy said, wanting to look at her, but not wanting to take his eyes from the warrior before him. "The young one has gone to the top of the ridge to see if we're alone. I think we're going to have trouble when he comes back down."

"I don't see why," she said tremulously. "We haven't bothered them. We wouldn't give them any trouble."

"They don't know that, honey," he said quietly. "They look like they're starving and they're practically afoot. I'm thinking these mules must look mighty good to them right now. Our mules and our goods."

"I thought they told us," she said in sudden anger, "that the Comanches had been whipped out on the plains. I thought they'd all been put on the reservation!"

"Some of them probably got away in the confusion of the fight. This bunch is headed in the direction of the reservation, and they're most likely trying to get there before some band of settlers comes across them out here and takes them for hostiles. They're scared." Roy squinted steadily at the three Comanches before him and said, almost as an afterthought, "They're desperate too."

"Roy," Becky said worriedly, inching closer to him, "what are we going to do?"

"I don't know," he said. "Not really. I might be imagining things. They might move on off. But if they don't we'll have to be ready!"

The young one was on top of the hill now. He looked for long seconds, his hand shading his eyes. He turned then and started down the slope. "I'm going to lay the lines down," Roy said. "You pick them up slow and careless like. Pretend like you're picking them up just to have something to do. Now listen! If anything starts we're going to have to move fast and move far enough for me to have a chance to get set for them. We can't follow the trail through the draw because we'd have to go right over them and we'd most likely turn over anyhow. When the time comes, you scream like a banshee and you slap those mules and you turn them down the slope and alongside the draw. Have you got that?"

She had to clear her throat, and he knew that she was licking her lips. "Yes."

He dropped the reins on the dashboard, and out of the corner of his eye he saw her too small, too soft hands reach for them. The young one was back then, his chest heaving. Roy thought he saw the youth's hands trembling ever so slightly, and he wondered if they could be so weak.

The young one said something and the older warrior nodded. The young one said something to the squaw in a short tone and the squaw's eyes became large, and she spoke to the older warrior, her words obviously a question. This one nodded his head, and the young one repeated the same sentence again in a much sharper command.

The old man on the pony began to wail then, not loudly, but with every inflection of a lament of some kind, and the weird sound sent a shiver up Roy's back. The old squaw picked up the rope that served as reins for the pinto and she took this rope and pulled on it, and the rack of bones moved; and the squaw pulled harder and led it away faster and then she began to wail too.

That left just two, but they were the two that counted. Roy fixed his eyes on them in a steady, unblinking gaze. He was tense, his muscles almost snapping under the restraint which kept them still.

They were not lordly men—these two Comanches. They were fairly short and much bowed in the legs. They were incredibly dirty with faint smears of forgotten paint on their cheeks. The older one had on a shirt, ragged and grimy almost beyond recognition.

But they had something else. They had a certain look of capableness about them and an air of self-sufficiency. But they had more than this. They had the look of wild, taut freedom about them, and it was in every line of their bodies. They were ignorant savages, maybe, but they were men too.

"Do you speak English? American?" Roy asked suddenly.

The older one shook his head and pointed at the mules and then to himself and the youth. He pointed to Roy and to Becky and made signs of walking and pointed back to the east.

"No," Roy said, shaking his head. "I need my mules. But I'll stake you to some grub." He made a motion of eating with his fingers and pointed inside the wagon and then to the two warriors. Then he pointed to them again and made signs with his fingers of them walking off.

The older one hesitated, and the young one muttered to him in a low, urgent tone; the older one shook his head and pointed to the mules again. He shifted his musket in his hands. His face went cold and hard, and Roy knew the moment was now.

"Get ready," he said to Becky. "In the next second or two."

There was no wild exuberance about the two Comanches. There was no shouting or whooping. There was just a deadly earnestness about them. As though by some prearranged signal they separated a few feet, moving so that they never once took their eyes from Roy.

"Now!" Roy shouted.

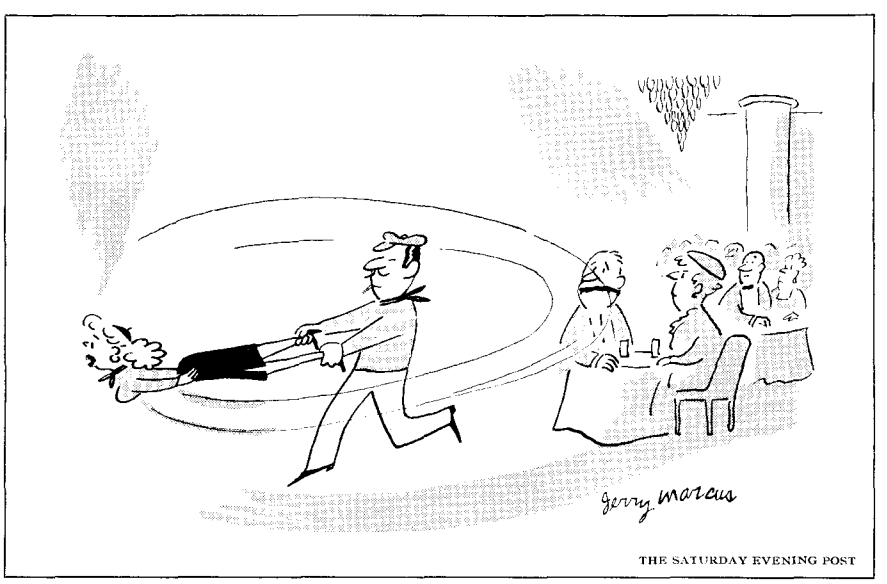
Becky let out a high-pitched scream and slapped the heavy lines down on the backs of the fidgety mules with unexpected strength born of fear. It was too much for the mules and they took a second to rear and mill; then they laid their ears back and moved the wagon with a lurch that almost caused Roy to lose his footing as he half-rose to snatch his pistol from his hip.

The older brave was at point-blank range and almost in front of the wagon, but when he pulled the trigger the ancient gun failed to fire. There is no misfire to an arrow, but the young brave loosed his bowstring too soon—startled by the abruptness of the action. The arrow thudded into the wagon box, and Roy felt the power of the impact even as the old one cocked his rifle again. Roy pointed his revolver as he would have pointed his finger; he fired, and the older brave recoiled, twisting to the earth almost under the wheels of the wagon.

The mules had the bits in their teeth and would not be turned; they went into the draw, a rocky one, and the wagon bounced and came down on its two right wheels, teetering as it landed, and then the front wheel hit another rock and righted itself. Roy hung on with one hand and fired back alongside the wagon. He wondered what he was firing at and decided he was firing to make a noise. Then they were out of the gully as the wide-eyed mules leaned into their collars and lunged up the final grade.

Roy looked back and now he could see across the draw; he saw the young Comanche bending over the older one. Roy wondered then if they were father and son, and he thought that it was a strange and lonesome place to die and hoped the Indian did not die. Even in that moment he hoped that.

There was no pursuit. There could be no pursuit. Roy took the reins from his wife and worked the teams to a trembling stop. He wrapped the lines around the brake handle and climbed down to check the wagon for damage. But first he looked back and he saw the young Indian carrying the older one. He had him on his back and was staggering under the load, but he was going down into the draw after the squaw and the feeble old man.




Roy watched him and saw the weakness with which he moved, and he had an inclination to walk down there and offer to help. He laughed in embarrassment at his own foolishness and would not tell anybody, ever, about that feeling. But still he felt like going down there and helping. He would have gone, too, but he knew he would have to kill the young Indian then. The youth would not want his help.

Becky was beside him then, pale-faced and trembling and ready to cry. Roy did not think he could stand tears right then. He patted her on the shoulder and crawled under the wagon. "Well," he said, "we've got a cracked axle."

"Roy," she said, kneeling down and looking under the wagon, "can't we move on a little farther? We're awful close to them!"

"The fight's over," he said. "I'll have to fix it here. I'll have to bore a hole and put a bolt through and brace it with a splint of some kind. Like a broken arm," he said abstractedly.

He started unloading the front end of the wagon to take some of the strain off the axle. He got some flat rocks and put them under the wagon and got his crowbar and put pressure to the underside of the shaft, grunting as the ragged edges smoothed together. "Come sit on this crowbar, honey," he said. "Get you a cushion or something because you're liable to have to sit there for a while."

And it was slow work. The wood was incredibly hard and it was awkward, working on his back, and tiring to put pressure on the drill. He stopped often after the first few minutes, and each time he looked up Becky was staring at the draw and to the north. "How much longer, Roy?" she finally asked.

"Not too long now," he said. "Are you very tired?"

"Not tired," she said. "I just wish we were miles away from here. I don't like this place."

"I wish I hadn't shot that old Indian," Roy said, breathing deeply from his exertions and rubbing the tiredness from his arms. "I feel sorry for them in a way."

"You're crazy," she said. "They tried to kill us, and I'd feel better if you'd killed both of them."

He knew that this slip of a girl was more practical than he. "Well," he sighed, "I don't imagine the old one will last long if he was hit as hard as I think he was. It might be a blessing in a way because that young one is sure going to have his hands full."

"Save your worrying for us," she said fretfully. "There's liable to be some more of them around."

He got it done finally and loaded the wagon, and they drove on for a mile or two. They came to a small creek that had a long hole of water in it.

"The sun's pretty low," Roy said, "and we're not much apt to find any other water close by. We'll stop here."

Roy removed the harness from the mules and watched them snort and snuffle and blow the water before they finally drank. He got out his picket ropes then and staked each of the animals out on its own circle of grass. Supper was almost ready by that time, and he dropped down by the fire.

Becky cut her eyes at him as she wiped her hands on her apron and sat down beside him. "You're a strange one," she said. But she smiled and took the sting from the words and ran her hand over his thick black hair where it was exposed in front of his pushed-back hat. "You're not so tough either."

"Tough?" he asked, frowning a little. "Who said I was tough?"

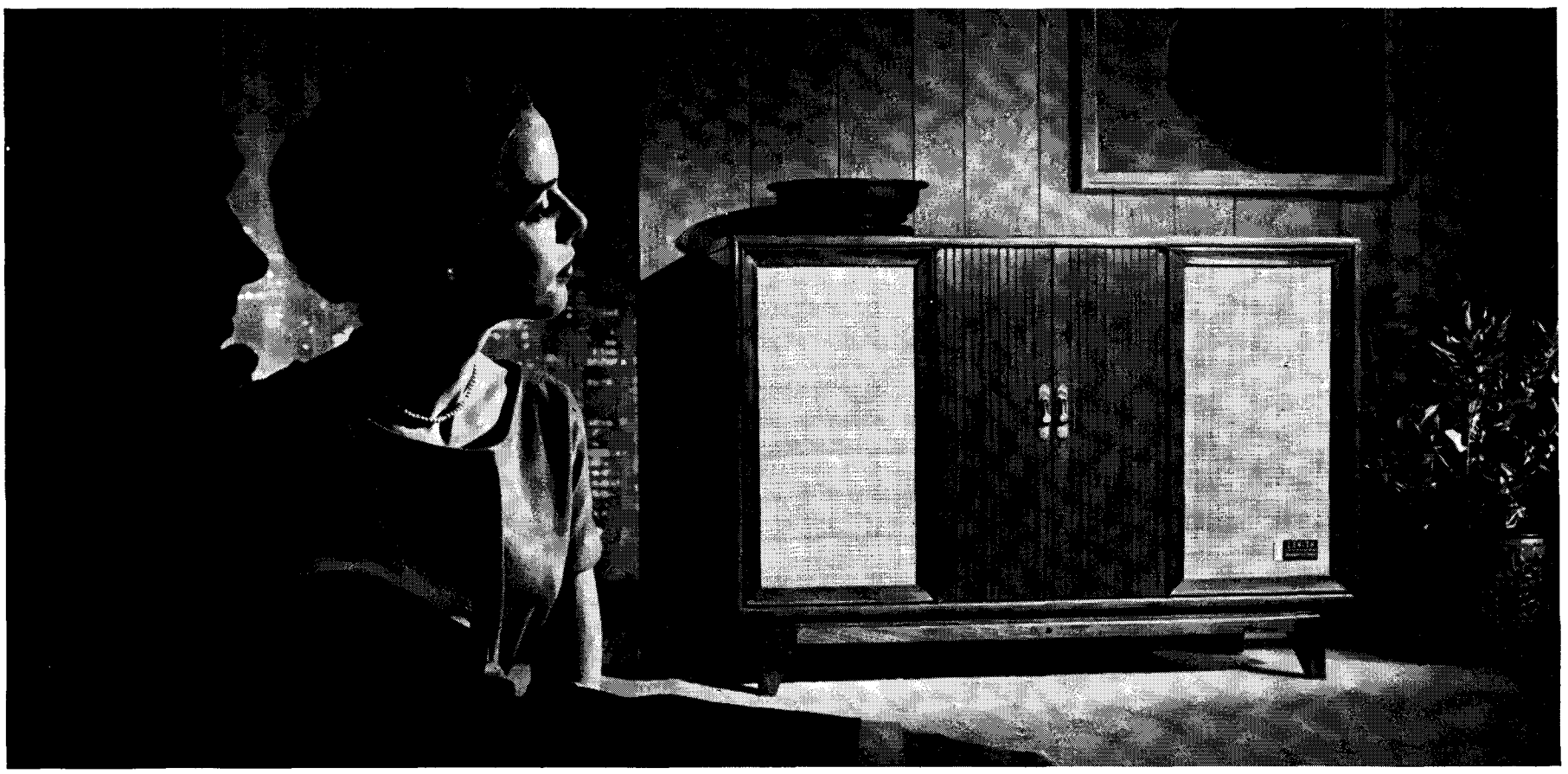
"Mother," Becky said, laughing. "She was a prophet (*Continued on Page 63*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

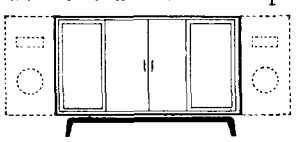
# NOW ZENITH BRINGS YOU BOTH IN A SINGLE CONSOLE: ALL THE WIDTH OF STEREO SOUND SEPARATION – ALL THE DEPTH THAT IS TRUE HIGH FIDELITY!

# ZENITH EXTENDED HIGH FIDELITY STEREO–

*the most exciting, the most faithful reproduction of sound you have ever heard!*



Now, to the world's finest high fidelity Zenith brings the widest, most realistic sound separation ever in a single instrument. This is Zenith *Extended* High Fidelity Stereo—*all the depth* of true high fidelity, *all the width* of stereo. And Zenith also brings you such exclusive developments as the Automatic Balance Control that lets you bring the separate speaker systems into proper balance—automatically keeps them in balance no matter how often you change the volume. With a Zenith you enjoy finest high fidelity stereophonic sound reproduction in the world today!



EXTENDED

As you listen the sound source seems to move out beyond the cabinet.

Above is the Zenith Gershwin, an Extended High Fidelity Stereo instrument with FM/AM radio, in exquisite fine furniture cabinetry from the Zenith Decorator Group. Has Zenith's exclusive, fully automatic Cobra-Matic® Record Changer with Cobra® Tone Arm; 40 watts of total undistorted power output, up to 80 watts peak, from Zenith-designed amplifier. Provision for new Zenith Radial Remote Speakers (optional at extra cost). Danish Modern styling in walnut veneers and solids, blond oak veneers and solids, or ebony color. Model SFD 2570, $700.00*.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONT. Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 41 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

ZENITH®

*The quality goes in before the name goes on*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"That's a good shot of you"*

Think back. Aren't the best times when you make the most of every opportunity? It's the same with brewing. And this is the Schlitz touch. Getting the best from every ingredient. Hops, for instance. Schlitz brews with just the *kiss* of the hops for superb flavor. Next time let Schlitz join your fun.

**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**

# move up to Schlitz®

Watch Ray Milland as "MARKHAM," and "The Sunday Sports Spectacular," CBS-TV every week.

©1960 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) of doom when I told her I was going to marry you. She preached to me night and day about what a savage you were. She said you were rough and tough and insensitive. You confused her by not talking very much. She's going to be very disappointed, I think, when she finds out you're not a barbarian."

He pulled her over on his lap and kissed her and said, "Are *you* disappointed? About me not eating gunpowder for breakfast and dangling scalps from my belt, I mean?"

"No," she said, snuggling closer and fixing him with a serious gray-eyed stare. "I was excited back there and I was scared. I feel safe right now and very, very comfortable, and I like you this way best after all."

"Sure?" he asked.

"Sure!" she said, pulling his head down and kissing him again.

Just before break of day there was a wild, shrill whoop that brought Roy leaping from the wagon in time to see his mules racing away through the gloom with their tails in the air. He saw the silhouette of the Indian on the back of one of them and he fired, but he missed and knew that he had missed—then they were gone.

Becky came out of the wagon then, soft and warm-looking in her gown, but with her eyes very big and her hands trembling as she touched him on the arm. Roy looked at her and said bitterly, "I'm an absolute fool and I'm old enough to know better. I should have tied them to the wagon or else stayed awake."

"What'll we do?" she asked uncertainly.

"I'll cut across country on foot," he said. "It might take him awhile to get the wounded man tied on."

"What about me?" Becky asked. "I don't want to be left alone!"

"I'll leave you the pistol," he said. "Put on my dress hat and stay in the wagon. If any more happen by they'll think you're a man and leave you alone if you shoot a time or two."

He reached in the wagon for a canteen, but before he could fill it from the water barrel he heard Becky say excitedly, "There's one of the mules, Roy!"

"Where?" he asked, feeling hope again.

"There," she said.

"It's old Blue," he said, laughing in relief. "The old devil doubled back! That boy was probably in too big a hurry to mess with him."

"Can you catch him?"

"I don't know," he said, sobering. "He's going to be pretty spooky."

Roy got the feed bag and moved out across the grass, shaking the bag and calling softly to the big-eared animal. "Here, Blue. Here, boy. Come here, you old devil," he said coaxingly.

The mule trotted off a few yards, and Roy cursed under his breath. "Come here, Blue. Got some feed for you."

He shook the bag again, and the mule stopped and braced itself and threw its ears forward inquisitively but suspiciously. But it took a step toward Roy, then two, and moved on up a step at a time. Roy slipped his hand out slowly and let his breath out noisily as he got a firm grip on the dangling picket rope. He hooked the strap of the feed bag over the quivering ears and started back to the wagon with the mule in tow. "You'd better enjoy those oats, Blue," he said. "You're liable to need 'em before this day is over."

Roy fashioned a hackamore, and as he worked he told Becky to fix him up a sack with some corn meal and flour and a slab of bacon and a dab of salt. She looked at him curiously, but she did these things and when she handed them to him he arranged the sack across the animal's back and jumped astride bareback. The mule acted as though it was going to buck, and Roy hit it up beside the head. "Hold still, dammit," he said.

He took the rifle she handed him and nodded his head as she said anxiously, "Be careful, Roy."

"Sure," he said. "But don't worry if I'm gone awhile."

He leaned over and kissed her and had to pull loose from her; then he turned out across the prairie and put Blue into a quick, high-stepping, almost dainty trot. He rode the back trail to the draw and studied that dry waterway for a moment. He decided to ride down the far bank and pushed the mule on across.

He found their camp, and it wasn't more than a mile from the scene of the fight; but he marveled that they had gone so far. He saw the abandoned travois poles and a pile of bloody leaves that had been made into a bed of sorts, and again he felt a twinge of remorse. *You're being stupid*, he said to himself. *They tried to kill you and they'll have ruined you if you don't get those mules back.*

He made himself get angry and then he really got angry because the young Indian hadn't left well enough alone. Roy jogged the mule on up the bank, knowing that the Indians could not be far ahead.

A little farther along he found the carcass of the pinto pony, and it was still warm. It was barely dead, but there was a gaping hole in its flank. They had done a rough, hurried job of removing the meat. Roy thought how hungry they must be and thought, too, that now there was one mule carrying double.

Their trail came up out of the arroyo and cut more northerly. Roy looked up the side of the hill, and there they were. The wounded man was riding behind the young one and had his arms wrapped about the young one, and his head was resting on the other's back. The old woman looked back in that instant and let out a high, keening yell.

The youth slammed his heels into the mule, and the surprised animal drew its straining haunches under it to comply; but it was too much for the weakened warrior and he went sliding to the ground. The squaw and the old man went on over the hill on their mules in a mad scampering run, their hair blowing in the early-morning breeze. The young one went on a short distance before he realized that he was alone and then he whirled the mule and came racing back down the slope. He rode wildly and magnificently and jumped from the back of the running animal and sprawled beside the fallen man.

Roy was almost on him then, but still the youth took time to lift the wounded man and then let out a scream that had all the sadness of the world in it and raised his bow. At that range, and closing quickly, it was life or death for one of them. Roy fired and thundered on by as the Comanche fell.

Roy cursed and fought old Blue for mastery, and when he got the animal turned in a wide, wide circle the boy was on his feet again; he had an arrow notched back and he let the arrow fly.

But it went too high, way too high, and while it was just a glistening speck against the sky the man who was a boy, almost, staggered and fell again; and when the arrow came quivering into the earth he reached out toward the other warrior, vainly, and breathed his last and relaxed.

Roy knelt beside them. They were both dead, and it was the most touching, bravest thing he had ever seen and he wished that he had not seen it. But they looked fiercely free, even in death, and when he thought of the effect of reservation life on such spirits as these he felt almost glad for them. But in a final fit of melancholy he whispered, "I hope you have fast horses and fat buffalo!"

He heard the shuffle of hoofs and looked around, and there were the old squaw and the old, old man. The old man was chanting softly, and there were tears on his leathery, wrinkled cheeks. The squaw looked at Roy dumbly, and it was obvious that she, too, expected death.

"It's a sorry world," Roy said to them, knowing that they could not understand him, but saying it anyhow. "But not that sorry."

He looked about him, and not far up the slope there was a small cutbank where erosion had started its first insidious work. He carried the young Indian to the cut and stretched him out and came back for the older man and put him beside his son. "I guess he was your son," Roy said aloud. "He was a good one!"

He took his knife and began to chisel the crumbly dirt of the bank onto them and he worked for an hour or more before they were covered. There wasn't much of a wash left then at this upper end, but still Roy wasn't satisfied and he began carrying rocks and covering the fresh, red dirt with them.

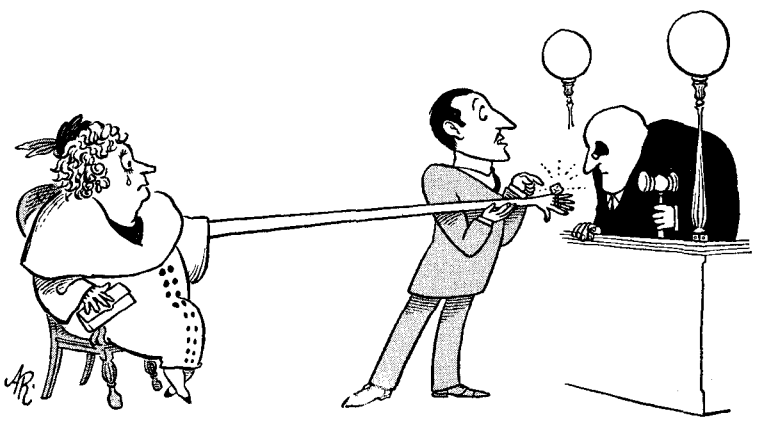
The old Indian and the squaw watched him in silence, and when he stopped and flexed his shoulders the squaw got up and put a few more rocks on the cairn. She looked at Roy then and nodded her head and went back to the old man.

Roy laid the sack of food beside them and motioned to them that it was theirs. They made no expression whatever and he felt very helpless. Finally he got on old Blue and gathered up the other mules by their trailing picket ropes and started down the slope.

He looked back when he reached the draw and they were still sitting there. He sighed and started back up the hill. When he got to where they were sitting he got down and picked the old man up and put him on the back of one of the mules. He motioned to the squaw to get on, too, and reached in his pocket and fished out a stub of pencil and got a scrap of paper from his purse. The paper was dirty and wrinkled and the pencil was not very sharp.

He handed the note to the squaw and motioned for her to put it away. He tapped his shoulder and made a rather ludicrous salute and motioned again toward the paper, making a gesture of passing the paper to another person. "Give it to some officer up there," he said sternly, feeling a need to break the uncomfortable silence. "I've told them I loaned the mule to you—and told them where I'm going to build my cabin. The Army'll get the mule back to me sometime—I hope."

The squaw nodded her head, comprehension softening the ugliness of her face as Roy passed the sack up to her and slapped the mule on the rump. They started off at a walk with the old man holding the squaw about the waist, and the mule was still in a walk when they disappeared over the hill. THE END



## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Joanna generously gave her bridegroom $6000. Then she discovered he already had a wife. Outraged, she demanded that he return every cent with interest. But the calculating bigamist figured that more than half of the money went to buy Joanna diamond engagement and wedding rings. As Joanna kept them, he deducted their cost from what he offered her. Exasperated, she sued for the whole amount.

"Not only did he get every cent of my $6000 by fraud, but he used part of it to buy gifts the better to deceive me," Joanna charged. "He should return every penny."

"As long as Joanna keeps the gifts, she hasn't lost the money I spent for them," the bigamist reasoned. "Moreover, by not returning the gifts she has ratified the expenditure, so I owe her that much less."

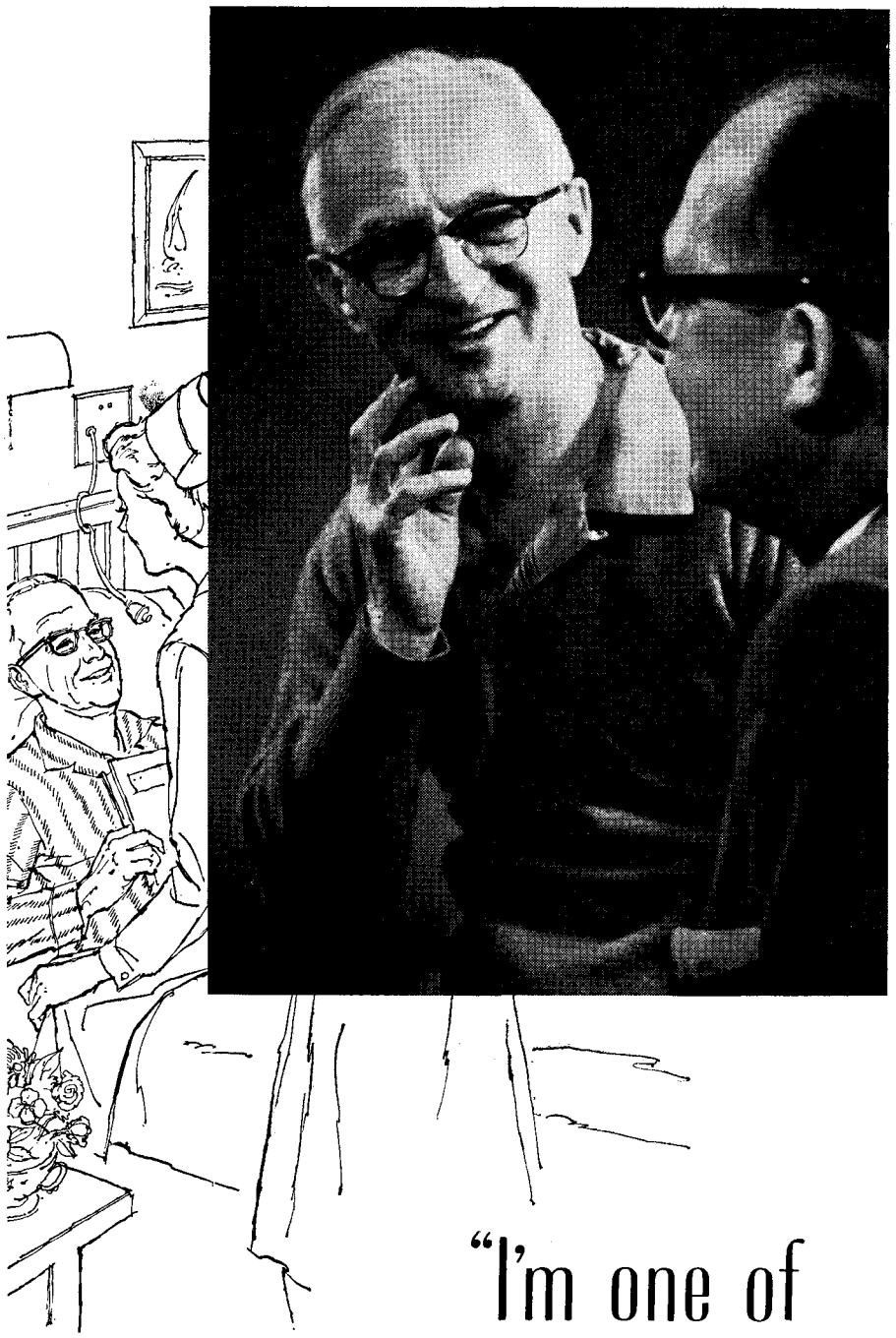
If you were the judge, would you make the bigamist pay back part or all?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

All. The court said the deceived girl was entitled to enjoy free of charge any benefits which she received from her unfortunate experience.

*Based upon a 1957 New Jersey decision.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I'm one of the 3½ million over 65 who have Blue Cross®!"

Hospital expense protection for people over 65 suddenly has become news. Yet, Blue Cross members have had it for years. 70% of all who have such protection have Blue Cross! It's a good example of how Blue Cross works to meet *your* needs, whatever your age. You see it, too, in the Blue Cross objective: benefits based on *your* individual needs in the hospital, rather than on a fixed daily dollar allowance. And you get so much for what you pay in. All money received, except for low administrative expense, goes toward helping members. To join Blue Cross, ask your employer or contact your local Blue Cross Plan.

**BLUE CROSS®** makes your care its one concern

® Blue Cross and symbol reg. by American Hospital Association

Blue Cross Association, Inc., 55 East 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

# My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 29)

At nine the next morning Wilson ushered me into his suite, saying that he had to finish a short story before we went out. He dictated to a male secretary, walking about the room, a bottle of whisky in one hand, a glass in the other. After he had completed his story—it took only half an hour—we went over to the offices of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of *Scribner's* magazine. Wilson left me in the anteroom and strode into the editor's office. An hour later he came out.

"It's all set," he said. "We're going to the Panama Canal to do a series of articles. I'll write 'em, you'll illustrate 'em. We'll blast the canal and Davis and Pennell in the bargain." (Richard Harding Davis and Joseph Pennell had just done a series for another magazine, picturing the canal as a rousing success.)

"We're in, boy, in!" Wilson shouted. "I'll be the greatest writer, you'll be the greatest illustrator. America'll go down on its fat red knees and kiss our feet when we get through." And he insisted that I accompany him to his favorite tavern to celebrate.

When we boarded a trolley later on, he was soused and fell against the motorman. The motorman shoved him away, and Wilson cursed him. They wound up rolling in the street, pummeling each other, until some workmen and I managed to separate them.

That was the beginning of a strange two months. Wilson would "show me life" almost every day. Mostly I'd stand at a bar with him, drinking lemonade while he drank whisky. The promise of that trip to Panama held me, so I accompanied him on his excursions, and every three or four days we'd go up to Scribner's and he'd talk to the editor.

"It's all set," he said one day. "Get yourself a pith helmet, five suits of cotton pajamas—that's all they wear in the tropics—and sandals. And have your teeth fixed—in Panama they'll rot like raw meat in summertime." I did as he said.

The next week he told me to buy a revolver. I bought that. The next week he advised me to buy a machete and a white umbrella. I did. The date of our sailing got nearer and nearer. Wilson told me he had purchased the steamer tickets; he even gave me the name of the boat we were to sail on. I had dropped most of my own work in the excitement. I was going to be a great illustrator, like Pyle or Abbey or Remington. I packed my outfit in the special knapsack he'd told me to buy, and strapped on a mosquito netting.

Two days before we were scheduled to leave I called for Wilson at his hotel. He was gone. The hotel manager had no idea where he was—or where his wife was, or the secretary, or the secretary's wife. I went over to Scribner's. Yes, of course, they knew John Fleming Wilson. A series of articles on the Panama Canal? No. They'd never heard of that.

I was crushed. I went to my studio and sat there amidst my heaps of tropical gear. All my dreams of becoming a great illustrator, of working for the big magazines, seemed lost. I sat there, unable to rouse myself. Late that night my father came in and led me off to bed.

I guess I came near to having a nervous breakdown. I couldn't work, or sleep, or eat, or go out anywhere. Finally my father sent me to the mountains for a month. I lived with a farmer's family, took long walks through the snowy countryside and gradually calmed down.

One day, after I'd been back in the city for two or three months, Wilson came around to my studio. He explained that he'd been called away unexpectedly—no time to notify me. The trip was still on. I felt a surge of hope.

The next night I took Eleanor Bordeaux, my girl friend from Mamaroneck, over to Wilson's apartment in Brooklyn to help celebrate his birthday. The minute I stepped in the door I knew I'd been kidding myself. Everybody at the party was drunk; men and women were lying together on the sofas—it was an orgy. I could see Eleanor was scared, so I got her out of there fast. That was the last I ever saw of John Fleming Wilson. Long afterward I heard that he had died in a fire somewhere out West.

Partly because of Wilson—I was afraid he'd come to my studio drunken mad—

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Science Period

By Elias Lieberman

That afternoon of long ago
the day
Capriciously turned night
and rattled thunder.
Our teacher lit the lamps.
We heard him say,
Our mood a blend of
primal fear and wonder,
"Strict laws of nature rule
the world we see,
And science only notes
these regulations.
Rain splashes down, leaves
fall from shrub and tree;
All things on earth must
yield to gravitation's
Unseen pull at work. My
marble here
(He let it drop) just felt
that force and fell
Upon my desk." He paused.
And then shone clear
An inference he had no
need to tell
His silent class: the Order
governing
That marble, us, the trees
and everything.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

and partly because of the drab life at Mrs. Frothingham's boardinghouse, my family moved out of New York. All of us—my mother and father, my brother Jarvis and myself—went to Brown Lodge, a superior boardinghouse in New Rochelle. I'd had enough of city life to last me for quite a while.

The night of my arrival at Brown Lodge I went out walking with Gertrude, Mrs. Brown's niece. As we crossed a vacant lot I tried to kiss her. She fended me off, saying, "Oh, I wouldn't kiss anyone unless I was engaged."

I asked, "Would you kiss me if we were engaged?" She said yes, so I kissed her.

"Well," she said, "now we're engaged." Such was the custom in those days, and somehow I lacked the nerve to say no, we're not.

When Gertrude announced our engagement the next day Mrs. Brown was overjoyed. I guess I was a good prospect—steady, hard-working, respectable family; earning a splendid fifty dollars a week and aiming for more. Mrs. Brown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became excessively cordial, plying me with three eggs for breakfast and unlimited helpings of brown Betty at supper. Conferences were held concerning the wedding gown, a minister and the wedding supper. Gertrude was happy, the other boarders were excited, my parents were pleased—I was miserable.

I liked Gertrude—she was an awfully pretty girl—but I certainly didn't want to be married; not yet anyway. Finally, after a week of dazed meandering, I led her up to the trunk room of Brown Lodge, took her hand, and said, "Gertrude, I'm not worthy of you. I'm no good."

"You mean you don't want to be engaged," said Gertrude.

"No," I said, "I'm not worthy of you. You're a fine girl, Gertrude; I'm no good, I'm rotten."

So she gave me back the ring. Mrs. Brown took it very hard. Two or three days later Gertrude and I walked back from town together. Mrs. Brown saw us coming up the road and screamed at Gertrude from the kitchen, "Come in here! What're you doing with that no-good artist?"

For a studio I rented office space on the second floor of the Clovelly Building at 360 North Avenue in New Rochelle. When the office beside mine fell vacant, I rented it and knocked down the wall. The enlarged studio was the biggest I'd ever had; I used to feel sort of loose and airy when I contemplated it. That didn't last long, however. I met an illustrator who had recently come East from Peoria and had no place to work. "Why don't you move in with me until you can get a place of your own?" I said.

For a few weeks the arrangement worked out well. We worked at easels at opposite ends of the room, talking when we felt like it, now and then going across the street for coffee. Then a hardware company commissioned him to do the drawings for their catalogue. The next day there were two easels set up at his end of the studio. A stranger came in. "Norm," my studio mate said, "I want you to meet so-and-so. I've brought him on from Peoria to help me with the catalogue."

The following morning I found them unpacking two huge crates. "Our models," my guest said cheerfully, displaying a handful of wrenches. During the course of the day the crates yielded an assortment of hammers, pinch bars, watering cans, rakes ("Norm," he said, "I wonder if you'd mind moving into the corner. I want to set these tools out where we can see them."), shovels and tin pails, paper bags of screws and nails ("Would you put your brushes on the palette table, please? I need that chest for these packages."), a lawn mower, a wheelbarrow and an enormous quantity of wrapping paper and excelsior.

That evening, as I pulled my jacket from beneath a heap of wrenches and picked my way through the tools, barking my shin on the wheelbarrow, I wondered where my own model would fit in. The next morning I wasn't sure I'd fit in myself. Two more crates had arrived. Somewhere behind them lurked my easel; my chair was hidden by mounds of excelsior; wrapping paper hid my palette table. I asked, "Couldn't you throw away the crates and wrappings?"

"No," he said, "we gotta send all this stuff back when we're done with it."

"O.K.," I said, "but I haven't got much room here."

He took the wrapping paper off my palette table and piled it underneath. "There," he said, "how's that?"

For two weeks I waded through tools, bags, pails and excelsior to my dark little corner, and painted to the clatter of dropped wrenches and whispered discussions of how best to portray the ball-peen hammer. Then I told a forceful friend about my situation, and left for a two-week vacation.

When I returned, the studio was again a broad expanse of open floor, in the center of which sat my easel like a primitive god. Somehow I never again had those airy, loose, lightheaded feelings when confronted by the empty room.

At this time I was working almost exclusively for juvenile magazines, so most of my models were children, and hard to find. Say I was doing a picture of a boy and a dog. To locate the right boy, I'd have to hang about the grade schools at recess and stop little boys on the street, studying them to see whether they were the type I wanted. If I found the right boy, I had to persuade him to pose.

"Gee, mister," he'd say, "I gotta play ball on Satiddy. I can't do no posin'."

"Fifty cents an hour," I'd say, launching into a long explanation of pictures and models and stories and magazines. Finally I'd cajole the boy into asking his mother. Then I had him, because most mothers thought it was just wonderful that little Clarence was going to appear in *American Boy* or *St. Nicholas*, and little Clarence would report to my studio at nine o'clock Saturday morning, ball game or no.

Arranging for the dog was more complicated. First I had to discover him; then I had to follow him to learn where his owner lived. Once I chased a dog all afternoon through vacant lots, over fences, down and up gullies, through briers, burrs and nettles. He was a perfect mutt—black patch around one eye, woebegone, lanky and rough. But he escaped through a back yard crisscrossed by clotheslines hung with clammy bed sheets.

But finding the dog and the boy was nothing to posing them. You take a young mutt who's been reared on rats and table scraps—there's exuberance for you! I'd set him on the model stand, pushing him down on his haunches. He'd sit quietly for a moment staring at me. Then he'd catch sight of his tail out of the corner of his eye and go for it. Next it would be a flea behind his ear; then he'd prance about the model stand, barking at an imaginary enemy.

Still I had to have dogs. John Ames Mitchell, editor of the old humor magazine *Life*, once told me that the most popular subjects for magazine covers were, first, a beautiful woman, second a kid, and third a dog. Later on, when I was doing *Post* covers, I'd receive letters from readers saying, "I love that little boy, but, oh, that dog—with those human, beseeching eyes."

Occasionally I'd need some other kind of animal. Once I was doing a picture with a duck in it. I called the local butcher and asked him to bring me a fat one. When he set it on the floor of the studio, it waddled off behind a chest. "How am I going to pose it?" I asked.

"Get me a hammer and some wide-topped tacks," he said.

"I don't want to hurt the duck," I said.

"Don't worry," he said. "You just hold the duck where you want him." So I did, and he began to tack the duck's feet to the model stand. "Hey," I said, "stop!"

"It don't hurt him," he said, continuing to drive in tacks while the duck pecked cheerfully at the hammer. "You could pound a railroad spike in the web of his foot. Don't have no feeling there."

So all afternoon I painted the duck while it stood tacked to the stand, quacking and heaving itself up on its legs. After a while it stopped trying to move, and just

"My doctor says Blue Shield® is approved by his medical society!"

Blue Shield Plans are sponsored by doctors locally. Right off, that's "something special"! It's one of the main reasons why benefits you get in Blue Shield are so realistic. They help with practically any kind of operation you're ever likely to need—many nonsurgical services, too. And Blue Shield gives you real value! *Every cent* paid in, aside from required reserves and administrative expenses, goes to help pay members' doctor bills. One more "special"—arrangements may be made to keep your Blue Shield protection when you retire. To find out about joining, ask your employer, or contact your local Blue Shield Plan.

There's something special about BLUE SHIELD®

®Service marks reg. by Blue Shield Medical Care Plans

Blue Shield Medical Care Plans, 425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stood there looking at me. "Quack," it would say indignantly. "Quack, quack."

The kids were easier to pose than the livestock, but it wasn't easy to get them to stay put. I'd prop a boy's feet into a running position with bricks or boards, making him as comfortable as possible. Five minutes later he'd begin to squirm: "Say, mister, you almost through?" Ten minutes later: "I gotta go home, mister." Then: "Gee, my back hurts. You done yet?" After twenty-five minutes, when I'd tell him to rest, he'd put on his coat.

"Hey," I'd say, "I'll need you all morning."

"All morning!"

"Come on, fifty cents an hour. You've only earned a quarter so far."

After two or three months of this I hit upon a useful device. At the beginning of the modeling session I'd set a stack of nickels on a table beside my easel. Every twenty-five minutes, when it came time for the model to rest, I'd transfer five of the nickels to the other side of the table, saying, "Now that's your pile." The kids liked that.

After two years at Brown Lodge my family and I moved to an even better boardinghouse called Edgewood Hall. It was at Edgewood Hall that I discovered three of the best models I've ever had: Billy Paine, Eddie Carson and a mongrel pup called Lambert. Billy and Eddie were about eight years old when I started to use them, and they could act. If I wanted a sad expression, a belly laugh, disdain or a sneer, they could give it to me, and hold it all morning. Lambert was the thoughtful type. I'd place him in position on the stand, and he'd just sit there with his head cocked to one side, thinking, hour after hour.

I used Billy Paine in countless illustrations and, later on, in fifteen *Post* covers. He posed for all three of the boys in my first *Post* cover. When he was thirteen, Billy climbed out of a window in the second story of Edgewood Hall, lost his footing and fell to the sidewalk below. A few days later he died. Eddie was grief-stricken. I was saddened too. Billy was a swell kid, a regular rapscallion. I missed him a whole lot, and still do, especially when I look at the old *Post* covers. He was the best boy model I ever had.

In New Rochelle I was surrounded by success. Men of affairs, commuters, lodged at Edgewood Hall. Downtown I often saw Coles Phillips, the celebrated pretty-girl artist, or Clare Briggs, the well-known cartoonist. Almost every day on my way to work I'd pass J. C. Leyendecker, the famous *Saturday Evening Post* cover artist, walking to the railroad station to catch the train for New York, where he had his studio.

They made me wonder whether I was getting anywhere. Sometimes I'd get out my portfolio and look at my work: illustrations for *St. Nicholas*, covers for the *American Boy*, *Boys' Life*, *Youth's Companion*, drawings for a *Handbook of Camping*, *Tell Me Why Stories*, a history book. All were for children's books or magazines. I'd go through the whole portfolio; fifteen dollars for this job, ten dollars for that, twenty dollars here, twenty-five dollars there. Who'd ever heard of me besides a lot of kids? I felt at a dead end—the same old jobs day after day, nothing new, no challenge.

Then I'd run over to Edgewood Hall seeking my new-found friend, Clyde Forsythe, a celebrated cartoonist. I'd drag him away from his dinner and back to my studio. When he said something I had done was good, I believed him; he had been a newspaperman and a cartoonist for years, and knew the commercial-art world. I should add that he was making a lot of money, owned an automobile and a motorboat and belonged to the local yacht and tennis clubs. In short, he was established, which carried weight with me.

When Clyde left his supper and came to my studio, he always managed to prop up my sagging confidence. "What're you moaning about? It's a darn good picture. Get off your hands and knees and work. You'll make it. Give it time. Hell, Lincoln was fifty-one before he was elected President. Give it time."

After I'd interrupted his supper ten or twelve times, and we'd become good friends, Clyde suggested we rent Frederic Remington's old sculpture studio together. It was a corrugated-iron barn which Remington had built so that he could do the life-size statue *The Cowboy*, which now stands in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. The barn didn't look very solid, but it was big and inexpensive, so we took it.

Clyde was doing a daily comic strip about a dull-witted Swedish prize fighter, Axel, and his cunning manager, Flooey. He spent about two hours a day on it. Every morning at ten o'clock he'd come in and thread his way through my clutter of costumes, frames, model stand, canvases, paints, palette table and props. Then he'd sit down at his drawing table and think up an idea for his comic strip.

The comic strips weren't serials then; you had to have a complete gag every day. Axel says something to Flooey, Flooey shoves Axel, Axel shoves Flooey, and they both fall over backward. The public loved it, but it was torture for me. When he had made a rough sketch of the gag, Clyde would show it to me, and I'd have to laugh. It isn't easy to laugh at a comic strip every day for a whole year. I did it, though, because Clyde was my friend. After I'd appreciated his gag, Clyde would make the finished drawings in an hour and a half or less, and he'd be through for the day.

I was eager to improve my work. At the top of my easel I painted "100%" in gold lettering. Everything I did was going to be as good as I could make it, and I pestered Clyde to rate each picture according to a scale I had painted on matboard and tacked to my easel: Excellent, upper middle, middle, lower middle, bad.

"What d'you think?" I'd ask him. "The kid's not bad. Upper middle?"

"Well, yes," he'd say, "the kid's good. But that dog's kinda lopsided. I don't think it rates more than lower middle. Not with that dog the way he is."

I guess he went through as much torture criticizing my pictures every day as I did laughing at his comic strip. He kept urging me to show my portfolio to the adult magazines and book publishers. I wanted new markets, but I was afraid to risk a refusal.

I had a secret ambition: a cover on *The Saturday Evening Post*. The cover of *The Post* was—and still is—the greatest show window in America for an illustrator. I'd conjure up a picture of myself as a famous illustrator, surrounded by admiring females, deferred to by office flunkies at the magazines, wined and dined by *The Post* editor, Mr. George Horace Lorimer. But the minute I thought of that name, my courage failed.

Mr. Lorimer had built *The Post* from a small family journal with a circulation in the hundreds to an influential mass magazine with a circulation in the millions. He was the baron of publishing. What if he didn't like my work? Suppose he denounced me as an incompetent? I'd go down, down, down. The kid's magazines would drop me, then the dime novels and pulps would refuse to use my work, and I'd end up doing the wrappers for penny candies. I had visions of myself as a starving wretch with a huge Adam's apple, lying in a flophouse on the Bowery.

One day, as I was mentally rolling on my cot in the flophouse, Clyde asked what I was muttering about. I told him.

"Why don't you do a cover and show it to them? What the hell, you're as good as anybody. Lorimer's not the Dalai Lama."

I set to work the next morning on a painting of a handsome Gibson man in white tie and tails, leaning over the back of a sofa to kiss a gorgeous Gibson girl in evening dress. High society, just the sort of thing *The Post* was using at that time. The next day I left that painting to start another: a beautiful ballerina curtsying in the glare of a spotlight. After two weeks I had both of them nearly finished. I was pretty well pleased with myself.

"They're terrible," said Clyde. "You can't do a beautiful, seductive woman. She looks like a tomboy who's been scrubbed with a rough washcloth and pinned into a new dress by her mother. Give it up." He grabbed one of the illustrations I had just completed for a story in *Boys' Life*. "Do that," said Clyde. "Do what you're best at. Kids. Just adapt it to *The Post*. Hell, they don't want warmed-over Gibson. If they take your stuff, it'll have to be good. You're a terrible Gibson, but a pretty good Rockwell."

So I called in Billy Paine and set to work. I thought up six or seven ideas: two boys in baseball uniforms scoffing at another boy who was dressed in his Sunday suit and pushing a baby carriage; a kids' circus, one kid in long underwear as a strong man, another in a top hat as barker, and so on. I made finished paintings in black, white and red of two of the ideas and rough sketches of three others.

Meanwhile, I'd been making other preparations for my trip to Philadelphia to see the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*. I bought a new suit, a gray herringbone tweed, I remember, and a new hat, a conservative black one. The big problem was how to carry my pictures.

Usually when I went to see an editor I tied up my paintings and sketches with brown paper and twine. It made a neat package, but after I'd shown my work I had to rewrap, and while I struggled with the pictures, paper and string, the editor would have to wait, making exasperated attempts to help me.

I felt it would be bad business to keep the great Mr. Lorimer waiting; I wanted everything to go smoothly. So I went to a harness maker in New Rochelle and asked him to make me a suitcase. "I want it big," I told him, "about thirty by forty inches and a foot thick. And inconspicuous; I guess black would be best."

He followed my instructions conscientiously. The case was long, thick, tall and all black—even the latches were painted black. It was actually a gruesome affair, but I was satisfied.

So one cold morning in March of 1916 I set out for Philadelphia and *The Post*. As I sidled up the broad steps of the Curtis Publishing Company building—white marble pillars gleaming in the sun, imposing, magnificent—I felt my Adam's apple sink beneath my collar. Maybe I'd better work on the paintings some more. Then I thought of Clyde—"You mean you didn't even go into the office?"

I asked the lobby receptionist which floor Mr. Lorimer's office was on. Sixth. "Hold on," said the elevator attendant, pointing at my box, "you can't bring that in here. Take the freight elevator."

So I entered the reception hall of the editorial offices by the back door. When I asked to see Mr. Lorimer, the receptionist asked my business. I explained, and she said she'd call Mr. Walter H. Dower, the art editor, and would I please sit down.

There were two men in the reception hall. The secretary had greeted them as Mr. Cobb and Mr. Blythe. *Golly*, I thought, *they must be Irvin S. Cobb and Samuel G. Blythe, the famous writers.*

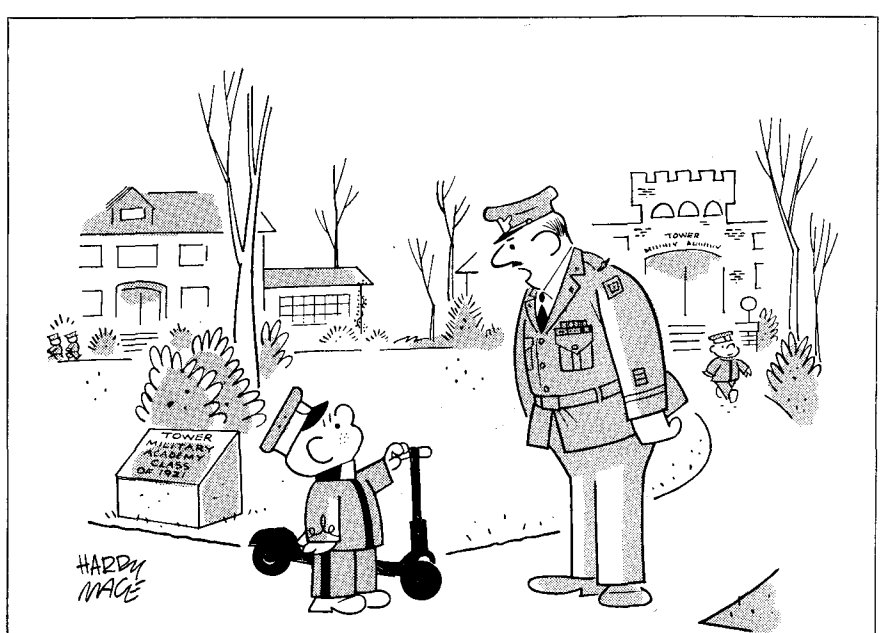
Pretty soon Mr. Cobb came over to where I was sitting, stared quizzically at my box, tapped it lightly with his fist, and listened intently. Then he looked at me and walked back to Mr Blythe. They put their heads together, whispering. Mr. Blythe came over and examined my box. The murmured discussion continued. Finally Mr. Cobb said to me, "Young man, will you answer a question?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Cobb," I said.

"Tell me," he said, looking hard at my box, "is the body in there now?"

Mr. Dower took my paintings and sketches in to Mr. Lorimer and brought word back that Mr. Lorimer would accept the two finished paintings and had O.K.'d the three sketches for future *Post* covers. He added that I was to receive seventy-five dollars for each cover. Wow!

All my problems, I thought, were solved. I would live in ease, comfort and distinction for the rest of my life. I might even get married; after all, I wasn't a kid any more—I was twenty-two years old, a man of experience and mature judgment. I had arrived.




"You know the rules, Whitmore, about private vehicles on campus."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Next week, in the fourth of eight articles, Mr. Rockwell describes how, in a fit of patriotism, he joined the Navy, but wound up being declared a misfit. —THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# You, too, can command the perfect Manhattan!

Pour right on-the-rocks. (Or stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass.)

When you serve Heublein Manhattans, you're the Man Who Does Things Right! They're ready-mixed—professionally perfect. Made from choice private stock whiskey and finest vatted vermouth—expertly proportioned. No work. No waiting. And—what's even more important—no fear of failures! It's no wonder smart people enjoyed more than 20,000,000 Heublein Cocktails last year.

**GIVING A PARTY?** It's more fun to mix with your guests than to mix cocktails! So pour Heublein's. You can offer everything from Dry Martinis to Daiquiris to Sidecars. All superb.

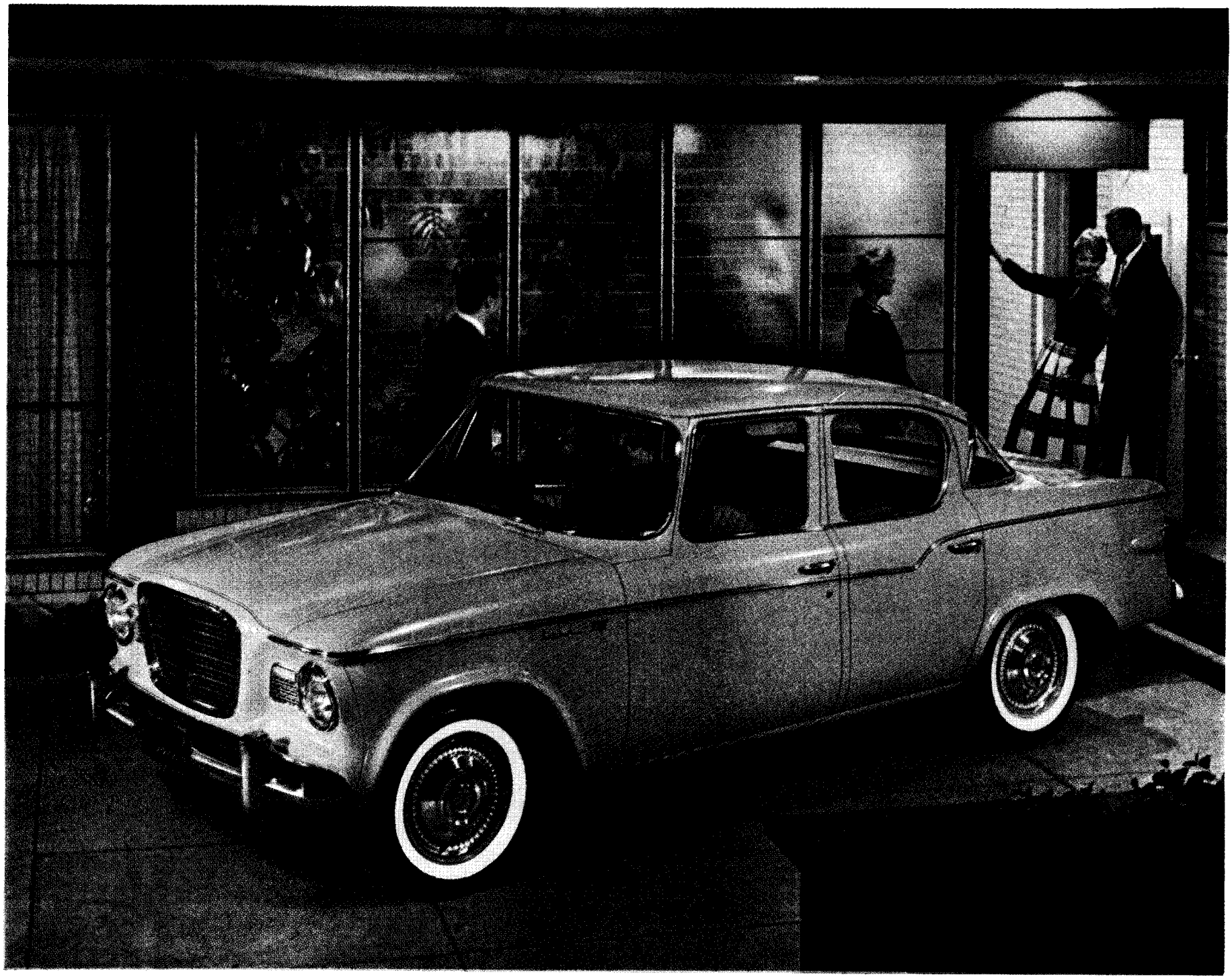
**A "BAR" WHEREVER YOU ARE.** Just unpack your bottle of Heublein's—and ring for ice! These are the same quality cocktails served on luxury trains and the new jet planes.

**P.S.** After dinner serve delicious Heublein Cordials. Marvelously minty Creme de Menthe (54 proof) and 19 other full-flavored favorites. All at modest domestic prices.

**You've got it made with** HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS
(PRONOUNCED HUGH-BLINE)

MANHATTANS 65 proof—EXTRA DRY MARTINIS 75 proof—DAIQUIRIS 60 proof. And 7 other popular kinds. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# PERT 'N' PRACTICAL, SO SATISFACTUAL TRAVELS IN STYLE AT LESS COST PER MILE

*LOVE THAT* **LARK** *BY STUDEBAKER*

Freedom, fun and flair is yours in all your family chores—with the beautiful, practical, loveable, driveable, turnable, parkable Lark You'll take pride in the quality-built detail in this finest-car-of-its-kind. Luxurious, thrifty, stylish, zippy—*everything* combined Trim-tailored interiors; smart, lush, relaxing. Rich sapphire enamel finish; never needs waxing Snuggles easily into parking places, sprints through traffic like a doe. Big in power (economical 180 h.p. V-8 or spirited 90 h.p. Six), small in price, keeps your gas bill low Glowing fashion colors, six stunning styles, widest choice of models among all new dimension cars to meet your needs See, drive, and you'll *love* that Lark by Studebaker. PROVEN BY 750 MILLION MILES OF OWNER USE.

*The LARK for '60—world's first and only full line of new dimension cars—available in 2 and 4-door sedans; 2 and 4-door station wagons; sporty hardtop and exclusive convertible.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# What Is Railroad "Featherbedding"?

(Continued from Page 33)

submission when the 'boss' made up the rules and every worker followed them, or else."

Somewhat obscured by these and other divergent public statements is a basic reason for the current importance of the featherbedding controversy: Management is determinedly seeking to reassert certain rights by revising the rules that are the authority for operating procedures to which both sides agreed in the past. The twenty-one railroad unions, having seen employment in the industry decline rapidly since the war from 1,448,000 to about 800,000, propose to protect the rights and the privileges won by workers over the last forty years. These opposing positions do not necessarily mean that a deadlock or a strike is inevitable. In fact, the first stages of a long process of negotiation, mediation and arbitration have been under way this winter, pointing toward action on management's proposals to abolish or change work-rule agreements. Most qualified observers, however, are highly pessimistic about any early agreement as to which rules are necessary for safe and efficient operation of the railroads and which encourage featherbedding or unnecessary waste.

In the first place, "featherbedding" is an elastic term. What is "commonly known as featherbedding," according to Loomis and the Association of American Railroads, is widespread among approximately 200,000 operating employees—the crews who run locomotives and trains, including switchmen. Using figures projected from a private study of 73 per cent of railroad employment, Loomis asserted that featherbedding represents "an immediate drain on the industry" of more than $500,000,000 annually, or 10 per cent of the $5,000,000,000 paid in wages out of the railroads' gross revenue of some $10,000,000,000. The proposed rule changes, he added, would enable management to reduce costs, attract more business in a highly competitive field and "divide the fruits of new-found prosperity."

"The job of breaking the featherbed chains around our industry," he continued, "is going to be the most difficult labor issue ever faced in railroading. Railroadmen know only too well that the road back for our industry is a rugged one, but we intend to leave nothing undone to regain our place as a dynamic, progressive business."

Union leaders, while seldom claiming that featherbedding is nonexistent, have generally preferred to counterattack by blaming management practices for the loss of business to trucking and for other railroad ills. But G. E. Leighty, chairman of the Railway Labor Executives Association, described Loomis' $500,000,000 featherbedding estimate as "pure hokum, dreamed up" by management. The true aim, he asserted, is to cut wages and double up jobs "so that profits can soar to new heights. . . . The railroads are in a sounder financial position than at any time in their history." *Labor*, the national publication of the railroad unions, proposed to change the word "featherbedding" to "thornbedding" on the grounds that "most working rules actually put the railmen at a grave disadvantage compared to established conditions in other industries." Railmen, it continued, get no differential pay for night or holiday work, no pay for layover time, and many road-operating employees in freight service work "the seven-day week of fifty-six hours" at straight-time rates. To which United States Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, in a speech to a labor convention, added, "If there are any feathers connected with railroading today, they're the horse-feathers in this campaign against labor."

Any serious inquirer into the art of featherbedding will be prompted to conclude that all of these statements were made for the purpose of establishing as strong a bargaining position as possible rather than to clarify the issues. But, in fact, the issues are extremely complicated, and confusion is compounded by an intricate incentive-pay system—it will be referred to only in its simplest form in this article—inherited from the days of the steam locomotive. It is possible, however, to summarize management's main proposals as follows:

1. Revision of the forty-year-old standard of pay for road-operating crews (about 105,000 men) under which a basic day's pay is collected for running a train 100 miles (150 miles for certain passenger trainmen), plus additional pay for each additional mile; except that if the run exceeds a specified number of hours the crew receives pay at overtime rates. It is proposed to increase the 100-mile standard to 160 miles (and 225 miles) on the grounds that the average speed of freight trains has increased from twelve and one half miles an hour when the rule was established about 1920 to around nineteen miles an hour. Management's estimate of annual saving: $150,000,000.

2. Abolishment of jurisdictional rules that by past agreement generally prevent railroad terminal-yard crews from doing any work outside yard limits and road crews from working inside the yards. Also elimination of agreements that require a change of crews whenever a train goes from one union seniority district (the same as a railroad division) to another, which tends to limit a crew's run to something like 125 miles. Estimated saving: $120,000,000.

3. Elimination of jobs that management describes as unnecessary, specifically some 36,000 freight- and yard-locomotive firemen—union leaders claim the number would be nearer 50,000—and about 10,000 others in various operating categories. Estimated saving: $280,000,000.

These proposed basic changes—shorn of many technicalities—were advanced by management last November, after the expiration of a three-year moratorium on work-rule changes, as a means of eliminating featherbedding. In support of such adjustments the railroads cited numerous horrendous cases of "double to triple pay for single-time work" and the "forced use of two to three men on a one-man job." Some of these cases, union leaders pointed out, were the result of penalties imposed on the railroads for violation of rules, and others were not typical of day-to-day operations. But the fact remains that many of the rules were originally devised to meet conditions that have been drastically changed by modern technology.

Consider, for example, the basis of pay for road crews, as opposed to yard crews which work an eight-hour day. Back in the days of the original Casey Jones, trains could attain high speeds, but actual movement of freight averaged only around twelve and one half miles an hour, or 100 miles in an eight-hour day. As an incentive for railmen to keep traffic moving rapidly, an involved piecework system of pay was established after World War I, with 100 miles—or eight hours' running time—as the basic measure of a day's pay. Today, with automation, diesel locomotives and drastic changes in the freight-traffic pattern, the average speed of freight trains approximates nineteen miles an hour, and some passenger trains average around sixty miles an hour on long runs. Yet pay for train crews is still reckoned on the original basis of a unit of pay for 100 miles, which was once approximately a basic day's pay.

As a result of this system the crew of a train averaging fifty miles an hour will collect a so-called basic day's wages for just two hours of actual running time. Also, union rules limit the number of miles per man per month to provide jobs for more men. For example, a fast passenger train running 961 miles between New York and Chicago in sixteen hours has to change crews eight times en route because of the current rules, and each crew draws a basic day's pay or more for an average run of about two hours. Then there is the engineer of a fast passenger train who covers the 215 miles from St. Paul to Breckenridge, Minnesota, in about four hours, lays over for ninety minutes and takes a similar train back to St. Paul. He is on duty for a total of nine hours and twenty minutes, for which he receives a basic day's pay for each 100 miles or a total of four and one-third days, amounting to $88.84.

These are called "red-apple" runs because they are highly prized by trainmen, but there are no statistics to show how many employees enjoy such jobs. Hugh Greer, secretary of the Committee on Labor Relations of the Association of Western Railroads, and an impressive staff have been working on featherbedding statistics in Chicago for months and have analyzed most of management's proposals for modernization of the rules. Greer has no figures on "red-apple" runs, but he points out that the average basic hourly wage for through-freight engineers last year was $2.82 an hour. Their average straight-time earnings, however, were $4.79—which, he adds, indicates that a large but indefinite number covered 100 miles in a short working day.

The unions don't have any statistics on "red-apple" runs either, but Chairman Leighty of the Railway Labor Executives Association has not hesitated to "estimate" that less than 1 per cent of operating railmen are so engaged and to add that such choice jobs go only to veterans who have spent many years working their way up the union's seniority ladder. An engineer on a choice "red-apple" run such as that between New York and Washington, D.C., incidentally, might earn $12,000 or more a year.

Union leaders insist, however, that it is misleading to say that an engine crew collects two days' pay for running 200 miles in a few hours, because the so-called basic day's pay is merely a unit of measure for piecework, not comparable to wages collected by an eight-hour-a-day factory worker. There are, of course, obvious differences between working five days a week in a factory and working the irregular schedule of a road-train crew, and over the years the unions have negotiated contracts for wages on the understanding that operating (*Continued on Page 72*)


# NEXT WEEK

## AFTER KHRUSHCHEV, WHO?

The Kremlin's Inevitable Battle of Succession

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

The Disease That Fooled X Rays:

## HISTOPLASMOSIS

**IN COLOR:**

## FANTASTIC NEW CROP OF CHILDREN'S TOYS

## NEXT WINDOW, PLEASE

The Trouble With Standing in Line

By COREY FORD

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 47:

## MEN AND CAPITAL

By John Kenneth Galbraith

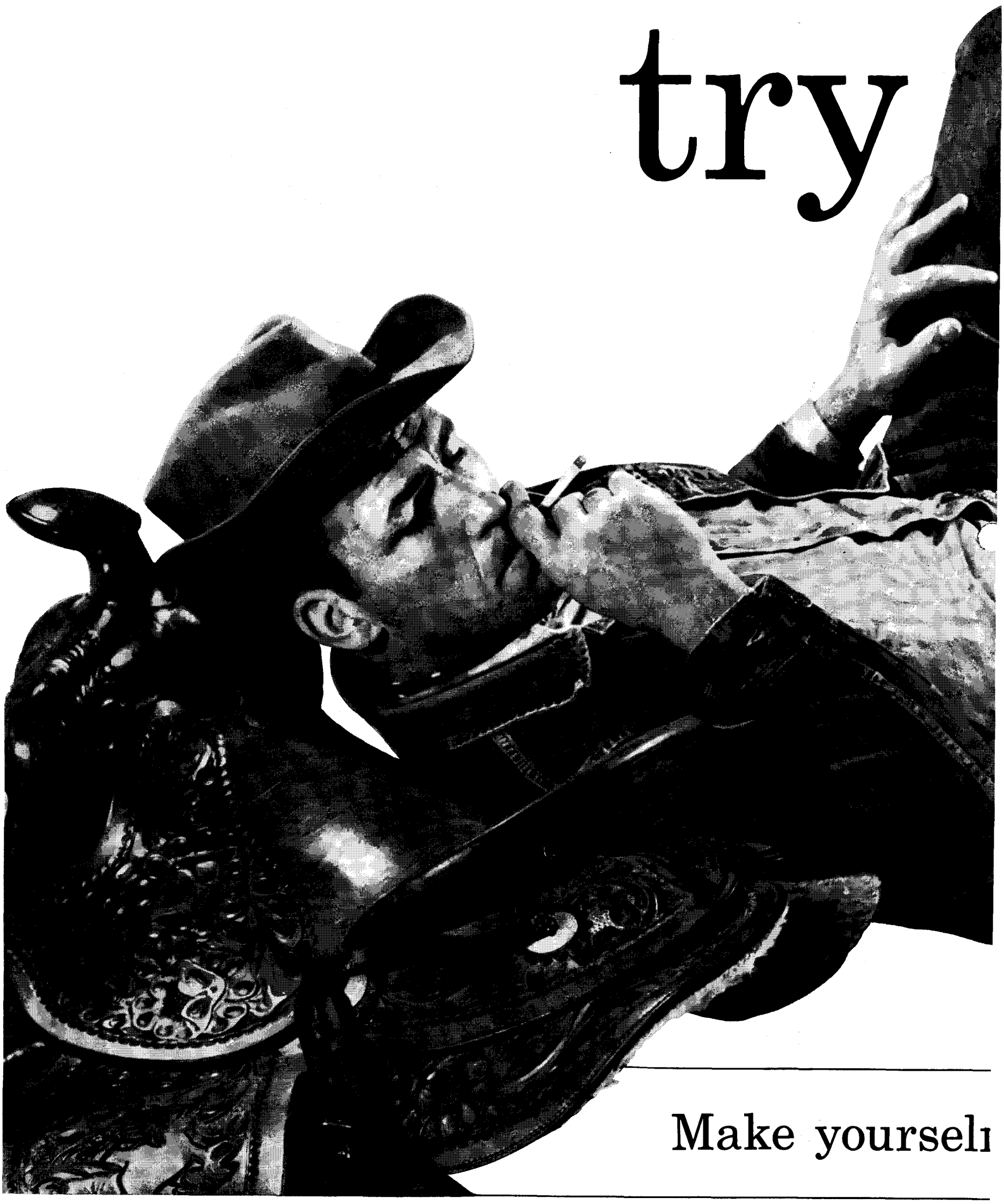
A POST PICTURE STORY:

## THE MAN WHO RIDES SHARKS


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# If you think flavor went out

# try



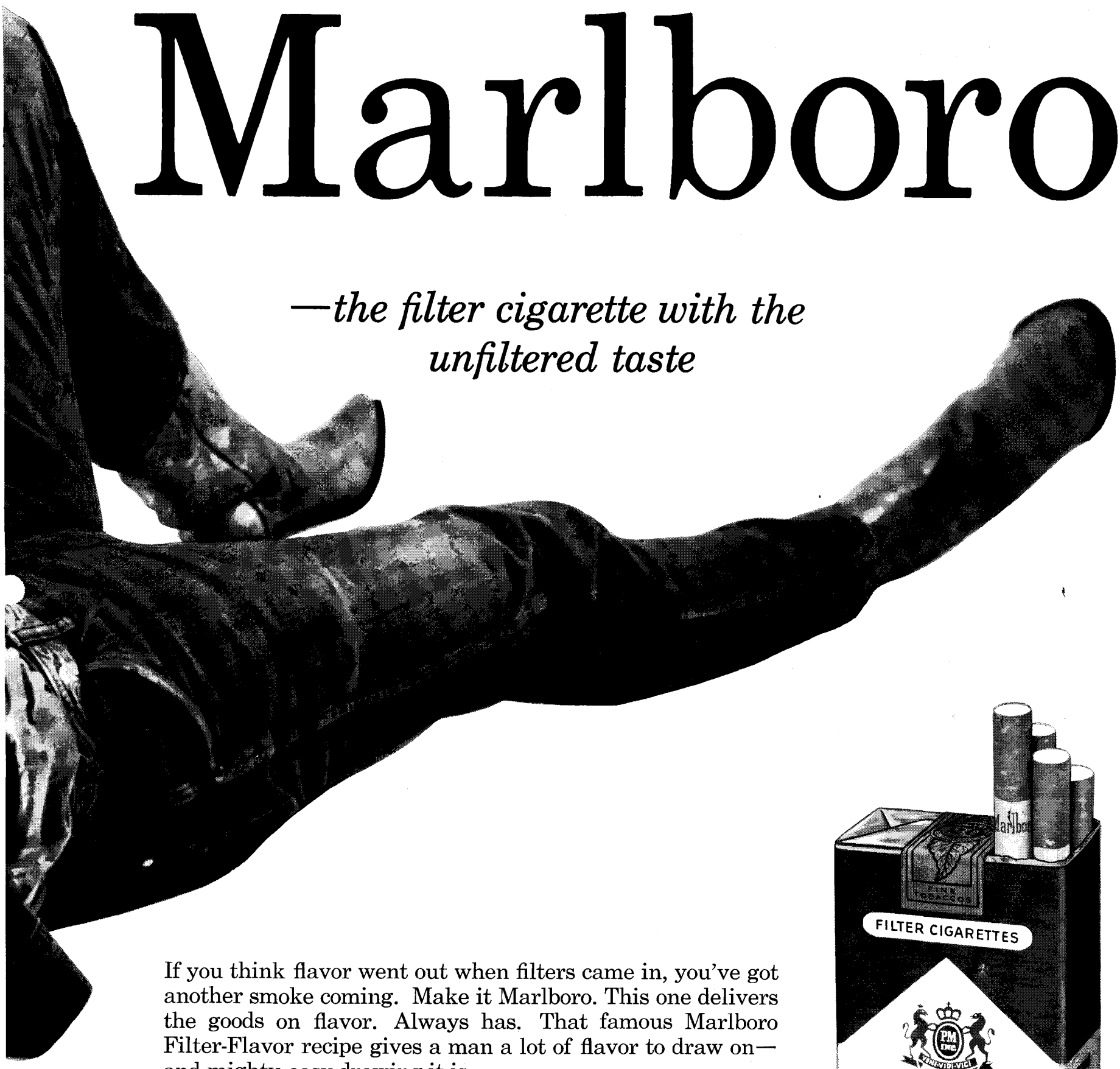
## Make yourself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# when filters came in—

# Marlboro

*—the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste*



If you think flavor went out when filters came in, you've got another smoke coming. Make it Marlboro. This one delivers the goods on flavor. Always has. That famous Marlboro Filter-Flavor recipe gives a man a lot of flavor to draw on—and mighty easy drawing it is.

Sort of nice to know a cigarette so good can be so comfortable to smoke through Marlboro's exclusive Selectrate filter.

*Flip-Top box or king-size soft pack*

## comfortable —have a Marlboro

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 69*) railmen forgo various advantages available to workers in most American industries. For example, the rate of pay is the same whether trainmen work day or night, Sundays or holidays. Road crews, except in assigned service, generally are subject to "call" at their homes each day to be advised whether or when they will go to work that day. A man may end his day's run at a terminal far from his home, but he is not paid for his layover time (unless it exceeds sixteen hours) or his expenses if he has to remain there overnight before taking another train back. The average hourly rate of pay of road train and engine crews in July, 1959, was $2.62 (actual earnings per hour were higher) as compared to $3.10 for steel workers. Many rail workers must keep themselves on a payless stand-by basis, subject to call. There is no severance pay for those who are let out in a reduction of the working force, but there is unemployment compensation.

In an effort to get a clearer picture of conditions, this reporter rode on passenger, freight and switch-yard engines in a typical Midwestern area and talked to trainmen at random about their daily schedules. These vary widely, but the remarks of one man with eighteen years' experience on all types of trains will serve as a run-of-the-mine example. His first job in the yards paid about fifty-five dollars a week but, because of his seniority now, he usually is on one of the more desirable passenger runs. He lives in a Chicago suburb and has three children.

"Today I was called by the check board at four A.M. to go on this run," he said. "I caught a five-forty-one A.M. train to Chicago, reported for duty at seven A.M. and our train pulled out at seven-forty-eight A.M. We run about one hundred and thirty miles, with one stop, in just under two hours. Then another crew replaces us at the division point. I'm off duty with nothing to do but eat lunch until shortly before four P.M.—about six hours for which I draw no pay. Then we bring another train back to Chicago, arriving at seven fifteen P.M. Half an hour later I go off duty and catch an eight forty-two P.M. train for home, where I usually arrive just after nine P.M. I've been away from home approximately fifteen hours, but I've been on duty only about seven hours and covered two hundred and sixty miles. I am paid about forty-six dollars—it varies a bit—for the round trip. Tomorrow I'll probably make the same run again, and then I'll be off for two days. My pay may run as high as one hundred and ninety-five dollars a week, of which, after deductions for retirement and so on, I take home perhaps one hundred and fifty dollars.

"I'm now on one of the better runs, but I have to be subject to call at any time after being off duty for eight hours. If I'm not called at four A.M. for this run, I have to be at home at eleven A.M. for another possible call. Or at seven P.M. for a possible call for a night run. And when you're working freight trains, you never know when you'll go on duty. If you're not home when you're called, you're automatically marked off for twenty hours in which you get no calls. A railroad man doesn't have much home life. I can't even tell my mother that I'll come to Sunday dinner, because I may be in Peoria by the time she gets the table set, and I may not get back for two days."

Asked whether he regarded the proposed increase in basic-day mileage as reasonable, he said, "It's not just a question of running more miles—that wouldn't be any great physical hardship. But to do it, they would have to change the division points, and that would affect my seniority. That's what worries me."

This is a general worry among railmen, who acquire seniority—and the better jobs—by service within a specific division. If they go outside their own division, they lose their seniority rights. Division points are something like 100 miles apart—once an average day's run. If the basic day's mileage were increased to 160, many division points presumably would be abolished and the employees in two or more divisions would be merged into a single division, with a subsequent reduction of seniority for all but a few top men. In varying degrees this would affect all employees in regard to time away from home, total pay and choice of jobs. Those owning homes at abandoned terminal points would have to move elsewhere—a point management has offered to arbitrate.

Management's second classification of featherbedding concerns the jurisdictional walls erected between yard workers and the operating crews that run trains on the road. These barriers were established by agreement long ago both for operating reasons and to protect workers from abuses such as holding a road crew on after it had finished the day's run to switch cars in the yard in order to avoid the expense of having a yard crew available. The present rules, with certain exceptions, prevent road crews from working in the yards and vice versa, and provide penalties stiff enough to discourage violations by management.

For example, a yard crew is prohibited from going half a mile beyond yard limits to pick up loaded freight cars at a factory siding for assembly into a freight train, although the yard crew could do it far more quickly and efficiently than a road crew on a regular freight. On the other hand, road crews may not switch cars inside the yard. On one occasion in Denver a freight-train crew discovered a car that had been mistakenly included in their train. They stopped and set the car off at its local destination. An off-duty yard crew of three men protested to the National Railroad Adjustment Board that they should have been called to do the work, and each was awarded a day's wages—for doing nothing.

Union leaders defend the separation of yard and road crews on the grounds of safety and efficiency, arguing that the work is distinctly different and that each group must be familiar with its different duties. Otherwise, they contend, a yard man might work four hours at his usual job and then be assigned to a road freight train for four hours—ending his day's work 100 miles away from his home city. Or a road crew might complete a day's run of 160 miles in six hours and then be required to spend two hours in yard-switching work for no additional pay. "Management sees one major advantage—less employees," commented President Gilbert of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, "but it would be at the expense of safety and efficiency."

The bitterest phase of the featherbedding controversy, however, revolves around management's proposal to eliminate an estimated 44,000 "unnecessary" jobs, ranging from certain firemen to "excess" brakemen. In the past there was plenty of work for brakemen on long freight trains, because on steep grades they had to set brakes on individual cars by hand. Today all trains are equipped with air brakes operated by pushing a button; and two brakemen—one at the head end and one at the rear—normally have time on their hands when the train is running. Yet twenty-three states have laws, passed with union support, that have the effect of requiring a third brakeman on all freight trains. Thus a train crossing Minnesota has only two brakemen, but at the North Dakota line it must take aboard a third man, who is dropped at the Montana border. Or a train leaving Terre Haute, Indiana, must carry three brakemen, but one of them is dropped at the Illinois border after riding only ten miles—for which he collects a full basic-day's pay.

Another type of featherbedding protested by management involves rules requiring the employment of full-time yard crews at points where there is only an hour or two of work a day and the assigning of crews of two or even four men to self-propelled work equipment on which all duties are actually performed by another crew of maintenance men. According to David E. Smucker, president of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad Company, a case that came before the National Railroad Adjustment Board illustrated the extreme to which such rules can be carried. An Eastern railroad had a steam ditcher operating on a yard track with a maintenance crew of two—an engineer and a fireman. But the road was required to add another crew—a service engineer and a fireman—who had nothing to do with operation of the ditcher, but were mandatory under the rules governing movement of vehicles. Then there came a day when the maintenance fireman failed to report for work, and the service fireman was called on to fire the steam ditcher. He did. He also claimed and received an extra day's basic pay—one day for not doing anything and one day for doing something.

"This is what happens," says the Association of American Railroads, "when authority to assign men to work equipment as needed is taken from responsible railroad management."

"Management's proposals," says the Railway Labor Executives Association, "are in line with its over-all approach to reduce the number of necessary employees, regardless of safety and efficiency requirements."

The final proposal by management—to eliminate firemen from the cabs of freight and yard locomotives—is one of the most important to both sides. (Passenger trains would not be affected.) "Firemen once shoveled mounds of coal into giant steamers," Loomis points out, "but today they have no fires to fire and no boilers to tend on diesel locomotives." Furthermore, the railroads contend, the fireman is no longer needed as a "lookout" for reasons of safety because the head-end brakeman, who rides in the cab, can and does perform that duty; while in yard service a lookout is unnecessary because ground crews work alongside the locomotive.

In support of this proposal, management leans heavily on the fact that in 1957 a Royal Commission in Canada upheld a decision by the railroads to eliminate firemen gradually by not hiring replacements. Over protests by the unions, the commission found that the functions of firemen have "totally disappeared . . . or are a mere duplication of what is discharged by another." The commission also noted that since 1949 the Canadian Pacific Railway had operated rail-motor trains with a good safety record and that for many years New York City has had electric trains in suburban service and that such trains carry no firemen.

The unions have replied, through the Railway Labor Executives Association, that "practical working railroaders of all crafts are united in the belief that the fireman . . . is essential to safe and efficient operation of trains . . . (because) of his important mechanical duties and to assure that there will be properly trained engineers in the future." The unions also cite numerous occasions when firemen acting as lookouts saved lives or prevented accidents or took over when an engineer was incapacitated. The fireman also checks the diesel units while the train is in motion and may make simple repairs, such as replacing a blown fuse.

All of these arguments are of a technical nature not easily judged by outsiders, but all are firmly rejected by management's experts. "The diesel units are so complicated," one such expert remarked, "that the firemen are actually encouraged not to attempt any except the simplest emergency repairs. In fact, the only tool the fireman has is a large monkey wrench, which shows that he cannot and isn't expected to work on an intricate electrical unit. We don't have many breakdowns these days, but if there is a blown fuse or ground-relay trouble, it would be more efficient over all to have the engineer stop the train and make the repairs—in the rare cases where that would be necessary—than to continue the fireman on the job. Furthermore, the head-end brakeman is always in the cab and can act in emergencies."

No observer can accurately judge what a fireman does or doesn't do from a few random samples, but the runs on which this reporter rode in the locomotive may be cited to illustrate the routine. On a yard locomotive switching cars to make up freight trains, the fireman looked out of his side of the cab to relay signals of switchmen working at the front or rear of the engine, but only at times when the engineer's view was obscured. If the fireman had not been there, the work would have been delayed a few seconds while the switchman or brakeman stepped across the track so he could be seen by the engineer. Most of the time the engineer was in a position to see signals without any delay.

On freight-train runs, three men—engineer, fireman and head-end brakeman—are assigned to the cab. The engineer sits on the right. The two others sit on the left, with either the fireman or the brakeman in front where he has the best view forward. On one run of more than 100 miles, the fireman was in charge of two general-purpose diesel units pulling a 141-car train more than a mile long and weighing around 8000 tons. The train was delayed momentarily in starting because the fireman had been sent to fetch a jug of water. That was the only observable nonduplicating duty that he performed during the four hours required for this particular trip.

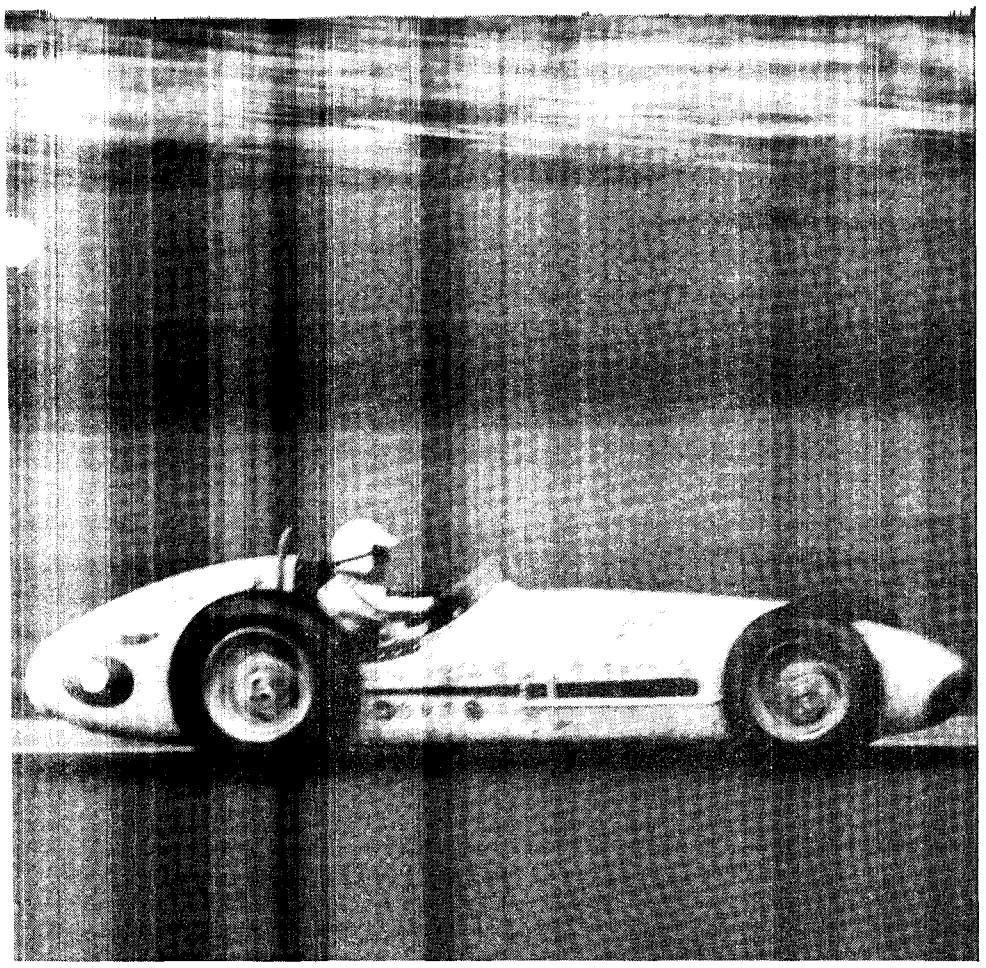
All three men watched the signal lights at regular intervals along the track and usually called them aloud to one another. When the train went around a curve to the right, the engineer leaned out and looked back at the freight cars to see whether there was any sign of trouble, such as a smoking hotbox. When the train went around a curve to the left, the head-end brakeman and the fireman both leaned out to make a similar check on their side. Otherwise, only the engineer at the throttle so much as pushed a button or turned a switch. (*Continued on Page 74*)

## Comment on Smart Guys

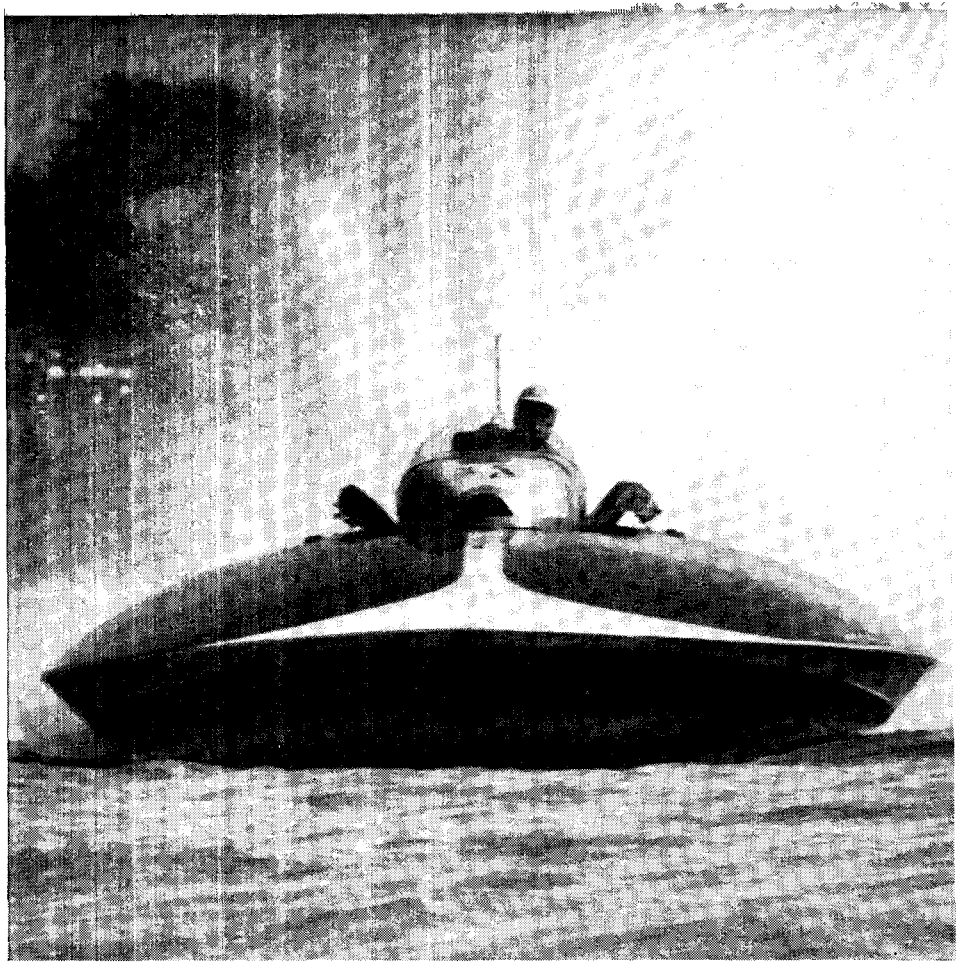
The guy who thinks he is a whiz
I hate, especially if he is.

**Curtis Heath**

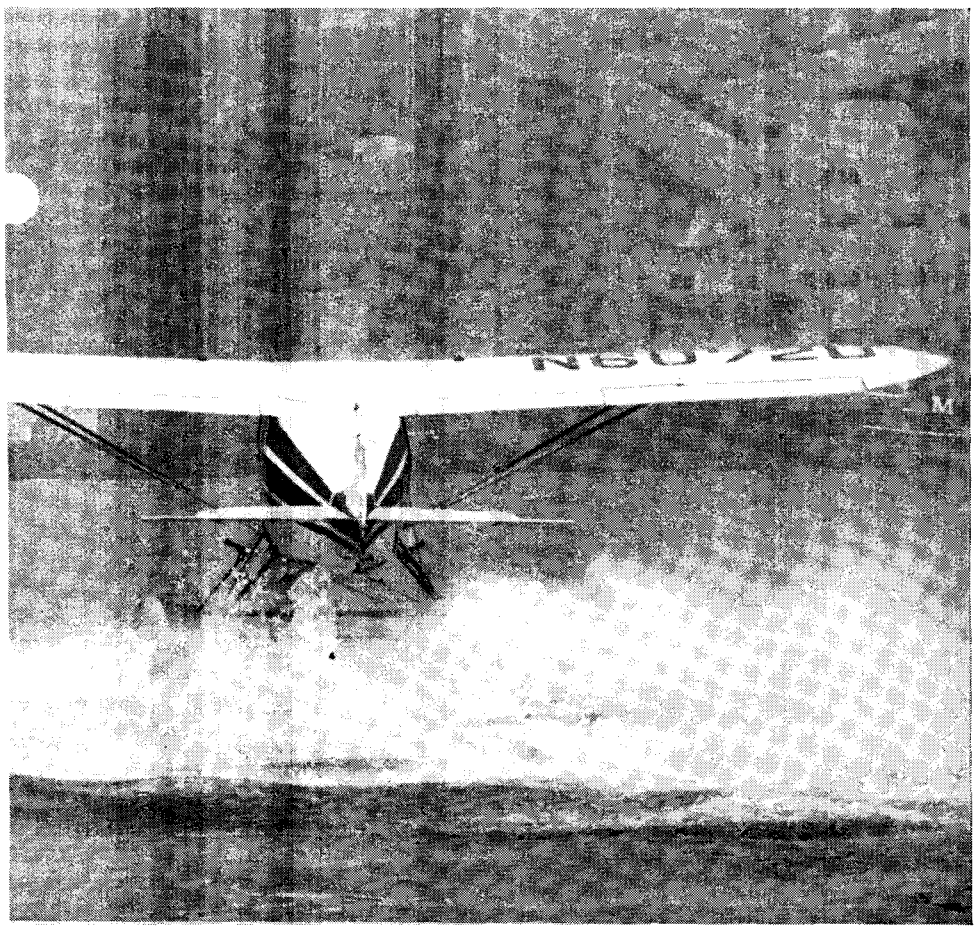
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*9 out of 10 race car winners use Champions...*



*9 out of 10 powerboat winners use Champions...*



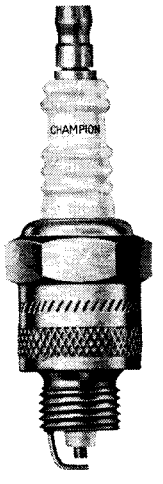
*More aircraft the world over use Champions than any other spark plug...*

*Over twice as many car makers specify Champion spark plugs.*

**Q.** Why do the experts, in field after field, choose Champion spark plugs?

**A.** Because they know they can depend on Champions to deliver every bit of performance from every drop of gas. Your car will perform better, too (and save money on gasoline) with new Champions. Put in a set every 10,000 miles!

**CHAMPION**




*Worn spark plugs waste lots of gas—so check your plugs every 5,000 miles!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Exciting reading! in March Reader's Digest . . .**

# Things women fear and why

Women fear different things than men, says Ardis Whitman, but fear is common to both sexes and it can paralyze normal living. Read in March Reader's Digest the steps that have to be taken *to get rid of fear*—worthwhile steps because "only the brave are happy, only *they* are loved."—Page 45

**$3.95 Book Condensation: The Enemy Within.** Here's the book by chief counsel Robert Kennedy that goes *behind* the headlines made by the McClellan Committee. It's the report—shocking and blood-chilling—of how corrupt leaders intimidate union members . . . how Teamster officials stole 9½ millions . . . why the Teamsters under Hoffa is often run not as a union but as a conspiracy of evil.—Page 90.

**How to Find a Good Used Car.** How important is mileage? What about the ads that say, "No Money Down"? Why should you question a bargain? In March Reader's Digest an insider, formerly an automotive engineer, tells what to look for—and sidestep—in today's marketplace.—Page 57.

**How to Solve Problems with Your Subconscious Mind.** Reprinted *by request.* We *waste* a lot of mental energy trying to use our conscious minds too hard. Article tells how to put subconscious mind to work!—Page 78.

**Your Drinking Water May be Polluted!** Is a city near you pouring untreated sewage into your drinking water? Article in March Reader's Digest shows that the nation's biggest housecleaning chore is the proper treatment of water . . . tells how you can get action, if necessary, in your locality.—Page 81.

**Should a Catholic be President?** A noted Protestant authority, the Right Reverend James A. Pike, documents *two* Roman Catholic views on Church-State separation (one of which will surprise many Americans)—says the answer depends on *which* view a candidate holds.—Page 37.

—and 37 other articles condensed to save your time—
selected from current magazines and books in—

**March Reader's Digest on sale now**

## *How to seize the* rich rewards *of reading*

Reading can be your ticket to places you may never see, your introduction to people you may never meet, your passkey to experiences you may never live.

Jack Paar counts on reading to keep his shows vital and entertaining. He says, "No matter how busy I am, I keep pumping supplies of new material into my reservoir by reading."

The new depth and breadth of understanding you can gain through reading can help you in your work . . . enrich your relations with people.

But if you've let the joys of reading be crowded out of your life, you might follow the advice of Horace Mann, the great American educator. "Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. If you gain but 15 minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year."

**Take a Digest "reading break" today**

When you have a free moment—relax and take a "reading break" with Reader's Digest. In every issue you'll find articles of varying length, condensed to fit the brief breaks of your fast-paced life. After just a few days, see if your Digest "reading break" isn't helping you enjoy life a little bit more.

*Keep yourself informed . . . make yourself a more interesting person in your work and in your personal life. Each month, read the best of the world's current magazines and books, condensed to save your time . . . in Reader's Digest.*

(*Continued from Page 72*) Even when there was an emergency stop to check a possible hotbox, the fireman did not leave his seat, since it was the duty of the brakemen to make the inspection. There was, incidentally, a third brakeman on this train because of the rules. He rode in the second diesel unit and read a book while the train was in motion.

Although he did not inspect the diesel units at any time during this trip, the fireman said that he normally made some kind of repairs or adjustments during two or three trips a month. "Last week," he added, "I had trouble on four trips in a row. I either had to work the oil injector by hand to get it running or I had to reset the ground relay."

Most authorities on the subject of work rules and the piecework-pay system agree that there is room for improvement and that certain changes would be logical. The unions have recognized the need for some change by emphasizing that "labor has never demonstrated an unwillingness to correct abuses." One authority, not connected with either management or labor, but with long experience in railroading, summed up the problem by saying, "Sure there are rules that make for inefficiency and waste—if that's what you want to call featherbedding. Sure, a man can collect a basic-day's pay for a few hours' work. But remember, too, that red-apple runs are not typical of railroading and that the rules were developed over the years because of very complex working conditions and to prevent abuses. The unions haven't always faced up to their responsibilities in adjusting old rules to modern conditions, or in making changes for the sake of efficiency. But if management expects to make such changes, it is going to have to face union demands for a lot of other compensatory changes."

That the union strategy in fighting the elimination of featherbedding would be to demand new benefits for workers, such as differential pay for night and holiday work, was indicated some weeks ago by the Railway Labor Executives Association. At that time Chairman Leighty said that if pay and working conditions for the 200,000 operating employees alone were converted to the standards prevailing in most other industries, it would cost the railroads an annual additional sum of $648,000,000—a figure that seems to have been worked up primarily as a public-relations effort similar to management's much-publicized $500,000,000 featherbedding estimate. Union leaders also make much of statistics showing a steady increase in the productivity of railroad workers when measured in terms of revenue traffic units per hour; management has some other statistics demonstrating that compensation to workers in "money" wages has increased twice as rapidly. The statistics are all accurate; it just depends on which ones you choose.

Some of these issues may seem considerably removed from the question of whether the railroad industry is afflicted with rules that lead to unjustified "made" work, loafing, overpayment for short hours and frequent payment for not performing a job—in other words, featherbedding. But railroading is a peculiar business that refuses by its very nature to conform to the general industrial pattern, and a disturbance to one part of the gerrymandered structure of work rules may disturb many other parts—just as the first movement of a freight engine sends a jolting shock along a train of dozens of heavy cars. If a prolonged deadlock or a strike arises from the controversy over charges of featherbedding, it will, in fact, be a test of power all along the line between management's determination to reassert its right to regain control over certain areas of operation and labor's determination to maintain its powers.

"When you've got a long, heavy freight train like this one," an engineer starting the day's run said recently as he skillfully opened the throttle, "you have to be very careful. Otherwise, I might give the front car one big jolt that would run all the way down the line and break this whole train in two." THE END

"Would you say that you were really and wholly committed to Blenheim Booster Bearings, Byron, in every atom of your being?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Monitor Affair (Continued from Page 42)

months would pass before the machinery could be replaced, or before another shipyard be found to undertake the building, no one could say. The race would be lost!

Tempest and his companion, after wrecking the shop, would make their escape while—Eric's quick mind grasped the remainder of the plan—Tempest's army of roughs landed and created a diversion. Eric remembered that ribald boat so unskillfully propelled by eight boisterous Five Pointers. They would be Tempest's army, vicious men turned loose to wreak what mischief they could devise. Their sudden onset would take the shipyard by surprise, and there would be a riot of destruction and violence. A few drunken toughs from a rowboat, plus Captain Tempest and his sledge-swinging accomplice, might win this war for the Confederacy!

Outside where preparations were being made to lay the keel, there was no suspicion of danger. There would, after the ceremonies, be a gala picnic and a happy sail back across the East River to Manhattan.

Eric glanced at the big man with the sledge, who stood stolidly, without initiative or imagination, dangerous only as an animated weapon. Hugo Tempest was the one to fear. And Yvonne Constant further complicated the situation. Eric calculated, for his mind remained clear and logical. Tempest's dueling pistol, though a deadly weapon, had its defect: it contained only one bullet, a bullet capable of instant death if it found its mark. But if it missed! He considered rushing Tempest barehanded while he shouted to Yvonne to escape through the machine shop. But he could not be sure how she would react. She might be frozen with terror and incapable of action. It was the existence of only one bullet that gave Eric faint hope.

Tempest stood no more than a dozen feet away, and even a mediocre marksman could hardly miss from that distance. Capt. Hugo Tempest would not be a mediocre marksman.

When Tempest spoke, his voice was purring like some great, contented cat. "Have patience, Nelson," he said. "You won't have long to wait." His mouth set in a grim line, but his eyes shone avidly. "I wonder why I dislike you so much?" he said. "This is going to be a personal pleasure."

Eric's side was pressed against Tom Rowland's large desk, which was used as a drafting table. One hand was pressed flat upon the desk's surface. There were an ink bottle there and pens and pencils. There were mechanical-drawing implements. There was paper. But Eric's sensitive fingers felt the presence of something else. It was cold and smooth. Something thin and made of metal. It was less than a quarter of an inch in thickness, and half-consciously he wondered what it was. Then he identified it as a carpenter's square. It was a tool of steel formed like an L. Its longer, broader arm was perhaps two inches wide. The shorter arm was narrower. The implement lay so that Eric's fingers were close to the end of the longer arm, the shorter section pointing away from him.

Now, calculating the consequences, he closed his fingers about the device; he snatched it back to arm's length and hurled it. Rotating, glinting as it spun, it flew toward its target.

Captain Tempest saw the movement, saw something flashing at him through the air. He fired his dueling pistol—but simultaneously moved to avoid the missile—and his one bullet whizzed over Eric's head.

The angle of steel covered so wide a path that it could not be dodged. It struck Tempest above the brows and he dropped to the floor as if smitten by a poleax.

"Run!" Eric shouted to Yvonne, but she did not heed. She stood transfixed, staring as Eric darted across the room toward the bovine plug-ugly, who stood unable to summon what wits he possessed either to attack or retreat. No compunctions deterred Eric. Something told him a fist on that iron jaw would have slight effect; so he resorted to the technique of the street fighter and kicked the man where a kick would cause the most agony. The gangster doubled and let fall his sledge. Eric snatched up the huge hammer. He did not swing it. He used it as a ram, striking upward in a form of uppercut. The head of the sledge went home. Eric crouched, ready for any movement. There was none. Two men lay unconscious at his feet.

He reached Yvonne's side, grabbed her hand and dragged her after him so violently that her feet almost left the ground. Once outside he released her, but he himself raced on, still clinging to the sledge. For the danger was not over; the attack on the shipyard was not repulsed. There still remained Captain Tempest's little army of drunken toughs splashing their way to shore in their clumsy boat.

Eric shouted as he ran, his voice urgent, alarming. Half a dozen workmen, sensing danger, followed at his heels. They reached the water's edge and were in time. Only rods away was the boat manned by Captain Rynders' constituents. They were silent, now that the moment for attack had come; the moment when they were to descend upon unsuspecting workmen and, as they had been instructed to do, demolish whatever could be destroyed.

"What is it, Mr. Nelson?" a mechanic asked.

"Dead Rabbits and Shirt Tails," Eric said. "Hired to wreck the yard!"

The bow of the craft bumped against the piling. The toughs, occupied with making a landing, were unaware of the defenders above. Eric hurled down the sledge to which he had clung, and it crashed through the planking of the boat. A mechanic at Eric's side had armed himself with a boat hook. With initiative he jammed it against the opposite gunwale of the boat and heaved. The passengers, eager to be ashore, were standing, and their equilibrium was unstable. The boat capsized; the little army of assailants found themselves floundering in the water.

John Ericsson, irate at the interruption of his ceremonies, came striding to see who was at fault. In the turbid water eight men floundered and strangled. There was no fight in them—only panic, terror of drowning. They were roughly dragged from the current, a sorry, half-drowned lot.

"March them to the gate," Eric commanded, "and kick them out! No need to be gentle."

"What," demanded Ericsson irately, "is the meaning of this commotion?"

"Only," Eric said, panting, "a minor battle of the Civil War."

John Ericsson said a few brief words as the timber of the keel of the *Monitor* was laid in place. Eric, who had been on tenterhooks, but dared not affront his employer by leaving the spot before the speech was done, now motioned Tom Rowland and a couple of mechanics to follow him to the office. On arriving there, Rowland stood gaping at the scene. But the real surprise was Eric's,


*Special offer from Heinz!*

A $3.50 value for only $1.00

*and 2 Heinz Soup labels*

4 Soup Spoons

*By Wm. A. Rogers®*

- Exclusive Encore® pattern
- By Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths
- De luxe mirror finish
- Extra-heavy weight

● **Here's a head-start** toward your complete set of beautiful Wm. A. Rogers stainless tableware! Send for these 4 spoons, then get matching Encore pieces offered at big savings on backs of Heinz Soup labels.

*You know it's good because it's Heinz!*

**If you think** *all* condensed soups taste the same, it's time you tasted Heinz. You'll find Heinz Soups are perfectly seasoned, *better-tasting*—yet cost no more than other kinds. So buy your choice of 23 kinds of delicious Heinz Soups and find out how really good they are. Mail labels for your spoons, too!

SEP-20

**CLIP MONEY-SAVING COUPON!**

**H. J. Heinz Company, Box 4, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.**

Enclosed find $1.00 in cash (no stamps, please) and two labels from Heinz Condensed Soups for each set of four Wm. A. Rogers Encore soup spoons. Send _____ sets.

NAME _____
(Please Print)

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Offer good in U.S.A., Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico, except where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Subject to change or withdrawal at any time. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer expires April 15, 1960.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for he saw only the body of the huge gangster, breathing stertorously. Capt. Hugo Tempest had vanished. There was a trail of blood where the man had crawled to the door—and outside the trail continued toward the gate. The ex-slaver, thought Eric, must have an inhumanly thick skull to have survived two such blows as he had received—the first aboard *Curlew*, the second here in this room.

Tom Rowland stared down at the battered face of the unconscious man. "Eric," he said, "this man is Hammerhand Morrissy, captain of the Shirt Tails."

"So?" Eric said.

"Who was able to do this to a fighter like him?" Rowland asked.

"It must have been pixies," Eric said. Pride, satisfaction possessed him. He was astonished at himself. But he had proved something that he never would doubt again. He could cope. He would be adequate. He wanted boyishly to flap his wings and crow, because of this revelation to himself of qualities he had not dreamed he possessed. But, perversely, he did not relate what had happened. What he did say was, "Jeff Davis doesn't want the *Monitor* built. This was just a hint of how he feels. Look after his casualty, please. I've social duties to perform."

Tom Rowland stared after the young Swede as he left the office, shaking his head incredulously. Eric strode back to the cleared-and-swept space where the picnic luncheon was being served. There he found Yvonne Constant seated between Mrs. Bushnell and Mrs. Winslow. The girl was pale. One could see that she was sorely shaken, but it was a measure of her quality that she could smile up at him with steady eyes.

"What did this disturbance mean?" asked Mrs. Winslow.

"Some drunken Sixth Ward toughs on a frolic," Eric answered. He reached down a hand to Yvonne. "Shall you and I go down to the pier and let our feet hang over?" he asked lightly. She placed her hand in his and allowed him to lift her to her feet. He filled plates with the luncheon Ericsson had provided, and side by side they walked to the water's edge, the eyes of the older women following them indulgently.

They seated themselves upon a timber. For a moment neither spoke, but sat mute, gazing across the current to distant Manhattan. It was Yvonne who broke the silence.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

"No," Eric told her. "He crawled away."

She astonished him. "I'm sorry," she said. "He should be dead."

"It is well as it is," he said. "I'll not have to explain a dead man to the authorities."

"He'll never rest," she said.

He understood her. Capt. Hugo Tempest would never rest until he had paid Eric in full. Before this there had been instinctive animosity; now there would be unquenchable hatred. From this day onward the moving force of Tempest's life would be to avenge himself. No consideration would hamper him, no compunction. He could pursue Eric single-mindedly while Eric must remain always on the defensive.

"It is about you that I am worried," Eric said.

"Captain Tempest will somehow make his way back to my aunt's house," she said. "To be nursed."

"You must not go back there," he said.

"What else can I do, Eric?"

"He must have heard what you were telling me just before he burst in. He would have killed us both."

She shook her head. "He would not have killed me," she said. Suddenly she was more mature than she ever had been before, more mature with a freshly gained knowledge of good and evil. "He has other plans for me."

"Plans?" he asked.

"He will be rich in a world impoverished by war. But wealth will not satisfy his ambition." She was desirable, beautiful even without the accustomed tint that gave to her cheeks the lovely living flush of youth. "I," she said gravely, "will satisfy his ambition."

He understood her. There was no need to state the thing in clearer language.

"But that," he said, "is unthinkable. Impossible."

"Yes, it is impossible. But ——"

"But what, Yvonne?"

She made no direct answer to that question, and he did not press it.

"I had hoped for a happy day," he said presently. "I'm sorry it had to be spoiled for you."

"Spoiled?" she said, and then paused. "I wonder."

"Sometimes you say puzzling things."

"Sometimes I think puzzling thoughts," she rejoined. "Today, if nothing had happened, would have been an amusing day. Light and gay, perhaps; but not memorable. Now it is a memorable day. Perhaps that is better."

"Better to have had a horrible experience!"

"To have seen something splendid," she answered.

Of a sudden her mood changed. She became again that young, aristocratic Southern girl he had first seen on top of a bus that was delayed by the arrival of Abraham Lincoln at his New York hotel. A proud, alien child with mischief, with mettle, high spirit. It was something to admire—that ability to ignore, to rise above the tragedy of that day.

Her eyes flashed humor at him as she said, "An experience indeed, Mr. Nelson! I never dreamed that a Yankee could be such a dandy fighter."

"I'm no Yankee," he protested, "I'm a Swede. My nation has produced some pretty stout warriors."

"None," she retorted, "more stout than you." And then with that quick changeableness which seemed so much a part of her, "Maybe it is going to be harder to win this war than I thought. You should have a coat of arms, sir. A sledge hammer crossed with a carpenter's square on a field azure."

He felt as if he had, indeed, received the accolade and been summoned to sit with the high company which, in the presence of Arthur and Lancelot and Tristan, occupied sieges at the Round Table.

It was in that instant that Eric Nelson knew. He knew that he sat here by the river's tide with the one possession of all the world's possible gifts that he could not live without. It was with joy and wonder that he realized that he loved this wonderful, amazing, baffling girl, and that it was the sort of love that would endure so long as life should last.

With love came fear, fear lest some evil thing betide this girl—some evil thing that would mar or destroy the wondrous thing that she was.

"Miss Constant—Yvonne," he said, "you mustn't go back to that house!"

She spread her arms and laughed. "And where would I go? What would I do? My worldly possessions are on my back. I can neither toil nor spin. There is no other place for me."

"But there is a place," he said.

"Don't be absurd. What place, Eric?"

"With me," he said starkly.

She frowned and stared at him. "With you?" she asked.

He stumbled miserably, striving to put his offer into words that would not shock or offend.

"Only as a—a makeshift," he said. "Only as a port in the storm. I mean, Yvonne, you could come to me as my wife, to be sheltered and protected —— I mean," he stammered, "as my wife but not as my wife. I mean, never my real wife unless it should happen that in time I could make you want to be my wife." He was flushed and rather pitiful. "No harm would come to you. I would, Yvonne, do everything a man can do to make you content and happy—and not afraid."

She listened in amazement. Of all the incredible things that had happened today this was the most incredible. She stared at him, at his earnest face and burning eyes, and involuntarily stretched out a dainty hand and touched his arm. And then to his dismay she threw back her head and laughed, and in her laughter there was real merriment.

"Did ever a girl have so comical a proposal of marriage!" she exclaimed. "The cart before the horse. Marriage before courtship! Oh, Eric! Oh, Eric!"

"I did not mean to offend," he said wretchedly.

"You have not offended, Eric," she told him through laughter. "You are sweet—sweet! Clumsy sweet, and maybe that is the sweetest of all." Again laughter overtook her. "Oh, my dear, don't be angry with me because I laugh. If I didn't laugh I should cry. But it is so absurd. Can't you see how absurd? Oh, Eric, I have been reared to be modest and to be shy—to pretend to ignorance and wide-eyed innocence. But—oh! oh! Not even the strictest of duennas ever taught me the joys of being an immaculate wife! Oh, Eric! Oh, Eric! Do give me a sweetmeat, darling—I promise not even to nibble it."

Never had he suffered such humiliation. "Very well," he said stiffly, "I have made a fool of myself."

"A wonderful, lovely fool of yourself," she said, and astonished him by taking his cheeks in her palms and drawing down his head so that her lips touched his softly. "Oh, young man, I've dreamed of proposals. In lovely gardens with birds twittering. With a handsome young man on his knees speaking words out of a poetic romance. All according to the rules of etiquette! But my first proposal. A blurt! No kneel. No poetry. Just a headlong blurt."

"I only wanted ——"

"It is queer," she said, "but a blurt can be as beautiful as a sonnet!" Then she became very sedate and stately. "Mr. Nelson," she said, "I deeply regret that I must reject your proposal of marriage. I admire you very much, Mr. Nelson. But that is all for the present, Mr. Nelson. I am conservative. I prefer courtship before marriage." She fell silent and no longer pelted him with raillery. "Mr. Nelson," she said gravely, "if you are really prejudiced in my favor, would you mind undertaking a courtship? Give a lady samples of wooing. You have my permission to do so, Mr. Nelson. In the absence of my father I give you permission to address me. Object: matrimony."

"But," he said desperately, "I do love you, Miss Constant."

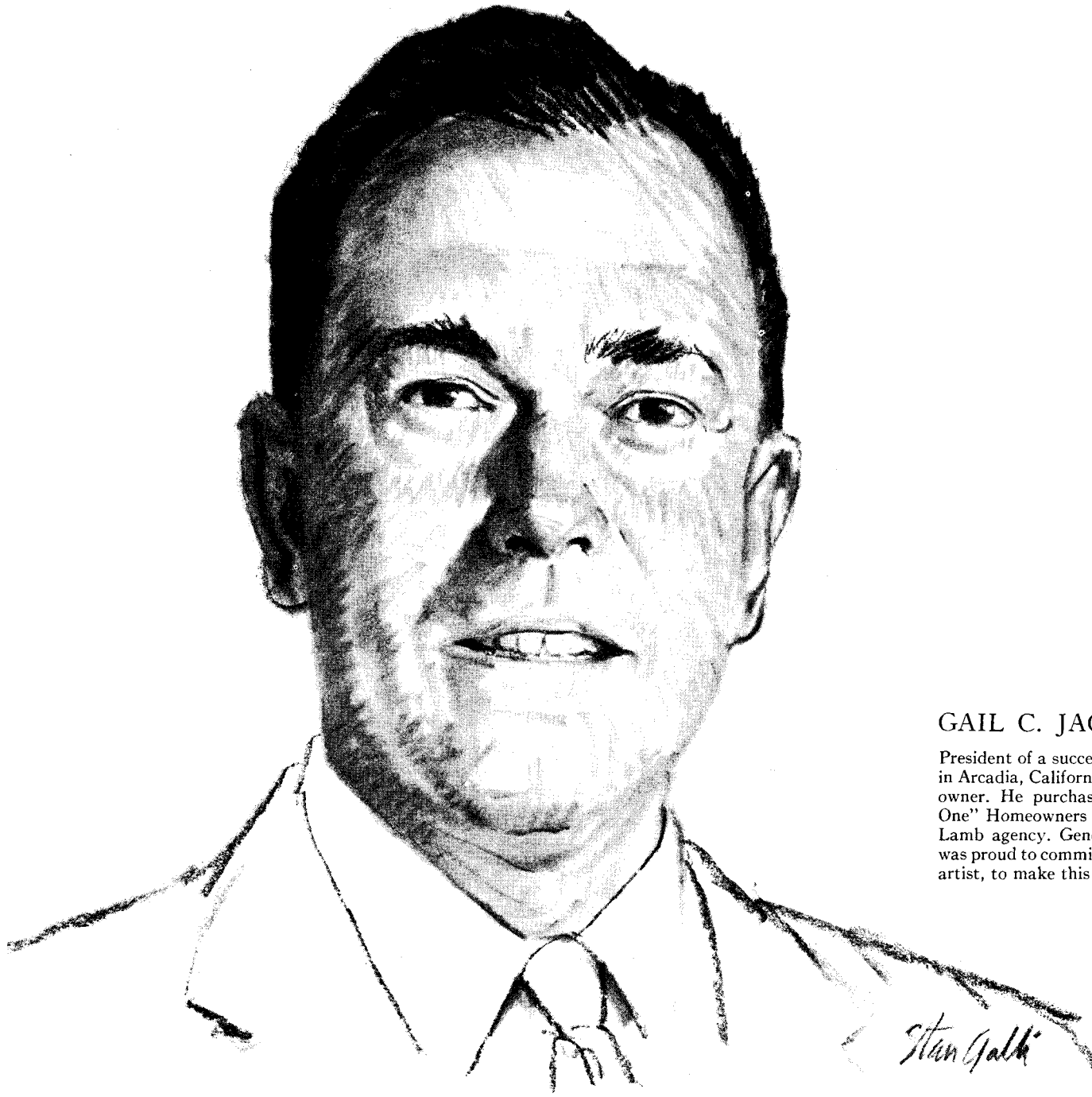
"A very good start indeed," she told him critically. "I shall await further examples of your ardor."

The whistle of the launch sounded. John Ericsson's guests trooped down to the slip and boarded the little craft. The outing was ended, or would end as soon as the yacht arrived again at James Slip. *Monitor*'s keel had been well and truly laid. The race had begun between *Merrimac* and (*Continued on Page 78*)

WHO INVITED HIM?
TEST YOUR STRENGTH
Tom Hudson
"Come on, fellows—what say we pick up a few prizes for the girls?"
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

February 27, 1960




GAIL C. JACKSON

President of a successful business machine sales company in Arcadia, California, is a typical "Preferred Risk" home owner. He purchased General's money-saving "All-In-One" Homeowners Policy through the Holt, Collins and Lamb agency. General Insurance Company of America was proud to commission Stan Galli, nationally prominent artist, to make this portrait sketch.

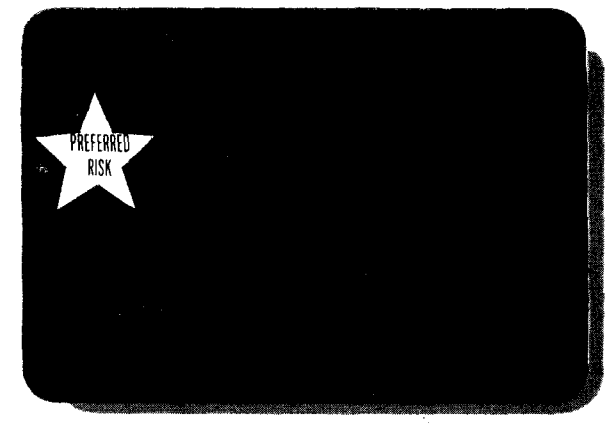
# "General gave me 'Preferred Risk' savings"

"There was a time when I paid too much for my home insurance. Then, General's 'All-In-One' Homeowners insurance came into the picture with 'preferred risk' savings for careful people. I've been saving cash ever since."

Responsible home owners like Mr. Jackson deserve special consideration when it comes to home insurance. Their day-by-day care for their property brings better protection at a lower cost. If you qualify for General's "All-In-One" Homeowners Policy,* you'll enjoy new savings and new insurance convenience!

Look in the Yellow Pages for the name of your nearby General Insurance Company of America agent, or write Dept. A-14, Seattle, Washington.

*Available in most states. Savings through dividends in some states.*



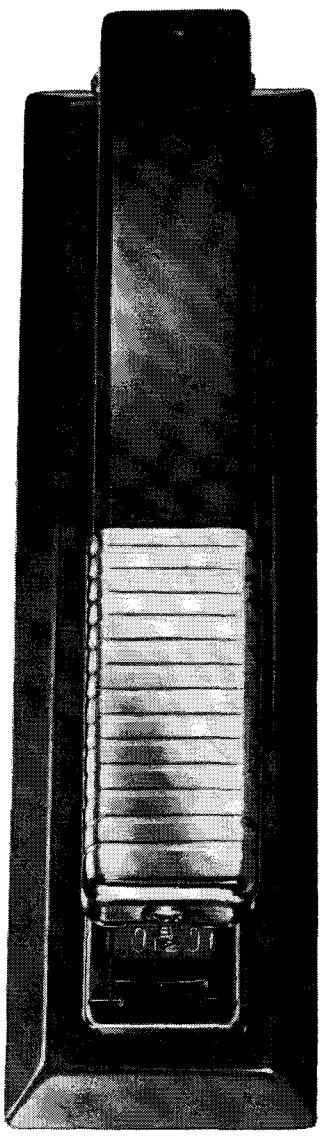

ARE YOU A "PREFERRED RISK"? Earning General's exclusive Gold Card is not a matter of wealth or position. Any responsible person who takes pride in his possessions can qualify for General's "All-In-One" Homeowners Policy.

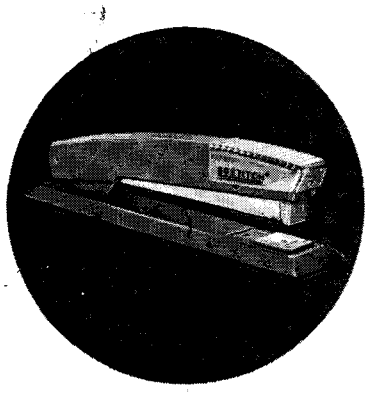
**GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA**

COMPANION COMPANIES: **SAFECO** INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA (MONEY-SAVING AUTO INSURANCE)
AND **LIFECO** INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA (YEARS AHEAD APPROACH TO LIFE INSURANCE)

*Home Office: Seattle. Division Offices: New York, St. Louis, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, Canada.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





# STRIKING

**BOSTITCH B12 STANDARD DESK STAPLER**

If you choose desk accessories with an eye to looks as well as to function, the Bostitch B12 Standard Stapler should merit your interest.

You can *see* this is no ordinary stapler. The designer's touch is evident in its clean, executive appearance. Performance sets it apart, too. You can set it to pin temporarily—*or* fasten permanently.

See the executive Bostitch B12 Standard Stapler, in handsome gray or black and gleaming chrome . . .

AT YOUR STATIONER'S

***Fasten it better and faster with***

**BOSTITCH®**

STAPLERS AND STAPLES

402 BRIGGS DRIVE, EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

(*Continued from Page 76*) *Monitor* to determine which should be first to go into action—the one to destroy, the other to preserve the Union. A grim and fateful race such as history never before had beheld.

The little party debarked. Eric found a cab to convey him and Yvonne to that house on Washington Square.

"Shall I come in?" he asked at the foot of the steps.

"To do what?" she asked.

"To tell your aunt," he said harshly, "that if so much as a hair of your head is harmed ——"

"I have a strange feeling," she answered, "that I am too valuable intact. You have, sir, my permission to call."

He was able to grin. "And to woo?"

"I shall expect you," she said, "to put your best foot forward."

Worried Commodore Smith harried Ericsson daily. Experts, self-appointed, told him that concussion of the two guns would drive the crew from the turret. Only two days after being reassured on this point Smith bleated that statistics showed the ship would not float with its weight of armor. The next of his nightmares was that her roll would be so great the crew would be unable to stand. Five days later he feared the ventilation system would not work.

Sir John, furious at these interruptions and at the constant need to feed soothing syrup to Commodore Smith, nevertheless held his mercurial temper in check and replied patiently.

The press of the country was skeptical and openly critical. *Scientific American* in some strange manner procured and published sketches of the *Monitor*, whereupon Ericsson unwisely released to that authoritative magazine a full and detailed description of the battery—for Southern spies to read.

There was now a popular name for the warship. It was "Ericsson's Folly."

The last of Ericsson's drawings went to suppliers early in December. Sketches for porthole stoppers went to Hollis Street Foundry in Nashua, New Hampshire, together with drawings for the shields to protect the portholes. The Delamater Iron Works was busy manufacturing the turret. The Navy Department notified that it had no fifteen-inch guns but could, belatedly, supply eleven-inch guns.

News arrived that Old Fuss and Feathers, General Scott, whose campaigns in the Mexican War have been regarded by military men as classic examples of strategy, had retired from his position, and it was bestowed upon General McClellan. Little Napoleon's grand strategy was stultified because, incredibly in so able a military man, he agreed with the ancient notion that wars were won by the capture of the enemy's capital. So Washington, at all costs, must be protected, and Richmond must be the Union's objective. Nevertheless he conceived a plan which, if successfully carried out, would have resulted in disaster for the South. Boldly he decided to abandon an operation by land leading from Washington to Richmond, but to advance by water to cut off the Confederate garrison at historic Yorktown, and then, using the James or York rivers as a line of supply, to move the whole Army of the Potomac across the river, approaching Richmond from the east.

But something intervened, and perhaps the most important factor in that something was named *Merrimac*. For, when McClellan disclosed his plan to the Navy and stated what he wanted of that department, he was informed that until *Merrimac* could be eliminated, his plan could not meet with success.

So the race between the builders of *Merrimac* and *Monitor* became involved in higher strategy, and McClellan's planning must be put in moth balls until that race should be won or lost.

The situation was commencing to resemble the ancient description of how a battle was lost by lack of a horseshoe nail. Huge armies marched or encamped over vast spaces, but the lack of a tiny vessel whose length was only 172 feet, with a beam of forty-one and a half feet and a depth of eleven feet, four inches, immobilized them. Her total displacement would be but 1255 tons. Her lack held armies restrained. Until she should be launched to counter *Merrimac*'s threat, the war—at least the war in the East—was in the doldrums.

And, ironically, incredibly, the completion of the *Monitor*, her successful launching, her voyaging to Hampton Roads, there to confront victorious *Merrimac*, depended upon the actions and reactions, of, and upon what happened or failed to happen to one little, lovely Southern girl.

Meanwhile events in the house on Washington Square were moving inexorably to a climax.

Once again Yvonne Constant knew that the bedroom on the third floor was occupied by Capt. Hugo Tempest. From above, as she occupied her bed, came betraying sounds. Black Ezekiel crept up and down stairs bearing trays and treading softly.

Yvonne waylaid him. So startled was he by her sudden appearance that his eyes became big and staring.

"Ezekiel," she demanded in a whisper, "is Captain Tempest upstairs again?"

"Missy," he expostulated, "don' yo pester an ol' man. It ain't safe fo' yo' go meddlin' an' messin'."

"Is he there?" she insisted.

He nodded mutely.

"How badly is he hurt? Will he die?"

For an instant there came into Ezekiel's old eyes a glint of humor. "He ain't fixin' to die, missy. No'm. Like he been scalp by Injuns, that's what. Sompin jest naturally skin off the top of that man's haid, an' doctor he's strivin' to plaster it back on again. He jus' strictly mad enough to bite, thass what he is, on account that perty hair of his'n got spoil." The old man chuckled, and then terror returned and he scuttled away.

So, thought Yvonne, Captain Tempest would not die, but live, with hatred for Eric Nelson multiplied by this disfigurement of a handsomeness about which he had been vain. That steel angle hurled by Eric had struck glancingly, depriving Tempest of scalp and consciousness, but not injuring severely. It was vanity now, after more than a week, that confined the man in his bedroom. He would not show himself. He remained self-imprisoned while his hatred seethed and grew.

Visitors climbed those stairs to him, most frequent of whom was young John Andrews. On occasion Ross Lane also called.

Madame's receptions continued in that fine drawing room downstairs. She insisted upon Yvonne's presence, and the girl was glad to dress suitably for the occasions and to appear. It was a welcome break in the strained monotony. She was a prisoner now, but, contradictorily enough, when Eric came to call he was admitted and treated by madame with cordiality. Never by word or act did she signify to Yvonne that she was aware of what had happened in Tom Rowland's office or at the shipyard on that day when Tempest had been wounded and the attack by Five Pointers frustrated. Yvonne knew, however, that her aunt must be fully informed. Otherwise Tempest would not be sheltered there. But madame never accused her niece or questioned her, or treated her otherwise than with cold suavity.

Once Yvonne overheard Ross Lane's cultured voice asking of madame, "And how is the little hostage?"

"She blooms, as you have seen," madame replied.

His voice took on a tone of command as he spoke again. "To detain her as a hostage I permit," he said. "More than that I will not countenance. We do not make war on children."

It was as a hostage that Mr. Lane had referred to her! But hostages are retained for some purpose. Ross Lane, a gentleman in all respects, permitted that she be held a hostage but forbade that she be harmed. And his was the manner of one who could enforce obedience.

"When the proper time comes," said madame, "you may shed your scruples."

On Eric's next appearance Yvonne told him first about Captain Tempest and his mutilation; second, about that exchange between Lane and madame. "I'm a hostage," she said. "What for?"

"I wouldn't know," he said and then, "Yvonne, won't you escape from this house and come to me?"

"You have had my answer," she said. "It is not pleasant here, but I do not think I am in danger. Mr. Lane gave orders. I think he is in command."

"You are never out of my mind," he said.

"That, sir, is as it should be," she replied pertly.

"But madame said Lane might change his mind if something happened."

"Yes, but I do not think he will do so."

"A hostage," he said, "is someone held a prisoner to prevent someone from doing something." He paused and frowned apprehensively. "Or to compel someone to do something."

"I believe that is the definition," she agreed.

"Compel whom to do what?" he asked. "Or prevent whom from doing what?"

"Careful grammar," she said lightly. "Whom!"

"A threat to your safety," he said gloomily, "would be more apt to compel me than anybody else."

"If they know that you—that you are attracted by me."

"They know. Your aunt would have seen it."

"Yes," she admitted.

"If I am the object," he said thoughtfully, "it can mean but one thing. I have no other connection that could interest these people."

"No other interest than what?"

"The *Monitor*," he told her. And then he narrowed his eyes and studied her grave face. "You are a Southerner," he said.

"I love my state," she replied.

"You pray for the South to win this war."

She nodded. "My home is in the South," she said.

"If," he said slowly, "it came to a point where you could aid the Confederacy, you would do so?"

She considered the question. "The Confederacy—yes, (*Continued on Page 81*)

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

### My Birthday

This is the day when I regret
A purple suit I've not,
To match the tie I'm going
to get
To clash with suits I've got.

**Sheldon White**

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Stapling breaks boatbuilder's bottleneck— cuts costs $27 to $30 per boat

It took two to three hours to attach a laminated fiber glass deck to a laminated fiber glass hull by the method previously used, which was a cemented mechanical bond.

Now the job is done with a powerful new Bostitch air-driven stapler in only 15 minutes. The squeeze of a trigger replaces predrilling and the slow tightening of the fasteners. Production is *ten times faster*. Savings range from $27 to $30 a boat.

The customer reports other stapling advantages. It's the *only* method that combines strength and flexibility. It prevents squeaks that might develop when bolts, rivets or screws are used, and there is no separation of seams due to vibration as sometimes happens with cemented joints. A less expensive rubber rub rail can be used to keep the stapled joint watertight.

There are 800 kinds of Bostitch staplers and over 200 types of Bostitch staples to break bottlenecks in factories, shops, offices and stores. A Bostitch Economy Man—one of over 350 in 123 U. S. and Canadian cities—will help you choose the right staples for your fastening jobs. To call him, look under "Bostitch" in your phone directory, or write us.

***Fasten it better and faster with***

**With Every Bostitch Machine You Get...**
the right combination for your needs from 800 staplers and over 200 staples . . . nation-wide parts, service and technical aid backed by the industry's most modern factory . . . assurance that Bostitch products will operate to your complete satisfaction.

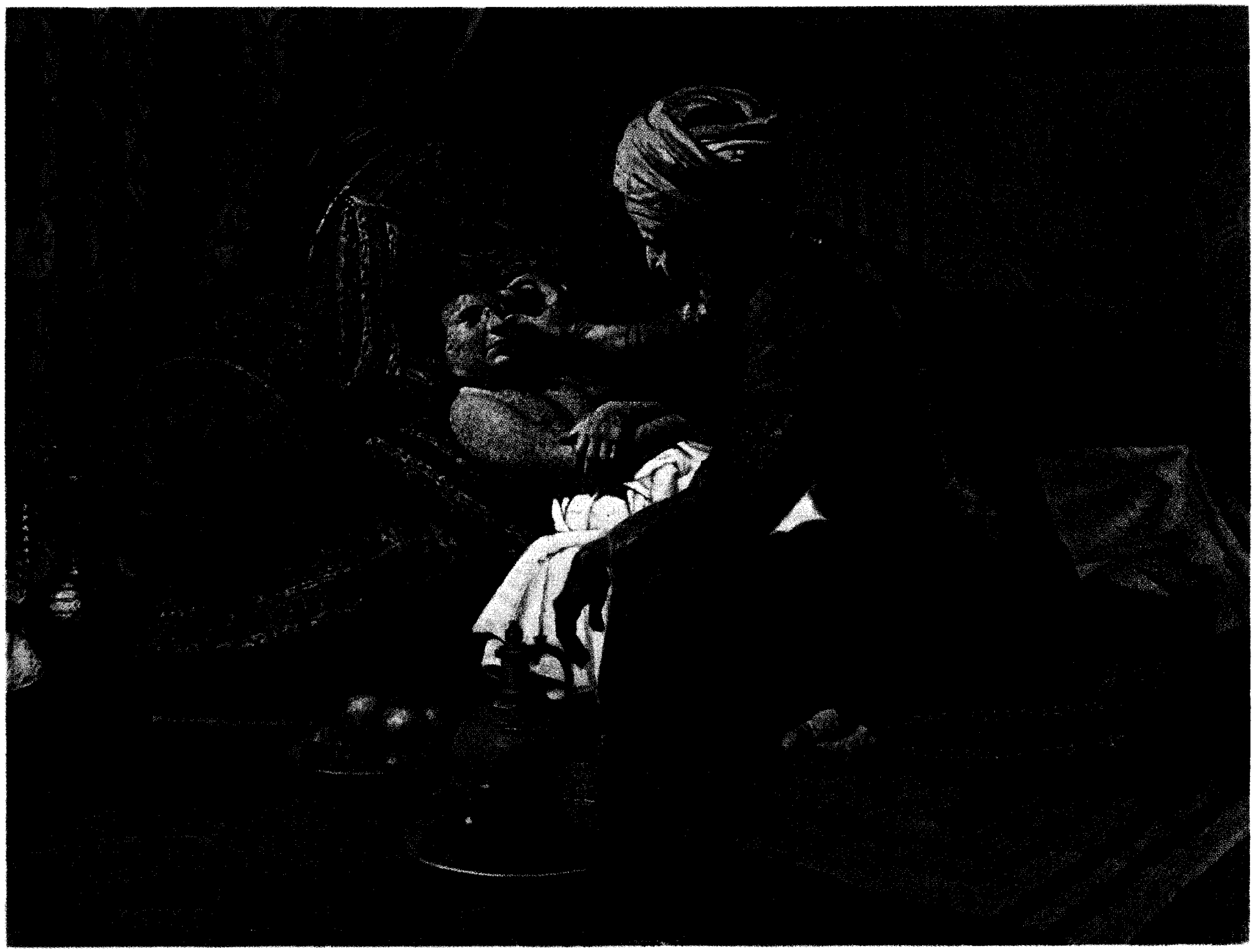
**BOSTITCH®**
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

Bostitch, 402 Briggs Drive, East Greenwich, R. I.
I'd like to know if stapling can help increase our profits. I'm particularly interested in fastening (please check)

☐ wood ☐ plastics ☐ cartons ☐ leather
☐ rubber ☐ light metals ☐ fabric ☐ roofing

Name_____
Company_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*RHAZES AND ARABIC MEDICINE—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.*

# Great Moments in Medicine

The Western World is deeply indebted to the Arabic World for the preservation of medical knowledge during Europe's strife-torn Middle Ages. Rhazes, born in Persia in 865 A.D., was a leader in Arabic medicine. He was the first to describe measles and smallpox, to observe the reaction of the eye's pupil to light, and to publish a text on children's diseases. His teachings were highly regarded for centuries.

Knowledge traveled slowly in ancient times. It took many years for Arabic science to reach Europe by way of North Africa and Spain. Today, the newest findings of medical researches are speeded to the world's physicians in mere minutes. Many lives have been saved by this rapid intercommunication of scientific knowledge.

Research scientists at Parke-Davis laboratories throughout the world have repeatedly contributed to the advances of medical science; and they are among the first to learn of new scientific advances reported by others. Parke-Davis translates research discoveries into practical methods of manufacturing, and makes the latest medical developments available in easily prescribed forms for the convenience of patients, physicians, and pharmacists in almost every community in the world.

COPYRIGHT 1958-1960—PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

PARKE-DAVIS . . . *Pioneers in better medicines*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 78*) if I could do so honorably. You are wondering, Eric, if my loyalty to my homeland would induce me to give help to *Tante Carlotta* and Captain Tempest?"

"Yes," he said.

"That," she said proudly, her head held high, "is a question you should not ask—you already know the answer." She drew herself up; her mien was mature, impressive. "If," she said sharply, "it would win the war for the South tomorrow, I would not be a partner to murderers, or to those who cheat, or those who work not from patriotism but from greed. I am confident that my country would place honor above victory."

Eric did not call her naïve, nor jeer that her ideas of war were derived from romances and poems and ancient tales of chivalry of a sort that never existed save in some bard's creative mind. It was enough for him that she believed such high-flown honor could prevail in time of war. It was, somehow, pitiful, but also it was moving and admirable.

"I hope, Yvonne," he said earnestly, "that you never are disillusioned."

When he left he did not go to his room but took the Tenth Street ferry across to Greenpoint. Alerted by the thwarted attack upon the shipyard, there was now vigilance by day and night to prevent a repetition. And few were the nights that Eric did not spend in Tom Rowland's shipyard, sleeping fitfully, prowling about the premises to make certain the guards were alert and ready.

Daily, under the goading of John Ericsson, the hull of *Monitor* took graceful shape. Autumn moved toward winter. The hundred days were expending themselves with discouraging rapidity and would expire in January. Sir John's final drawings were completed in December. Supplies, armor, mechanical parts arrived daily. The turret was nearing completion over at the Delamater Iron Works and would soon be ready for transportation by barge across the river. The Navy Department forehandedly called for volunteers to man the revolutionary ship when she should be launched and commissioned, and there was response, notably by young Lt. Samuel Dana Greene. He haunted the ship in every leisure hour. He was obsessed by *Monitor* in spite of induced popular opinion that she would be "the iron coffin for her crew." An older, splendid gentleman also awaited with anticipation her launching. He was only a lieutenant at the annual yearly wage of $1875. His name was John Lorimer Worden, and never before had he commanded a ship. He had been a prisoner of war in a filthy Alabama jail where he spent seven months until exchanged. He still suffered from illness contracted while in durance. He had entered the Navy as a midshipman in 1834, eleven years before the founding of Annapolis.

These gentlemen were ready for duty whenever little *Monitor* should be launched. It was not without interest that her chief engineer would be Alban C. Stimers, formerly of *Merrimac!* The hull would be ready for launching, but not yet were engines ready, nor yet that new and revolutionary and vital part which was to make obsolete all naval construction of the past—the revolving turret.

It was January, bitterly cold, and there was ice in the river. Eric, who for more than a week had not been able to call upon Yvonne Constant, crossed the bleak river and walked from James Slip to Washington Square. Briskly he mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened by Ezekiel, who stood gaping at Eric with dismay.

"I am calling on Miss Constant, Ezekiel," Eric said.

"Missy Constant you says, Massa Nelson! How come you call on Missy Constant?"

"What is unusual about that, Ezekiel? I call on her very frequently."

"To be sho'. To be sho'. But, Massa Nelson, she ain't here no mo'. No siree, Massa Nelson. She gone, bag and baggage she gone."

"When? When did she go? Where did she go?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew bigger and rounder. "Why, Massa Nelson, dat girl she leave note behin' sayin' she go off wit' you. Go off wit' you to git marry. That's what de note say. Fo' sho', massa. Four days ago she vamoose, and we hain't see hide nor hair of her since."

"I'll see your mistress," said Eric.

"No, sir, Massa Nelson. I got orders yo' can't come in. Madame Ouverard, she powerful spiteful towards you, Massa Nelson, on account you run off with her niece."

With which the old butler slammed the door in Eric's face and left him staring at its blankness.

TO BE CONTINUED

# Avenging Lady (Continued from Page 22)

Eliot's face cleared. "Yes," he said. "I know. Those are the ones they've recently found."

Diana nodded. "Last fall—in a barn. Something like seventy-five or eighty Avery Hammer paintings that no one had ever seen before."

"I remember. They're not all at Kelland's?"

Diana shook her head. "Just ten. Kelland isn't going to flood the market. These are all related—various views of a garden, white roses and grass and a gray wall. Extremely lush."

Eliot smiled. "Are they wonderful? I have a great weakness for Hammer."

"Rather wonderful," Diana nodded, "and they're going to make a great story for us. Because there is only one thing wrong with them. They are *not* by Avery Hammer."

"*What*?"

"It's a fact. I am ninety-eight per cent sure, and three days from now I will be one hundred per cent sure. Then I will present you with all the evidence and we will have one whale of a story."

"Diana," Eliot began.

Diana laughed. "I am so pleased with myself," she said.

"You relax," Eliot said.

Diana looked at him.

"I'm afraid there isn't going to be any such story."

"But why not? If I can prove ——"

Eliot waved away her proof with his hand. "What do you know about the libel laws?" he said.

Diana shrugged.

"I thought not," he said. "Well, let me tell you, my beautiful employee, they operate in a wry and wonderful way. You can call a man a thief or a lecher and probably get away with it, but if you even hint that there is something the matter with a picture, you can be sued to the teeth. A man who has been called names can survive, the chances are, but you take away a picture's reputation and there is nothing left."

Diana uncurled herself. "Very interesting," she said, "but hardly to the point. With my evidence there will be no libel suit."

Eliot leaned back. He looked impatient. "Diana," he said, "don't be so naïve. Do you think the Kelland Gallery is going to keel over just because a pretty girl points a finger at it? Have you any idea what those eighty pictures mean? Last winter at a Parke-Bernet auction an Avery Hammer sold for fourteen thousand dollars and a couple of others for ten apiece. Do a little multiplying. You're playing around with almost a million bucks. This magazine can't afford to tangle with any such figures."

"So that's it," Diana said. "Just money. No principle or anything childish like that. Just money."

Eliot nodded. "Or a desire for survival. But there's something else. Consider the lovely situation we're in right now. People everywhere have decided that they love painting, and they're buying, and artists are producing. All good things. A scandal can do nothing but harm. It will make people timid. They'll stop and consider if they are being cheated. This magazine's purpose is to encourage art. Remember?"

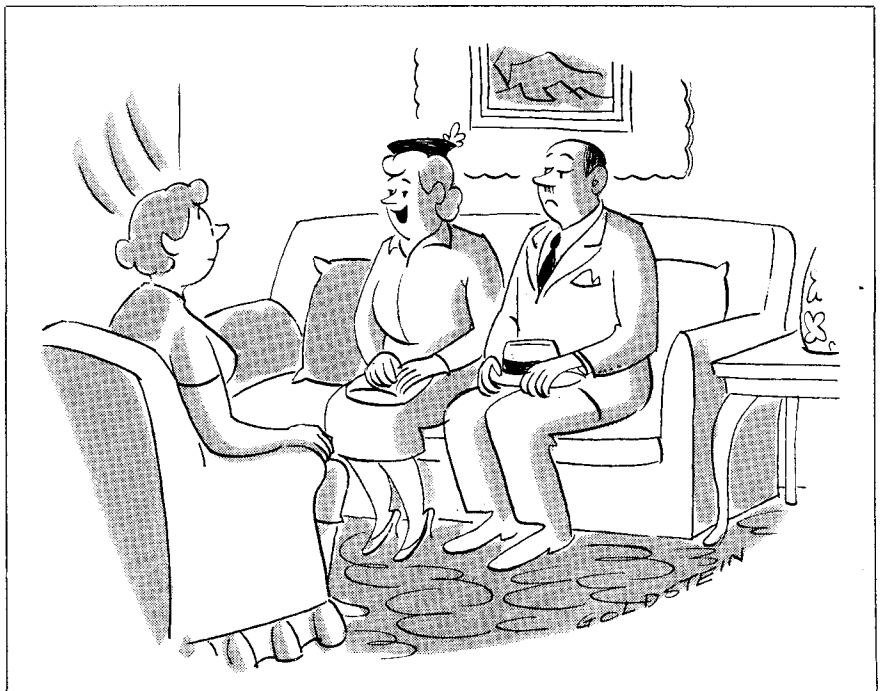
There was a good deal more to this conversation, maybe half an hour more, but nothing pertinent was added. Diana would not reveal her "proof," and Eliot would not budge from his position, so the whole thing degenerated, as it had to, into gratuitous insults.

Finally Diana got up. "I am shocked," she said. "I am interested only in exposing a forger of Avery Hammer's pictures, and you give me nothing but double talk about money. I mean it. I'm shocked."

"Well, get unshocked," Eliot said. "Where do you want to have dinner?"

Diana shook her head. "I don't," she said. "I'll be away for three days. When I come back with my evidence, either you'll do something about it or I will." She walked out.

"Oh, stop it," Eliot said, but by then she was probably out of hearing. So he consoled himself by thinking, *She did not think enough of her evidence—her ninety-eight per cent—to tell me what it was, I notice.*




"George is priceless—though perhaps not on the open market."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She had not told him for quite a different reason. She was sure of herself.

The story of Avery Hammer, the American artist, is a sad one. It can probably best be summed up by the fact that when, at fifty-seven, after a lifetime of struggle, the end finally came in the desert only one hundred and fifty miles away the Los Angeles papers gave him merely four lines. They identified him as "an artist."

He was that. He was maybe a great artist.

He meant to be. He never cared or thought of anything but his painting. How did it begin? He could never remember. He had always drawn; he had always known he would never do anything else.

He was poor. How did he live? The details are lost in a maze of trivialities. He made line drawings for the sports pages of a newspaper in Newark, he washed dishes at night—you cannot paint at night—he starved, he panhandled, he spent a year in Paris on five hundred dollars his father left him when he died. But always he painted, always he had one passion, to learn more, to find out how, to put down on canvas what he felt.

The only real and lasting good thing that ever happened to him occurred in 1924. One day in November of that year he was walking along Forty-eighth Street and, being caught in the rain without coat or hat—he had neither—he stepped into a doorway for cover. While there he saw a sign saying that on the second floor there was a gallery. He went up.

He found himself, in a little while, talking to Otto Kelland, a slight, silent, gray-suited man who was, in his way, as dedicated to art as Hammer was in his. They recognized each other at once as fellow citizens.

It was a sight to see, during those next twenty-five years, the two of them together: the great, bony, farmer of a Hammer in his raucous, unthought-of clothes, and the neat, listening Kelland. People who knew said that Hammer was the only one of his artists that Kelland loved; the others he tolerated or respected.

Kelland managed, in the years of their association, to make Hammer revered, if not rich. Not rich; for Hammer never had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"New" "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

**With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!**

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites





a vogue, he never painted in style with other people. He had a few subjects and endless variations upon them—flowers, hills, clouds, sea, shapes of birds—he never seemed to see in a "smart" way; he was so intent upon his own vision that nothing else existed for him. Of course, there were the few good people who loved him, even one or two museums, but he never made enough to live on.

And then, before he was ready, he died. He had managed, in his twenty-year-old car, to get himself out to the Mojave Desert. He was staying in a rattletrap hotel and driving out every morning to paint the desert shapes—rocks, flowers, hills, his last famous series—and then coming back at sundown to enjoy himself as he could in the little town.

One night he did not come back. After a couple of days the hotel owner notified the sheriff's office, and three days after that his car was found fifteen miles from town on a road near some deserted granite quarries. In the car were four unfinished canvases, but his easel and his paints were gone.

There was a search for him that lasted several weeks, but what had happened was plain from the first. It is still wild country, the Mojave; Hammer was strong but old; he fell, or became sick—who knows—and he died as obscurely as he had lived.

Otto Kelland flew out and waited, but then when there was no more use, he took the pictures and flew home.

The Los Angeles papers gave it four lines.

When she returned from her trip, Diana found a note from Eliot on her desk. She was not surprised at its contents. "Give me credit," it said. "I made the pitch for you. But the brass says no. Absolutely no. Sorry. What about dinner?"

She folded the memo in two, then dropped it into the wastebasket. She sat for a moment, drumming with her thumb on her desk, then picked up her bag and walked out. "I'll be back in an hour," she said to the girl at the reception desk.

It was a little after ten. The Kelland Gallery opened at ten-thirty, and she wanted to arrive before the day's business got started. She took a bus, for the Gallery had long since moved from 48th Street and was now high on Madison Avenue.

She had decided yesterday on what she was now about to do. It was a chance, admittedly, but one she had to take. An opportunity like this didn't drop in your lap twice in a lifetime in all probability. It could conceivably make her famous, not to mention put an end to a swindle. She remembered Eliot's figure. A million-dollar swindle.

At the gallery a nice gray-haired old lady greeted her. Diana said, "Could I see Mr. Otto Kelland, please?"

The old lady frowned, but it was a frown of embarrassment. "Mr. Otto Kelland died four years ago," she said. "His son, Mr. Jimmy, owns the gallery now."

*Oh-ho*, Diana thought, *this gets better and better*. But she said, "Could I see him then?"

The old lady led her back along a corridor, and at the end of it opened a door and said, "Someone to see you, Jimmy."

It was a wonderful, sun-flooded, disheveled office, with pictures covering the walls, pictures stacked on the floor, pictures everywhere, a sofa, chairs and a desk. Behind the desk, with his feet on it, was a long, lean young man, also somewhat disheveled, reading the sports pages of *The Times*.

He looked up at Diana and smiled, and for the first time her determination faltered. Oh, it is one thing to have a theory; it is another thing to act. *This fine, innocent-looking fellow*, she thought. *Why couldn't he have been a wicked old man?* Almost she turned and ran. The hell with fame.

But in her moment of hesitation she found that Jimmy Kelland had recognized her name, shaken her hand, sat her down and was looking at her with more than polite attention.

So there was nothing to do but go on. Diana swallowed. *At least I can be polite*, she thought. "I've come to ask you a question," she said. "Something I don't understand. About the Avery Hammer pictures."

Jimmy Kelland raised his eyebrows. "What?" he said.

"Well," Diana said. "I was brought up in Central New York State. In the great rose-growing region, you know? My father was a grower—not a professional, but almost as good as one, and I got to know a great deal about roses. By osmosis if nothing else."

Jimmy nodded.

"I have an eye for roses, just as people have an eye for furniture or diamonds. I can spot a Mrs. Warren G. Harding at twenty paces."

Jimmy smiled, but not more than the joke deserved.

"And I think I can spot the roses in the Hammer pictures. They are a floribunda, of course"—here she stopped and pronounced carefully a long Latin phrase—"that's their kennel name."

"You have me there," Jimmy said.

"They are patented, and they have one very easily recognizable characteristic. At the base of each petal there is a tiny dot of red. You can see it in the Hammer pictures."

Jimmy nodded again. "Yes."

Diana went on. "The popular name for these roses is Brigitte's Naughty White. And the Brigitte referred to is Brigitte Bardot. Does that suggest anything to you?"

"I don't see what you're driving at," Jimmy said.

"These patented roses were first put on general sale and named more than four years ago, when Bardot first burst upon the world. Hammer's pictures were done anyway *fourteen* years ago. That's before there was even a prototype of the rose."

Jimmy leaned back and smiled. "Are you suggesting there's something the matter with the pictures?"

Diana shook her head. "I'm asking a question. Because you see you can only patent a rose that hasn't existed before."

Jimmy stopped smiling. "My dear Miss Smith," he said. "Hammer was a great artist. If some hybridizer could invent a rose, so could he."

Diana nodded. "I agree. But there's another thing about the Naughty Whites. The bushes have a characteristic way of growing—the shape of the bush, the profile—which is not like other floribunda. In all the ten pictures out there"—she pointed toward the gallery—"Hammer never made a mistake. All his profiles, his outlines, are obviously Naughty Whites. It's nothing short of miraculous."

Jimmy propped his elbows on the desk, leaned forward and looked at Diana for a long moment. Then he said, "Let's drop the polite talk. What did you expect, coming here like this? That I would blush and get flustered and say yes, the pictures are fakes?"

It was Diana who blushed and turned her head away.

"Well, the pictures aren't fakes, and I can prove it. Will you give me a few hours of your time?"

Diana nodded. "Of course. I've spent the last three days up at home, gathering facts to prove my point."

"All right," Jimmy said, and he picked up the telephone and dialed a long-distance number. After a while he said, "Eddie? Jimmy. I'll be up for lunch, and I'm bringing someone."

Then, "Come on," he said to Diana, and they left the gallery and walked around the corner to the side street where arrogantly was parked Jimmy's long low bug of a sports car.

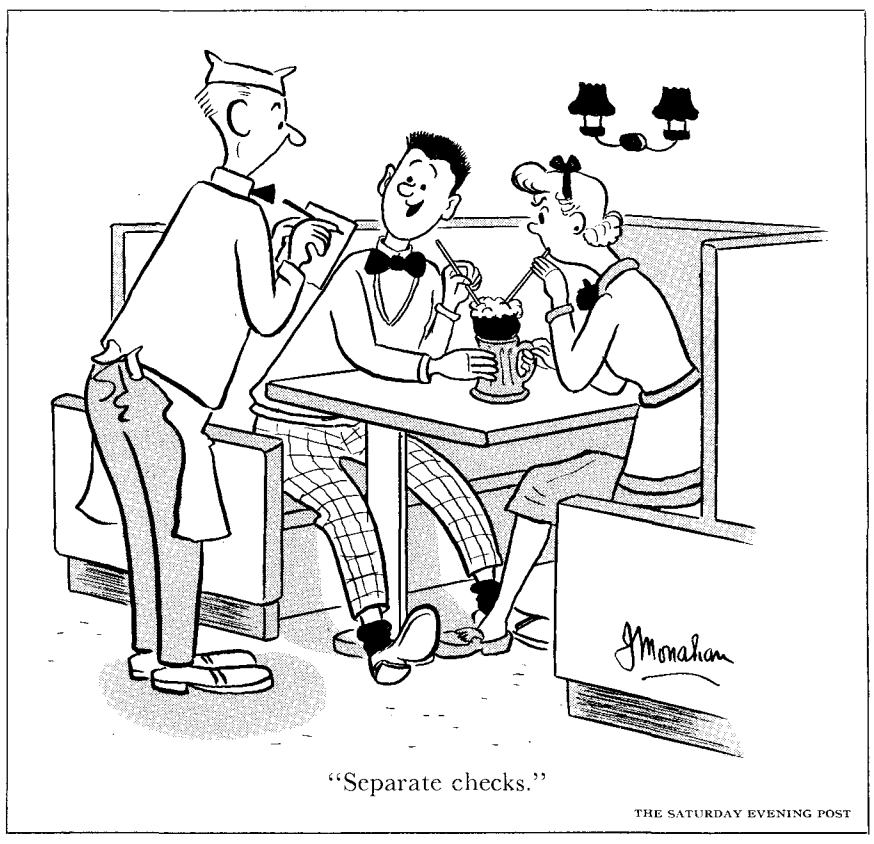
Jimmy didn't speak again until they were over on the West Side Highway beside the blue, blue Hudson. Then he said, "You're not vindictive, are you?"

"I try not to be," Diana said.

"All right. When I prove you're wrong, will you just forget the whole thing?"

"Yes," Diana said, and with some surprise realized that she meant it. *What's got into me*, she thought. *Is it the weather, this wonderful, wonderful weather?*

It might have been, for it was the best day of spring. The light, the air, the green, all were new. Diana felt new, and




"Separate checks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jimmy, so close beside her, certainly he was new. It was only occasionally that she felt appalled at why she was there.

Jimmy smiled at her and said, "We might as well enjoy ourselves," and they did. Oh, she was lighting his cigarettes for him when an hour and a half later they arrived, lost in Connecticut, at a little private road which wound through a wood and deposited them at a farmhouse on a hill.

A Chinaman in an apron came out to meet them. "Eddie, we're starved," Jimmy said.

Eddie smiled. "Lunch in half hour."

They went into a cool hall, across a huge living room, out a door onto a long stone terrace. There at a table in the sunshine sat a tall, white-haired old man, drinking a cocktail.

Jimmy went up to him and without any greeting at all said, "Listen. I have just found out you have made the most awful blunder." Then he turned and held out his hand to Diana. "Diana Smith," he said, "this is Avery Hammer."

It was a wonderful lunch. Avery Hammer said, "The great thing about Eddie is that he doesn't know how to make Chinese food. He was brought up in Cincinnati."

There was a large bowl of hot boiled, peeled potatoes, and over them you put cottage cheese and sour cream and chopped onions and salt and cracked pepper and caraway seeds.

"This is divine," Diana said.

There was a salad of greens from the garden and a bottle of cold wine and then an apple pie. "I thought of this lunch myself," Avery Hammer said.

And Jimmy said, "... so I drove out to California and I met Avery at a place we had agreed on, and then on the specified morning I followed him out along the road and he just stepped out of his car and into mine. And we came back here."

Avery Hammer said, "There wasn't any real danger of being caught, because nobody knew who I was. Or cared. It was Otto's idea, and mine too. I was getting old, and I was tired of being so poor. I like to eat, I like to relax myself, and it's due me."

Diana said, "I'll have to have one more potato. I've never had such food in my life. The French really have no idea of good cooking, do they?"

Avery Hammer had another potato too. "Playing dead is an old trick for artists, of course. A lot of them have done it. You can't be sure if it's going to work. But with me it did. I never sold a picture for more than two hundred and fifty dollars, but last winter Jimmy got twelve thousand dollars for one."

"Ten thousand," Jimmy said.

"What's the difference?" Avery Hammer said.

Diana leaned back, looking beautiful and full. "I'm distended," she said. And then she added, "What do you do about your income tax, if you're dead?"

"I pay it," Avery Hammer said. "I'm Charles A. Hammer to the Government and always was. They don't seem to care about my private life."

"So," Jimmy said, "my father had bought this place for Avery to come to, and we gave out that Charles Hammer was a retired financier—that's a vague enough term—who painted as a hobby. None of the neighbors suspect anything. In fact, they think he paints rather well for a financier "

"I do," Avery Hammer said.

"And nobody else knows," Diana said, "except me?"

"Oh," Hammer said, and took just a small third piece of apple pie, "I had two or three old friends. They know."

"It's wonderful," Diana said, "wonderful. But you know actually it's too bad you didn't do it sooner."

The old man nodded. "It is too bad. But I was kind of a fool. Art, art, art. That was all I ever thought about. It took me a long time to discover that life is more important than anything else. Even if it's dangerous. You want more pie?"

Diana shook her head. "Is that true?"

"Certainly," Hammer said, "but don't get me started on life and art and those things. I can become the most boring old sage you ever heard. You want to see some new pictures?"

"Of course."

"I turn them out pretty regularly," Hammer said. "Come on. They're out in the barn."

The next morning Diana found herself in something of a spot. She was going to have to lie. Oh, it was not that she minded lying—she had been sensibly brought up—what bothered her was her ability to lie convincingly.

She sat at her desk, fiddling with a pencil. She would have to go in and see Eliot and say *something*, and she should do it soon. But she dreaded it, she dreaded it, and she kept putting if off, like a trip to the dentist. What was the matter?

"Oh, well," she said suddenly. She got up and walked along to Eliot's room.

He looked up as she came in, and then opened his eyes. "What have you done to yourself?" he said. "You look wonderful."

She laughed. "Not a thing." It was a good start. Maybe it would not be so hard, lying.

Then she said, "I've come to apologize. All that fuss I made last Friday."

Eliot said, "Your proof didn't turn out?"

"No. It was a wild guess, and I was wrong."

"I'm surprised," Eliot said. "You seemed rather certain."

Diana shrugged. "Too certain. I was foolish. But I'll learn."

Eliot pointed a pencil at her. "Did any of the things I said that day make any impression on you?"

Oh, this was wonderful. Just right. Diana looked demurely at the floor. "Yes, Eliot," she said, "I'm awfully afraid you were right."

Then Eliot did the best thing he could have done; he gave her the best present he could possibly have given her. He said, "I'm glad you've come to your senses."

Diana's jaw dropped. "Of course," she said. "That's it." And she turned and ran back to her office.

*Yesterday*, Diana thought, *I was a champion of honor and decency; today I am a champion of lies and corruption. Oh, maybe corruption is too strong a word, but that's the idea. I am corrupted, anyway.*

What did it? Was it lying on the floor in front of the fire with Jimmy, listening to Hammer? Was it the house itself—was there something sweet and corrupting about the house? Was it the barn, with its racks and racks of pictures, the most beautiful Hammer had ever done?

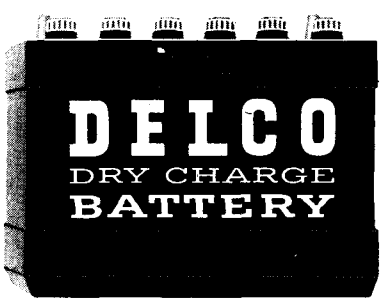
Was it the ride home, in the cold, bright night, stretched out in the long car, beside Jimmy, singing? Or was it just the whole day, the spring day that said life is more important than anything else? Even if it's dangerous? And was that danger Jimmy?

She picked up the telephone and asked the girl at the switchboard to get her the Kelland Gallery.

*If I am corrupt*, she thought as she waited for the connection to be put through, *I might as well make the most of it.*

THE END

*Family fun! "THE ART CARNEY SHOW" . . . March 4 . . . NBC-TV*




For immediate action, blow horn . . . at the dealer with the Delco Battery sign. He'll tell you all about the powerful Delco DC-12 battery. He'll explain why you need a battery specifically designed to handle the electrical requirements of the modern car . . . and suggest the right model Delco for your car and climate. Best of all, you're sure of all the power you pay for with Delco DC . . . the 100% fresh battery that stays bone dry until it's installed. Delco is a product of Delco-Remy, manufacturer of a complete line of automotive electrical parts installed in many new cars . . . preferred for replacement by drivers who want to be sure of . . .

**100% FRESH STARTS**

DELCO BATTERIES ARE ANOTHER RELIABLE GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT . . . DISTRIBUTED NATIONALLY THROUGH GM U·M·S


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Girl From Mayo (Continued from Page 26)

Sixteen, was she? Seventeen? She had great bravery to be standing there, facing us. Most girls would have run crying into the night.

"You'll not touch the ricks!" she said, and her voice cracked on its own terror. "Unless you kill me first."

"We'll do that too, Mayo slut!" James from the Hill shouted, and the men laughed. I felt all the bands of manhood fall from me and took half a step away from them.

"Out of our way, girl," my uncle said.

"Never," she whispered, holding her arms wide, moving first to one side and then to the other as my uncle made to pass her.

"Put her out of the way, Martin boy," he said, and my eldest cousin went forward out of the group, his shoulders rolling, his big hands hitching at his heavy belt. She fronted him, her face white with fear as her white feet, and he put out a careless, arrogant hand to grip her shoulder and throw her down. She went sprawling and crying out, and the men surged forward, almost as if they were going to tread her into the ground.

I heard myself screaming "No! No!" and cursed myself at the same time because my voice was so high and cracked—like a boy's instead of a man's. And I was running forward, beyond them, crouching down by the girl and trying to keep them back with my spread arms. Someone cuffed the side of my head with a hard, swinging blow, and I fell across her body. Boots tramped beside my outflung hand. A man laughed. I lay looking at the quiet stars, and beside me I heard the girl crying. Behind us there was the harsh smell of fire. A tongue of red leaped, licked, burst into a roar of heat. Men shouted, and the second rick went up with a great rustle like the wind in dry grass. Boots ran, thudding on turf. Then only the flames.

I knelt up and watched them, wondering where the feelings of the night had gone. The great thing it had been when we had marched. Now two ricks burning and a girl crying. A man came scuttling out of the house, his face peeping this way and that, his shoulders bent, and I recognized the stranger from Mayo, Farrelly, the man the Land Commission had given the farm to, when my uncle and the others had thought it should be divided among them.

"By damn!" he was crying, wringing his hands, whimpering. "Are they gone, girl, are the villains gone? Oh, my fine, lovely ricks—the villains, the bold heroes." Then he saw me and flung up his hands as if he was afraid I was going to hit him, started back from me in terror. The girl jumped at him, put down his hands with her own as if he were a child and she were his mother, scolding him with such bitterness as burned my ears.

"Fine for you," she said. "Fine for you to be coming now, and I shamed into lying, saying you were away out, and you hiding behind the settle like a mouse from the cat. And here to come shaming me again in front of the one lad that braved them, tried to help me. . . . I beg your pardon," she said turning to me. "You were fine to keep them off me, mister."

"Padraig," I said to her, moistening my bruised lips with my tongue, looking at her. The burning ricks made daylight of the darkness, and I saw her clear for the first time. Gray eyes and dark, tangled hair. A dress not much more than a black rag over her red petticoat. Her face white and thin, except where a smear of dirt from the ground had marred it. And her mouth red as fruit. The wind caught at the flames, whipped and laced them, and the man started at the sounds.

"Is it them? Is it them coming back?" he whispered and ran for his life back into the waiting house. The girl bent her head, and I saw the flush of shame spreading dark red in her face. I put my hand on hers and held it, trying to tell her that I knew what she was feeling. I had felt the same a few hours earlier, when my own father refused to come with us to burn the ricks. Although I felt different about that refusal now. Her fingers were cold under mine. I lifted them and held them awkwardly, like a bird between my hands.

"Thank you, mister," she said, rising up to her feet. "I'll go in now." She didn't look at me for shame.

"Call me Padraig," I said. "Let me be your friend."

"We can have no friend here," she said bitterly. "Oh, why did we come here to be hated? Why didn't we stay in Mayo?" She lifted her head as if far off she could still hear the crying of the sea on the dark rocks.

"Let me be your friend," I repeated. But she drew her hand out from mine and was gone after her father into the house. The flames of the ricks tossed their red flowers into the sky, began to grow sober and die down. I turned away and went very slowly home.

"Well?" my father said when I came in. "How was the heroism this bold, dark night? Did you kill a cow or maim a sheep or some other great deed to rival the Fianna?" He looked up through his silver-rimmed spectacles at my Uncle Fergus, my mother's brother, who was also waiting for me. "What are you so silent for, Fergus? Aren't you going to threaten the lad with death if he informs on you? Isn't that what you're here for? Well, go ahead with it, man, threaten him. I'll see the boy doesn't hit you."

My uncle colored and shifted his great boots on the stone flags by the hearth.

"Hold your whisht, Andrew. One day that gab of yours will have you killed."

"Ah, is it me, too, you're threatening?" said my father, putting away his book. "Have you forgotten the time I broke your head with a hurley stick, or didn't you notice it was broken?" He leaned forward, his shoulders even wider than my uncle's, his big hand closing slowly into a fist like a rock from a stone wall.

"Whisht the pair of you!" said my mother from the bedroom door. "Isn't it bad enough what you're all doing, without you quarreling after?"

My uncle cleared his throat and spat into the turf fire. "I've only this to say," he growled. "The guards will be coming in the morning, as sure as the dawn. The man or the boy that says he knows anything about those ricks will be doing himself a powerful ill turn. There isn't a soul in the village who wasn't home snug by his own hearth when they were fired. Have you got that, Padraig?"

I hesitated, remembering the girl crying, the sickness in my heart as I saw her fall, as I saw what we were really doing. I remembered her father, and my face burned for her. If someone told the guards, gave them something to go on, they could stop any more of this. But how could I tell? I saw my father watching me, his mouth twitching with some hidden humor of amusement. Or sadness.

"I'll not speak," I said.

My uncle clapped his green, fisherman's hat on his great iron cannon ball of a skull. "Then we're right so!" he said. "I'll bid you all good night."

"So you'll not inform on your fellow heroes?" said my father softly.

"How could I?"

"It's a wonderful thing when cowardice finds a principle to prop it up," he said, and turned back to his book. He was a strange man, my father. No one, not even my mother, ever really understood him. God forgive me, I had sometimes wished that I were Uncle Fergus's son. But that night I first dimly realized that a smile from my father might mean more than great clouts on the back and cheers from other men.

"I—I tried to help the girl ——" I stammered.

"Aye?" he said, not even looking up from the page. "It's a way boys have. You'll grow out of it. In twenty years, if they don't hang you, you'll be as true a man as your uncle."

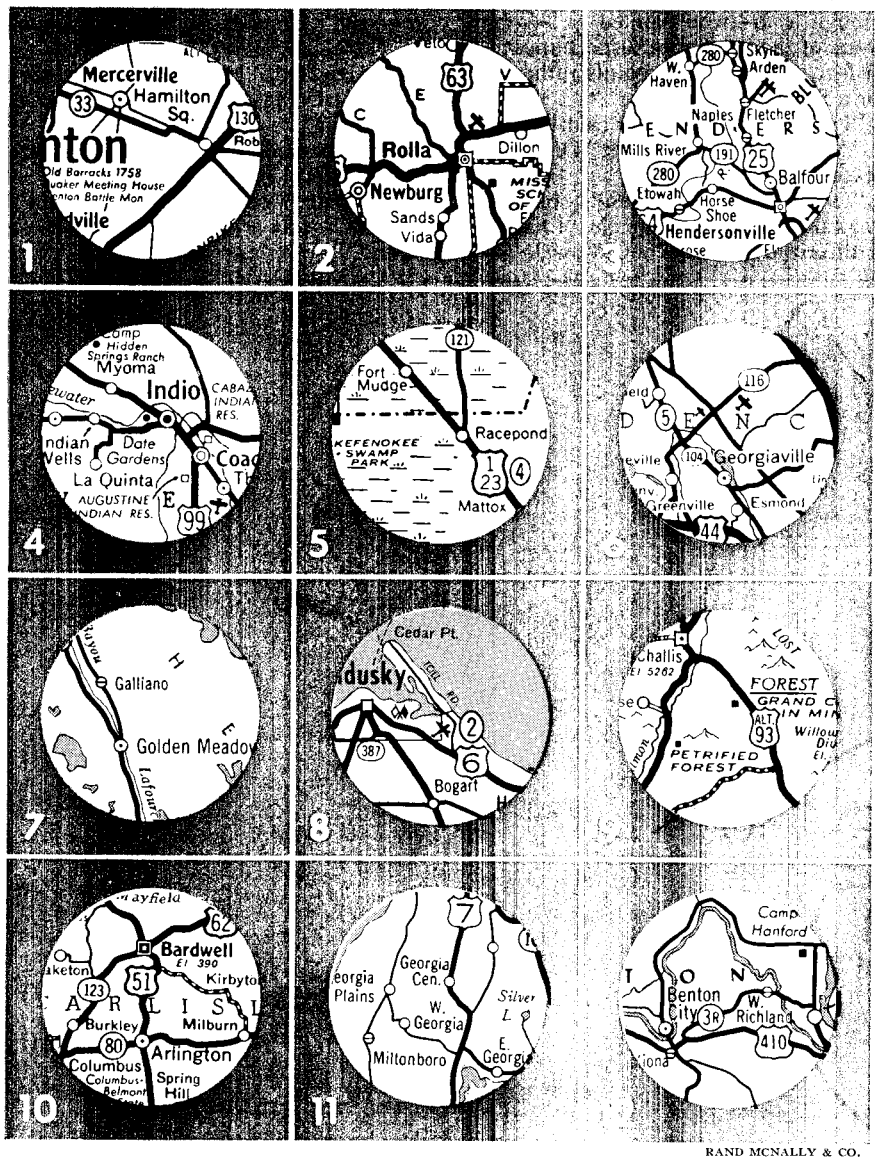
I went into my bedroom, which I used to share with my three brothers until one by one they went off from the farm to find better work. If we had had ten more acres out of the farm allotted to the Farrelly man from Mayo, one of my brothers might have come back. And yet my father wouldn't join in burning the stranger's ricks. I went to my bed and lay a long time thinking—of the girl and the ricks flaming against the sky and the cowardly whimpering man from Mayo.

All next morning I worked beside my father down in the long field, hoeing, and he said nothing to me about the night before. And when we went back to our dinner at midday and found the guards there in the small white kitchen, he still said nothing. Only looked at me while they asked about the ricks.

"Patrick O'Connor," said the sergeant, who had known me and called me "Paudeen" since I was no higher than his boot, "do you know anything about the burning of two hayricks on the night of the nineteenth instant, which was last night, belonging to Sean Farrelly of the Gap?"

The two guards waited, not pressing me, not showing by a flicker of their big, wind-burned faces what answer they wanted or expected. And my father waited, fumbling for his spectacles behind the best teapot on the mantel, creaking down into his basket chair, looking at me over the silver rims. I licked my lips. Saw the flames lift like scarlet tongues crying in the dark. Saw the girl thrown down. Heard her weeping. Saw the dark red of her flush as her father shamed her in front of me. But what could I say? What was right to say? Mustn't a man stand by his neighbors, shoulder to shoulder? I looked at my father, almost appealing to him, and he looked back at me expressionless, almost like a stranger. I twisted my hands in front of me, thought of my Uncle Fergus, of Tam and Growney. How could I inform on them? And a coldness in my stomach whispered, *How would you dare inform on them?*

"I know nothing about the ricks," I said. (*Continued on Page 86*)




RAND MCNALLY & CO.

## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

**Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 88*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SOCIABLES prefer Pepsi

They have a talent for friendship and a liking for fun. And, of course, a liking for Pepsi. It refreshes without filling . . . adds to any pleasant moment. You're one of The Sociables. Have a Pepsi anywhere—at play, at home or at your favorite soda fountain.

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi**

***Refresh without filling***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 84*) "Sean Farrelly says he saw a lad of your description when the ricks were burned," the sergeant said.

I looked at the floor. "I was with Tam and Growney in their kitchen all night," I said. Because that was the story we had arranged.

The two guards looked at each other, lifting their eyebrows, seeming to sigh a little as if my answer was no more than they expected. "Then we'll bid you good day," said the sergeant. . . . "Ma'am" to my mother beyond in the kitchen. . . . "Andrew" to my father. . . . "young feller," to me. When they had gone, I wanted to run after them rather than face my father's eyes. But I sat down and listened to him say grace and ate my dinner. It was a very silent meal. When it was done I escaped out of the house as quick as I could, Bran the collie following me, and went up the Hill, past James Kearney's farm, up among the bracken and the heather, the sunlight coming out from behind a cloud and washing the whole green world with gold.

Why couldn't one just look and feel and be happy? Stand solid with one's friends, the heart and the blood singing? Why must my father look at me like that, make me think, make me ashamed of what everyone else accepted as good and right? Bran sat watching me, his long tongue lolling.

"You don't think small of me, do you, boy? You don't despise me?"

The dog turned his head to snap at a bee, cargoing past with honey, and it was as if he turned his head away from me on purpose. I swung on my heel and found myself looking down at the Gap farm below. The ashes of the two burned ricks were like black eye sockets in the green face of the field. And up the hill from the farm, barely thirty yards below me, the girl was climbing, gathering gorse branches for fuel. I half turned to go before she saw me, but that instant she straightened her back, lifting her hand to push the dark strands of hair out of her face. She saw me and turned the gesture into a slight greeting. I walked down the hill to meet her and took the sack of sticks out of her hands. We looked at each other and didn't know what to say.

"Sit down," I said at last, and we sat side by side on the green turf, staring down at the Gap, at the other farms, at the rich valley. Bran came and laid his nose on my shoulder and then, turning sideways, licked the girl's cheek.

"Why do you hate us so?" she whispered.

"Because you're strangers," I said. "And because that farm"—I pointed down to the Gap—"that farm should have been ours." I swung my finger in a wide quarter of a circle. "When the Land Commission bought all that land from old Lord Belmallock, they divided it into farms, and a man promised us that whatever happened about the next valley that Gap farm in our valley would be redivided among those of us whose own farms joined it—James of the Hill, my Uncle Fergus, Sean Og of the Cow and my father. I don't know what right he had to make that promise, and it wasn't in writing. Maybe it wasn't a promise at all, but just my Uncle Fergus putting his own wish into the man's mouth. But wasn't it only justice?" I told her about my brothers, working far off in the city—and one in England. My mother cried for them each night in the dark of her bed.

"I am sorry," the girl said. "But I had a brother, too—as tall as you are. And before he was seven years old he was struggling beside my father in all his hours out of school; to make a farm with seaweed from the wet rocks, with baskets of earth gathered here and there from the roadside, to make little patches of earth among the stones; it was a rare feast day that we tasted meat.

"Year after year they promised us that one day soon we would be given land—good, green land in a valley. But the years went by, and there was no land for us. And so my brother went away after my mother died, to earn money to send back to us. To America."

"And did he send it?" I asked.

She traced something on the grass with her finger tip. "He joined their army and was killed. In Korea, a long time ago. They sent us a medal that he won and money each month. They have been very good. And now we have been given land ——" She began to cry, not making any sound, her head bending forward over her hunched knees.

Bran licked her face. I put my arm around her shoulders and held her close to me. It was only then that I realized I didn't even know her name. Her body was thin and hard as whalebone, and I thought of all the baskets of earth she had carried on that thin back. All the stones she had lifted. All the times she had been hungry.

"I want to help you," I said. She shook her head, tried to shake my arm from her shoulders.

"At least tell me your name."

"Isolde," she whispered. And as she whispered it a clod of earth hit her full in the back. As I turned in astonishment another one struck me on the side of the head. I saw Tam and Growney ducking behind a bush, heard Tam laughing. I leaped to my feet and ran at them, my fists swinging. They divided and faced me, jeering. Tam was my own age and size, tall, with little blue eyes that squinted at everyone under a rust of red hair. Growney was a year younger and shorter, but powerful enough combined with his brother.

"We'll tell your Uncle Fergus we seen you courting the Mayo girl!" shrieked Growney.

I jumped for him and hit him in the mouth. He flung up his hands, went backward, stumbled over Bran and fell flat on his back, almost against Isolde. I saw her shrink away, come to her knees, stare at us with a white, terrified face. Then Tam was on me, big bony fists driving into my ribs. I crouched and swung, missed him, and felt something like a rock hit my right eye. I went down with Tam on top of me, rolled, got my hands in his hair and began to beat his head on the ground. But it was only turf. I let go of his hair and hit him first in one eye and then in the other, closing them both, while he got the butt of his hand under my chin and pushed upward until I thought my neck would crack. Behind me I heard Growney coming and tried to hunch my head into my shoulders. But Tam was holding it up. A fist clomped against my ear, once, twice, and I fell off Tam's chest, sprawling on the grass, my head singing. I saw Bran leap for Growney, hang on his coat until it ripped. Isolde came, swinging the biggest stick out of her sack, lifting it with two hands and crashing it on Tam's skull. I got up, so dizzy that I could barely see, and swung at Growney. For another second the pair of them stood their ground, but three of us were too much, and first Growney and then Tam turned and fled, screaming threats over their shoulders.

Bran came back and laid half of Growney's coat at my feet, wagging his feathery tail, laughing with pleasure. I bent down and patted him, more to get my breath and vision back than to thank him. Isolde threw down her stick and knelt on the ground, staring after the two running figures, small in the distance now, but still shaking their fists.

"How long can it go on like this?" she said. "They won't even sell us things in the village. I went down for tea and sugar and matches this morning, and a few other things, and the man in the shop just grinned at me and said, 'Let your father come down, my dear. We have a little account with him we'd like to open.'"

"And won't your father go down?" I said.

She looked away from me, flushing. "No," she said. She beat her fists softly on her two knees. "If only he would." She turned to me, her face drawn and wrung and white with misery. "He has his own kind of courage. Can you believe that? To work till his arms cry out and his legs shake. And then to go on working. To go hungry so that I should eat. But there were so few people there by us in Mayo. And perhaps because the land was cruel the people were very gentle. We were kind to one another. And now here, where the people are so hard, he is afraid —— Can you understand?"

"I think I can," I said. Wasn't I also afraid? Of my Uncle Fergus? Of all of them?

"He won't listen to me," she whispered. "I tell him that he must face them. Fight. People are just in the end. They respect the man who'll fight for his own. I wanted him to go down with me now to the shop and face them out, whatever they plan to do. But he only sits, starting at all the sounds and crying for the sea. If only he didn't feel so alone —— If only someone—even just one of you—were on his side ——" She looked down at her hands, her voice trailing away. "But it can't be." She got up to go.

"Don't go," I said, catching at the red hem of her petticoat.

"I must." She drew the cloth out from between my fingers, looking at me. I thought of the way the two guards had looked at me. Of my father.

"I'll come down with you to the Gap," I said. She let me carry her sack of sticks, and we walked down side by side, Bran ranging and scouring in a circle round us. Neither of us said a word. And as if it was quite natural, I went into the house behind her, hefting the sack to the stone flags by the hearth. On the far side of the fire her father was shrinking back in the settle, staring at me wide-eyed with nervousness. I could see now how the hard years had used him. Drawn the pith from his heart. Isolde looked at me, waiting for me to speak. I ran my tongue over my lips. This was the moment. I could still go, while I stayed this side of it. I'd made no promise. Nothing. I looked up and met Isolde's eyes. They asked nothing of me. Only waited.

"I will go down to the shop with you," I said. And the moment was crossed, and nothing could ever be the same again. I heard Isolde let her breath whisper out in a small sigh, but quite different from the sigh of the guards at dinner time. Full of a small, frightened, yet lifting hope. Like the first tip of a crocus in the spring, piercing the green turf.

"No," said her father, shrinking farther back into the settle, as if he were a snail and the smoke-blackened wood his shell. "I'll not go down."

"You must," I said. "We'll walk with you. They'll not touch my father's son." I wished I was as sure of that as my voice sounded. But even so it took us twenty minutes of coaxing, of lifting him by the elbows, of whispering and shaming and promising, before he would come. And then he dragged between us like a thief between two guards. I felt so shamed with him that I couldn't look anywhere but straight ahead for fear of meeting Isolde's eyes. Three times he stopped us in the road, wanting to go back. A little gray cinder of a man on the edge of tears.

"I'll give up," he whispered. "I'll go back to Mayo and the sea."

"There's no going back," I said. "They're behind us now." I'd seen Tam and Growney behind a hedge, staring at us in wonder and then running. We would never get back if we turned. We went on into the village street. Not a soul there, except Mother Sullivan in her basket chair by the door of her cottage and a black cat on a wall. And yet I could feel the eyes. Down the full length of the street, stretching, stretching, to the small shop at the far end. And the little man almost hanging on my arm. I stared straight ahead of me, seeing nothing. Into the shop, and the smell of soap and paraffin and candles and leather boots thick with grease.

Francis Raftery, the shopman, saw Isolde and her father first, and his white moon of a face split open in a big, triumphant smile. Then he saw me and his jaw dropped.

"What are you doing with these two?" he whispered at me.

"I've come to watch them buying what they need." I leaned over the counter, and Francis Raftery seemed to shrink and diminish inside his dirty apron. He shot a look at the door. There was no one there. They would be waiting for us outside. But time enough for that. I let my hand fall on his plump, soft shoulder.

"It's tea they want," I said. "And sugar, and—they'll tell you the rest."

"Yes," he whispered. "Yes, at once." His face was like cheese, his eyes slithering constantly at the door, at me, at Isolde and her father, back to the door again. But the rectangle of sunlight stayed bright, unbroken.

Isolde gave him her small list, and he made it up, licking his lips, the sweat shining on him for fear of what Fergus and the others would do to him after and of what I might still do to him now. For I have the beginnings of my father's size. He slid it all into a bag and gave it to Isolde, saying nothing. And all the while the thought of the street grew on me. And of how we could hold Isolde's father upright and make him walk.

"You'll walk out of here like a true man," I begged him in a whisper. "It's nothing. Only a few men, maybe, in the street. Nothing."

"God help me," he murmured, wringing his hands. He might still have been alone for all the notice he took of Isolde or me.

"Father," said Isolde, facing him. "Listen to me." Behind her Francis Raftery bared his teeth (*Continued on Page 88*)

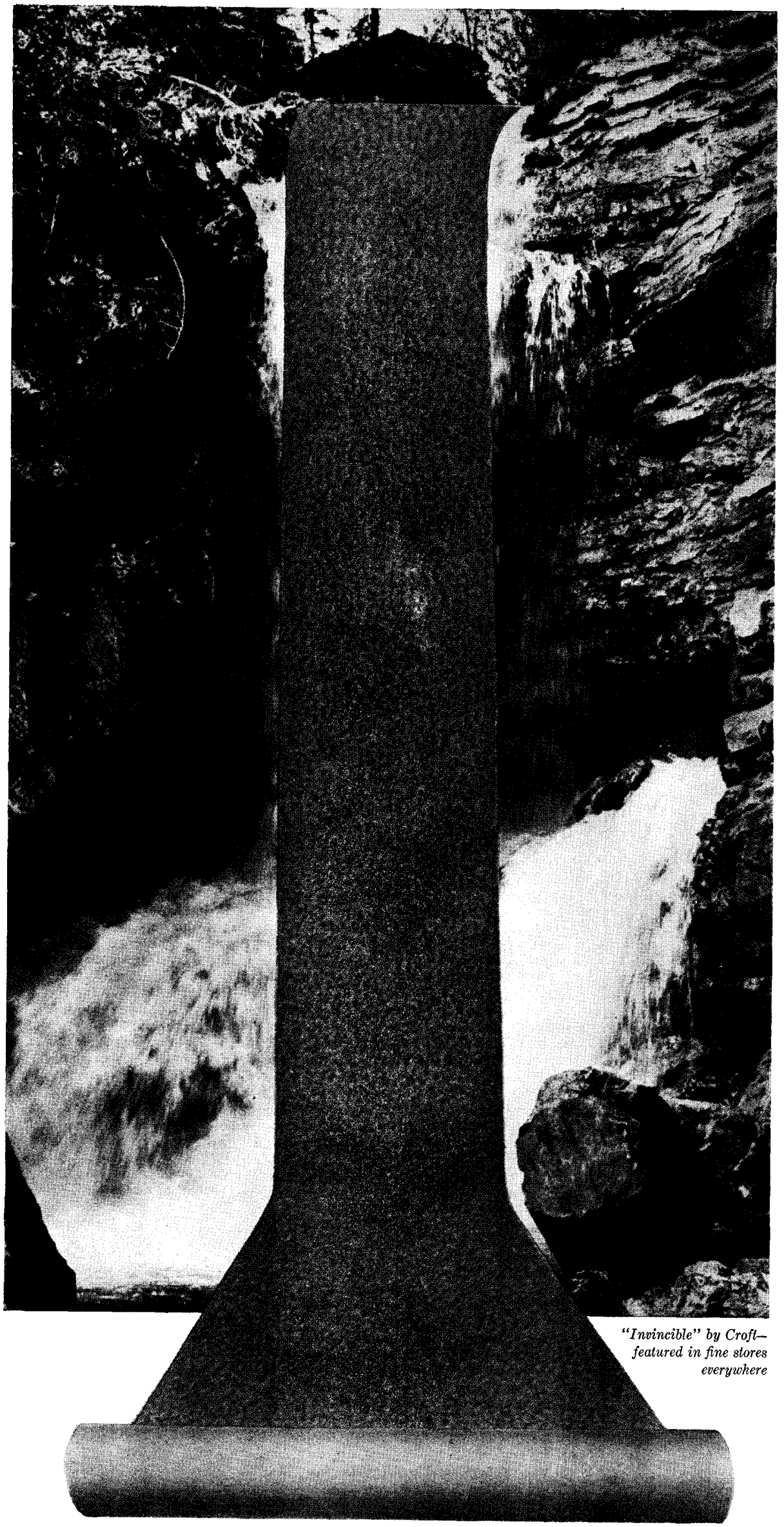
## San Fernando Serenade

By Arthur Frederic Otis

Blue is the sequined mantle of night,
Sable, the feathery fronds of palms;
Love is a lyrical acolyte
Asking for alms.

Heavy the fragrance of jasmine comes,
Subtle, its secrets from Samarkand;
Love is a rascal who softly hums,
Holding your hand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*"Invincible" by Croft—featured in fine stores everywhere*

TEXTURED *caprolan*®

# ROLLS OUT A NEW ERA OF COLOR IN CARPETS BY CROFT

Never-before colors . . . 29 of them . . . in Croft Carpet Mills' pace-setting collection of carpets of wonderful new Textured Caprolan . . . filament nylon at its best from Allied Chemical.

Here is carpeting the whole family can enjoy—in once-delicate colors that now have become so practical thanks to Textured Caprolan. In either cut-pile or luxurious loops, they do not shed, fuzz or pill, are easiest to clean and a lasting joy to own.

Carpeting of Textured Caprolan is unsurpassed *by actual test** and *certified for performance.* Write for free booklet.

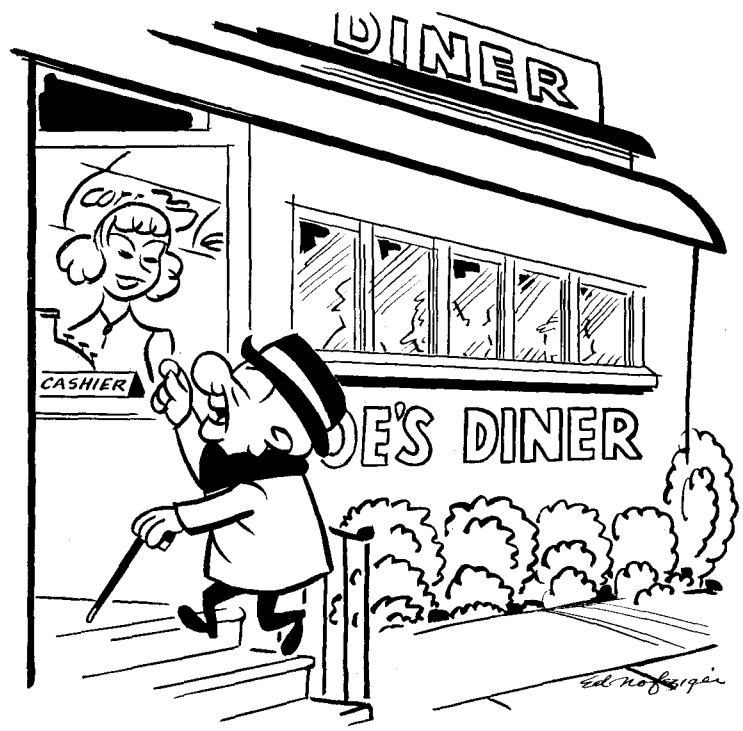
Allied Chemical *261 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.*

*Allied Chemical makes the fiber only—not the carpeting*

**Rugged Test: Trampled on by over 1,500,000 commuters in New York's Penn Station, Croft carpet of Textured Caprolan showed no sign of wear when other carpets wore down. Cleaned easily, too!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**The nearsighted MISTER MAGOO**




"Here's my fare, conductor! I get off at 34th Street. If you'll pardon my saying so, this streetcar smells of food. But your lighting is superb. Must be those new General Electric Soft-White bulbs. No harsh shadows, no glaring hot spot. Makes everyone look handsome — even you, sir!"

© UPA PICTURES, INC. 1960 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

IT'S EASY TO SEE THE BEST BULBS ARE G-E

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

# Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

Today there's a fast new way to shrink hemorrhoid tissues, stop pain and itching—all without surgery. The name of this medication: The PAZO Formula.

**CLINICALLY TESTED BY DOCTORS.** The PAZO Formula does *more* than just shrink hemorrhoid tissue. It also contains specific ingredients to relieve pain and itching promptly, fight infection, promote healing, lubricate membranes.

**WORKS FAST.** Soon after using The PAZO Formula, you sit, stand, walk, and enjoy active sports in *comfort*. This superior over-all medication brings symptomatic relief even to long-time pile sufferers.

**AVAILABLE NOW** in stainless suppositories or ointment at your druggist's. Get faster, more complete relief without surgery. Get...

*Walk in Comfort*

The PAZO® Formula

Another Fine Product of Grove Laboratories

## Feet Tire, Ache, Pain?

**Nature's Warning of Weak Arch**

Millions have found relief from these foot arch conditions by wearing Dr. Scholl's FOOT-EAZER in their shoes. Thin, light, flexible and adjustable. Expertly fitted at selected Shoe, Department Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.

*Mounties* PHOTO CORNERS

LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!

10¢ & 25¢ SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

(*Continued from Page 86*)

in a very ugly smile. I looked at him and it vanished away. "Father," she said. "Haven't you faced worse on the cliffs, gathering eggs? And the wind tearing at you with its hands, and the rocks below. Were you afraid then?"

"I was," he said.

"But still you climbed."

"I had to for hunger's sake—and you and your mother thin in the house."

"Then climb now."

And then a very little, not much, but a very little, the stooped, gray shoulders straightened. At least he stood by his own strength and not ours.

"Out with us then," I said. And we went out into the sunlight that struck us like a golden hammer on an anvil. I saw nothing at first. Nothing at all but the bright gold of the sun. And then the men. Waiting for us there in the street. Fergus in the middle. Sean Og and Tam and Growney. James of the Hill. Sean Emmett Sullivan. Five, six more. Sticks hanging loosely in their hands and their faces like stone. They seemed to breathe one breath as they saw us. As they saw me. And I felt my stomach turn to cold water and my knees lose their strings. I shook where I stood and felt as if one more second would see me fall. I put my hand on Sean Farrelly's shoulder in pretence of steadying him, but in reality to steady myself.

"Leave me, boy," he whispered. "And you, Isolde. It's me they want." He made no gesture. The stooped, patient shoulders stayed as they were. His face as white with cowardice, his lips as shaking. But still he told us to go.

"I'll not leave you," I said. What good would it do me to leave him now? My eyes searched the group of men for one face that would let us through. But there was none. And I think if I had had the strength I would have run away—as a hare from the hounds. But I had no strength. As my eyes searched they saw a man standing in the shadow by Mother Sullivan's now empty doorway. My father. He leaned there against the wall, half hidden, his eyes watching me; waiting to see what I would do.

I licked my lips. I think I prayed. Looked at my father desperately. If only he'd come. If only he were beside us. But he stayed still as the shadows hiding him, his arms folded across his great width of chest. Waiting. Waiting to see what I would do. And the men waited.

"Make way for us," I whispered. The whisper sounded ridiculous in the empty street, and Tam and Growney sniggered. There was Isolde now. I looked at her; she was staring straight in front of her, her eyes seeing nothing. I would have to go through the group, sheltering her, seeing that she at least wasn't struck. I put my arm across her father's shoulders, touched her arm, pressing it a little.

"I'm going up to the Gap now with my friends," I said in a high voice that I prayed wouldn't crack. I walked toward the men—who had withdrawn a space and formed a solid line—and the two others walked with me, Isolde's father trudging as he must have trudged all through his hard years—as if he were facing into a bitter wind with the sleet lashing his skin. And the sun bright on us as gold. I saw the line of men ready itself; a stick lifting, feet shifting for a better balance. There was nothing we could do but walk. *Isolde should be between us*, I thought, and as I thought it her father moved his place to her left hand, and she was there by my side. I looked at my uncle, walking straight for him, watching his eyes. The stick lifted, the thick lips curled back over his yellow, broken teeth. It was he I'd have to hit. Not Tam or Growney. My uncle—standing in front of me like a tree. I felt the uselessness of hitting him; felt it in the very bones of my hand. Five paces more. Four. Three. Saw the blackthorn swing against the blue of the sky, poise and hover. One more step and it would come. Suddenly a great hand reached out of nowhere into the sky, and the stick was gone. And my uncle was put aside like a child. With the softest, gentlest of movements, and yet like a child. My father stood facing us, my uncle's stick swinging lightly in his hand, his mouth smiling a little, even now a little of that crooked, secret humor in it that he seemed to get from his books.

"So I've found a son at last?" he said to me, lifting his eyebrow. "In spite of your Uncle Fergus? In spite of all of them?" He looked at the other men, peering a little because he couldn't see ten steps without his spectacles. "My son said he was going up to the Gap with his friends. Is anyone for stopping him?"

"By damn, Andrew," said Fergus. "You've gone too far this time."

"Yes?" said my father softly. He barely seemed to move, and yet he had the edges of my uncle's coat gathered in his free hand, first lifting him and then pressing him down so that his knees were half bent. "You're trash, Fergus. You're ugly filth. Fit for burning a poor man's ricks at midnight. For shooting from behind walls. For beating a boy, with ten men beside you. But beat me, Fergus. Hit me." He pulled Fergus toward him, smiling. I saw my uncle lick his lips and his face whiten.

"You have the stick," he whispered. "It wouldn't be fair fighting ——"

"Fair?" said my father pityingly. He looked up, caught Sean Og's eye and tossed him the stick. Sean fumbled for it, missed, and it clattered in the road. No one stooped to pick it up. "Now," said my father in the same soft voice he always used. "Hit me."

I saw Fergus's great, knotted fist tighten, tense, lift and poise. I wanted to run forward, catch at it with my hands before it killed my father. But I couldn't move. My father looked down a little into Fergus's eyes. "You're scum," he said. "Stinking vermin. Well? Why are you waiting?"

The fist shuddered with the rage and tension of the arm behind it. Then it dropped. "I'll not hit my sister's husband. A man crazed with books."

My father let go his grip, and Fergus staggered and then straightened, pulling his jacket down, not meeting anyone's eyes.

"Then we'll be going up to the Gap," said my father. He moved beside me, putting his arm across my shoulders, and the four of us went forward. There wasn't a line any more. Only a scattering of bewildered men, who parted as we came and made a wide passage for us in the sunlit street. We walked as if there were music playing, shoulder by shoulder, I and my father, and Sean Farrelly of the Gap, and Isolde, his tall daughter. Oh, there are great captains could envy us that day—and we in a village street.

THE END

Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

Page 84

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. N.J. | 2. Mo. | 3. N.C. |
| 4. Cal. | 5. Ga. | 6. R.I. |
| 7. La. | 8. Ohio | 9. Idaho |
| 10. Ken. | 11. Vt. | 12. Wash. |

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Night Without End (Continued from Page 35)

"Relax, Solly." The big man patted him soothingly on his bald head. "Just takin' a little walk to clear my head."

"Not till you put this parka and pants on first." I'd no time to bother about the eccentricities of little men in loud jackets and louder ties. "You'll need them."

"Cold doesn't bother me, friend."

"This cold will. Outside that door it's one hundred ten degrees below the temperature of this cabin."

I heard a murmur of astonishment from some of the passengers, and the large young man, suddenly thoughtful, took the clothes from Jackstraw. I went out with Joss.

The stewardess was bent low over the injured radio operator. I pulled her gently to her feet. She offered no resistance, just looked wordlessly at me, the deep-brown eyes huge in a face dead white and strained with shock. She was shivering violently. Her hands were like ice.

"You want to die of cold, miss?" This was no time for soft and sympathetic words, and I knew these girls were trained how to behave in emergencies. "Haven't you got a hat, coat, boots, anything like that?"

"Yes." Her voice was dull, almost devoid of life. She was standing alone by the door now, and I could hear the violent rat-a-tat of her elbow as it shook uncontrollably and knocked against the door. "I'll go and get them."

Joss scrambled out through the windshield and got the collapsible stretcher. We had the stretcher up and were lashing the radio operator inside as carefully as we could in these cramped conditions, when the stewardess reappeared. She was wearing her uniform heavy coat now and high boots. I tossed her a pair of caribou trousers.

"Better, but not enough. Put these on." She hesitated, and I added roughly, "We won't look."

"I—I must go and see the passengers."

"They're all right. Bit late in thinking about it, aren't you?"

"I know. I'm sorry. I couldn't leave him." She looked down at the young man at her feet. "Do you—I mean ——" She broke off, then it came out with a rush. "Is he going to die?"

"Probably," I said, and she flinched away as if I had struck her across the face. I hadn't meant to be brutal, just clinical. "We'll do what we can for him. It's not much, I'm afraid."

Finally we had him securely lashed to the stretcher, his head cushioned against the shock as best we could. When I got to my feet, the stewardess was just pulling her coat down over the caribou pants.

"We're taking him back to our cabin," I said. "We have a sled below. There's room for another. You could protect his head. Want to come?"

"The passengers ——" she began uncertainly.

"They'll be all right."

I went back inside the main cabin, closing the door behind me, and handed my flashlight to the man with the cut brow. The two feeble night or emergency lights that burned inside were poor enough for illumination, worse still for morale.

"We're taking the wireless operator and stewardess with us," I explained. "Back in twenty minutes. And if you want to live, just keep this door tight shut."

"What an extraordinary, brusque young man," the elderly lady murmured. Her voice was low-pitched, resonant, with an extraordinary carrying power.

"Only from necessity, madam," I said dryly. "Would you really prefer long-winded and flowery speeches the while you were freezing to death?"

"Well, do you know, I really don't think I would," she answered mock seriously, and I could hear her chuckling—there was no other word for it—as I closed the door behind me.

Working in the cramped confines of that wrecked control cabin, in almost pitch darkness and with that ice-laden bitter gale whistling through the shattered windshields, we had the devil's own time of it trying to get the injured radio operator down to that waiting sled below. Without the help of the big young stranger I don't think we would ever have managed it; but manage it we eventually did: He and I lowered and slid the stretcher down to Jackstraw and Joss, who took and strapped it on the sled. Then we eased the stewardess down.

I jumped down, and a couple of seconds later the big young man joined me. I hadn't intended that he should come, but there was no harm in it. He had to go sometime, and there was no question of his having to ride on the sled.

The wind had eased a little perhaps, but the cold was crueler than ever. Even the dogs cowered in the lee of the plane. But their misery was all to the good. As Jackstraw said, they were mad to run.

And, with the wind and ice drift behind them, run they did. At first I led the way with the flashlight, but Balto, the big lead dog, brushed me aside and raced on into the darkness. I had sense enough to let him have his head. He followed the twisting route of the plane's snow furrow, the bamboos, homing spool and antenna line as swiftly and unerringly as if it had been broad daylight, and the polished steel runners of the sled fairly hissed across the snow.

It took us no more than five minutes to reach the cabin, and in three more minutes we were on our way again. They were a busy three minutes. Jackstraw lighted the oil stove, oil lamp and gasoline pressure lamp, while Joss and I put the injured man on a collapsible cot before the stove, worked him into my sleeping bag, slid in half a dozen heat pads—waterproof pads containing a chemical which gave off heat when water was added—placed a rolled-up blanket under his neck to keep the back of his head off the cot and zipped the sleeping bag shut. I had surgical instruments enough to do what had to be done, but it had to wait.

I told the stewardess to make some coffee, gave her the necessary instructions and then we left her and the big young man together, the girl heating a pan over a pile of meta tablets, the young man staring incredulously into a mirror as he kneaded a frostbitten cheek and chin with one hand, and with the other held a cold compress to a frozen ear. We took with us the warm clothes we had lent them, some rolls of bandages and left.

Ten minutes later we were back inside the plane. Despite its insulation, the temperature inside the main cabin had already dropped at least thirty degrees and almost everyone was shivering with the cold, one or two beating their arms to keep themselves warm. Even the Dixie colonel was looking very subdued. The elderly lady, fur coat tightly wrapped around her, looked at her watch and smiled.

"Twenty minutes exactly. You are very prompt, young man."

"We try to be of service." I dumped the pile of clothes I was carrying onto a seat, nodded at them and the contents of a gunny sack Joss and Jackstraw were emptying. "Share these out between you and be as quick as you can. I want you to get out at once—my two friends here will take you back. Perhaps one of you would be kind enough to remain behind." I looked to where the young girl sat alone in her back seat, still holding her left forearm in her hand. "I'll need some help to fix this young lady up."

"Fix her up?" It was the expensive young woman in the expensive furs speaking for the first time. "Why? What on earth is the matter with her?"

"Her collarbone is broken," I said shortly.

"Collarbone broken?" The elderly lady was on her feet, her face a nice mixture of concern and indignation. "And she's been sitting there alone all this time—why didn't you *tell* us, you silly man?"

"I forgot," I replied mildly. "Besides, what good would it have done?" I looked down at the girl in the mink coat. "Would you like to give me a hand?"

She stared at me, a cold, surprised stare that would have been normal enough had I made some outrageous or improper request, but before she could answer, the elderly lady broke in again. "I'll stay behind. I'd love to help."

"Well ——" I began doubtfully, but she interrupted immediately.

"Well, yourself. What's the matter? Think I'm too old, hey?"

"No, no, of course not," I protested.

"A fluent liar, but a gallant one." She grinned.

We brought the girl into the first of the rear seats, where there was plenty of space between that and the first of the rearward-facing front seats, and had just worked her coat off when Joss called me.

"We're off now, sir. Back in twenty minutes."

As the door closed behind the last of them and I broke open a roll of bandage, the old lady looked quizzically at me. "Know what you're doing, young man?"

"More or less. I'm a doctor."

"Doctor, hey?" She looked at me with open suspicion. "You sure?"

"Sure I'm sure," I said irritably. "What do you expect me to do—whip my medical degree out from under this parka?"

"We'll get along, young man," she chuckled. She patted my arm, then turned to the young girl. "What's your name, my dear?"

"Helene." We could hardly catch it, the voice was so low.

"Helene? A lovely name." And, indeed, the way she said it made it sound so. "You're not British, are you? Or American?"

"I'm from Germany, madam."

"Don't call me madam. You know, you speak English beautifully. Germany, hey? Bavaria, for a guess?"

"Yes." The rather plain face was transfigured in a smile. "Munich. Perhaps you know it?"

"Like the back of my hand," she said complacently. "And not just the Hofbrauhaus either. You're still very young, aren't you?"

"I'm seventeen."

"Seventeen." A nostalgic sigh. "Ah, my dear, I remember when I was seventeen. A different world. There was no transatlantic airliner in those days, I can tell you."

"In fact," I murmured, "the Wright brothers were hardly airborne." The face had been more than familiar to me, and I was annoyed that I should have taken so long in placing it.

"Being insulting, young man?" she queried. But there was no offense in her face.

"I can't imagine anyone ever insulting you. The world was at your feet even in the Edwardian days, Miss LeGarde."

"You know me then?" She seemed genuinely pleased.

"It would be difficult to find anyone who doesn't know the name of Marie LeGarde." I nodded at the young girl. "See, Helene knows it too." And it was clear from the awe-struck expression on the young German girl's face that the name meant as much to her as to me. Twenty years queen of the music hall, thirty years queen of the musical-comedy stage, beloved wherever she was known, less for her genius than for the innate kindliness and goodness which she tried to conceal from the world, for the half-dozen orphanages she maintained in Britain and Europe, Marie LeGarde was one of the few truly international names in the world of entertainment.

"Yes, yes, I see you know my name." Marie LeGarde smiled at me. "But how did you know *me?*"

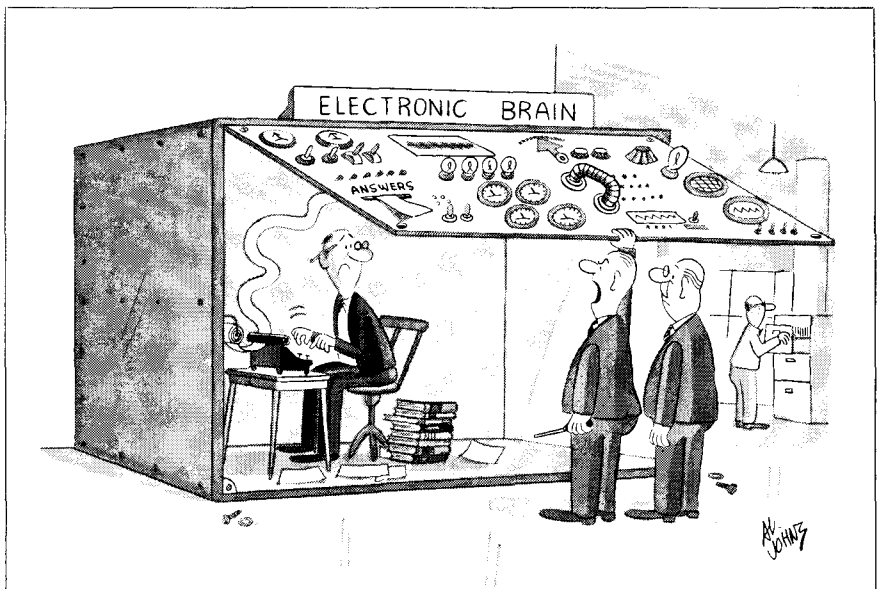
"From your photograph, naturally. I saw it in a magazine the other week, Miss LeGarde."

"Marie, to my friends."

"I don't know you," I protested.

"I paid a small fortune to have that photograph retouched and made barely presentable," she answered obliquely. "It was a splendid photograph, inasmuch as it bore precious little resemblance to the face that I carry about with me. Anyone who recognizes me from that is my friend for life. Besides," she smiled, "I bear nothing but the most amicable feelings toward people who save my life."

I said nothing, just concentrated on finishing the job of strapping up Helene's arm and (*Continued on Page 91*)




"Aha! Just as I thought."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## TRUETONE* 21" CONSOLE

built to sell for $200!

**$169** Blond and UHF models slightly higher

Mahogany finish

Improved fringe-tested, hand crafted chassis pulls sharpest pictures, clearest sound. Front controls for easy tuning. Optic filter lens reduces glare. Full year warranty by W-A.

2DC1024

*Special Buy saves you $30!*

## TRUETONE *17" PORTABLE TV

**$149**

Handsome, rugged and ready to go! Gives big set performance even in fringe areas. Aluminized picture tube with tinted safety lens for viewing anywhere.

UHF Slightly Higher

*Diagonal measurement.

2DC3004

**Over 5 MILLION FAMILIES have chosen TRUETONE over all other brands.**

*While Sale Lasts!*

**OVEN MITT**

Heavily quilted, fully protects. Sale priced buy two!

During Sale!... **19¢**

K9100

*SPECIAL Sharp Buy!*

**7" PARING KNIFE**

Genuine Sheffield Steel with sharp scolloped cutting edge. Colorful plastic handle.

**19¢** During Sale!

K9040

Shop! Save! at...

**Western Auto**

# COUPON

**FEBRUARY 25 thru MARCH 5**

**Another great value demonstration event . . . savings made possible only by Western Auto's 51 years as Value Makers to the American Family!**

*Never before a*

## "BIG OVEN" RANGE with so many convenience features at this low price!

### WIZARD 30" CUSTOM GAS RANGE ...makes cooking a gay adventure!

1. Clock with timer *chimes* when dinner's ready!
2. Cook for a gang on BIG Griddle. Has drip pan and cover. Converts to 5th burner or work space.
3. *Burner with a Brain* ends scorching and sticking. Makes any pot, pan or skillet automatic.
4. Oven light and peek-thru door let you see what's cookin' without loss of heat. Instant self-lighting oven and burners!

**Proof of Quality...over 1½ million homemakers have chosen WIZARD Appliances!**

Special! **$169** with trade (some areas $179)

6WC 6010

### WIZARD 30" CUSTOM Electric Range

**makes you a better cook automatically**

A. *Magic Clock* controls oven and appliance outlet. Has coffee made when you awake . . . cooks meals while you're away.

B. Super Jet high-speed burners start cooking in seconds.

C. Glass Door and inside light are "Oven Peeker's" delight!

See other WIZARD features such as "Chime-Timer", large service drawer with *silent glide* at W-A.

6WC6050

**$189** with trade (some areas $199)

S20

**FREE GIFT!**

Set of jewel-tone plastic salt and pepper shakers for coming to see these two Wizard Wonder Ranges. Pink, Yellow or Aqua



Western Auto Dealers own their own stores and set their own prices and terms. Prices and terms may vary slightly in some parts of the U. S.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 89*) shoulders as quickly as possible. She was blue with cold and shivering uncontrollably. But she hadn't uttered a murmur throughout, and smiled gratefully at me when I had finished.

Marie LeGarde regarded my handiwork approvingly. "I really do believe you have picked up some smattering of your trade along the way, Doctor—ah ——"

"Mason. Peter Mason. Peter, to my friends."

"Peter it shall be. . . . Come on, Helene, into your clothes as fast as you like."

Fifteen minutes later we were back in the cabin. Jackstraw went to unharness the dogs and secure them to the tethering cable, while Joss and I helped the two women down the ice-coated steps from the trap door. But I had no sooner reached the foot of the steps than I had forgotten all about Marie LeGarde and Helene and was staring unbelievingly at the tableau before me. I was just vaguely aware of Joss by my shoulder, the anger and dismay on his face giving way slowly to a kind of reluctant horror. For what we saw, though it vitally concerned us all, concerned him most of all.

The injured radio operator still lay where we had left him. All the others were there, too, grouped in a rough semicircle round him and round a cleared space to the left of the stove. By their feet in the center of this space, upside down and with one corner completely stove in on the wooden floor, lay the big, metal radio transmitter and receiver, our sole source of contact with, our only means of summoning help from the outer world. I knew next to nothing about radios, but it was chillingly obvious to me—as it was, I could see, to the semicircle of fascinated onlookers—that the radio was smashed beyond recovery.

MONDAY: TWO A.M.–THREE A.M.

Half a minute passed in complete silence, half a minute before I could trust myself to speak, even bring myself to speak. When at last I did, my voice was unnaturally low in the unnatural hush that was broken only by the interminable clacking of the anemometer cups above.

"Splendid. Really splendid. The perfect end to the perfect day." I looked round them slowly, one by one, then gestured at the smashed transmitter. "What idiot was responsible for this—this stroke of genius?"

"How dare you, sir!" The white-haired man whom I had mentally labeled as the Dixie colonel took a step forward, face flushed with anger. "Mind your tongue. We're not children to be ——"

"Shut up!" I said quietly enough, but there must have been something in my voice rather less than reassuring, for he fell silent, though his fists still remained clenched. I looked at them all again. "Well?"

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid I did it," the stewardess faltered. Her brown eyes were as unnaturally large, her face as white and strained as when I had first seen her. "It's all my fault."

"You! The one person here who should know just how vital radio really is. I don't believe it."

"You must, I'm afraid." The quiet, controlled voice belonged to the man with the cut brow. "No one else was anywhere near it at the time."

"What happened to you?" I could see he was nursing a bruised, bleeding hand.

"I dived for it when I saw it toppling." He smiled wryly. "I should have saved myself the trouble. That thing's heavy."

"It's all that. Thanks for trying anyway. I'll fix your hand up later." I turned to the stewardess again, and not even that pale and exhausted face, the contrition in the eyes, could quiet my anger—and, to be honest, my fear. "I suppose it just came to pieces in your hand?"

"I've told you I'm sorry. I—I was just kneeling beside Jimmy here ——"

"Who?"

"Jimmy Waterman—the second officer. I ——"

"Second officer?" I interrupted. "That's the radio operator, I take it?"

"No, Jimmy is a pilot. We've three pilots—we don't carry a radio operator."

"You don't ——" I broke off my surprised question and asked another instead. "Who's the man in the crew rest room? Navigator?"

"We don't carry a navigator either. Harry Williamson is—was—the flight engineer."

No radio operator, no navigator. There had been changes indeed since I'd flown the Atlantic some years previously in a Stratocruiser. I gave it up, returned to my original question and nodded at the smashed radio. "Well, how *did* it happen?"

"I brushed the table as I rose and—well, it just fell." Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

"It just fell," I echoed incredulously. "One hundred fifty pounds of transmitter, and you flicked it off the table just like that?"

"I didn't knock it off. The legs collapsed."

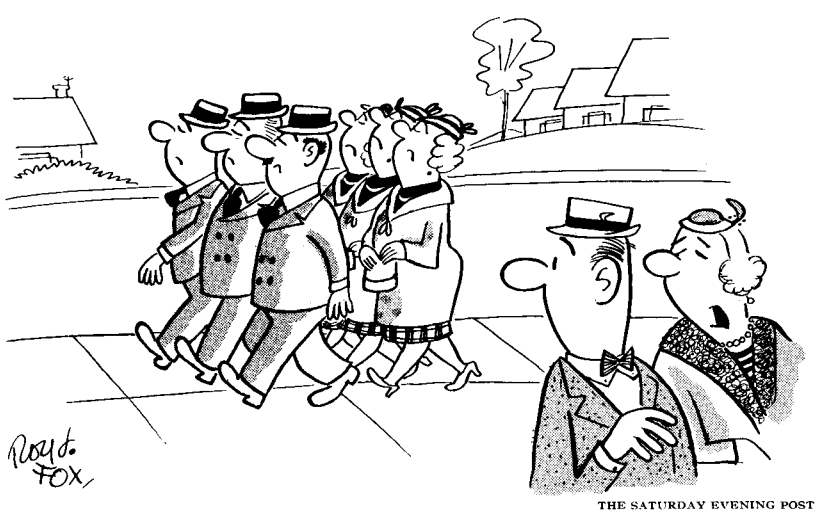
"It's got no legs to collapse," I said shortly. "Hinges."

"Well, hinges then."

I looked at Joss, who had been responsible for the erection of the table as well as the radio. "Is it possible?"

"No." His voice was flat, definite.

I turned away without a word, hung up my caribou furs on nails on the walls,




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're a tightly knit clique."

Save!
Reg. 59¢
39¢ Each
WIZARD
Standard Spark Plugs
Built by makers of national brands specified for many new cars. Give same easy start . . . fast pick-up! 10,000 mile guarantee.
L-1210-68

24 Month Guarantee!
WIZARD
STANDARD BATTERY
Silver Cobalt plates resist corrosion, give more starting power. For most older models of popular makes.
SALE!
$8.88
6-volt
plus old battery
3LC1020
12-volt . . $12.88
plus old battery
3LC1750
Over 23 Million Wizard Batteries Have Served American Motorists
All guarantee adjustments prorated on months used based on current list price before trade-in.

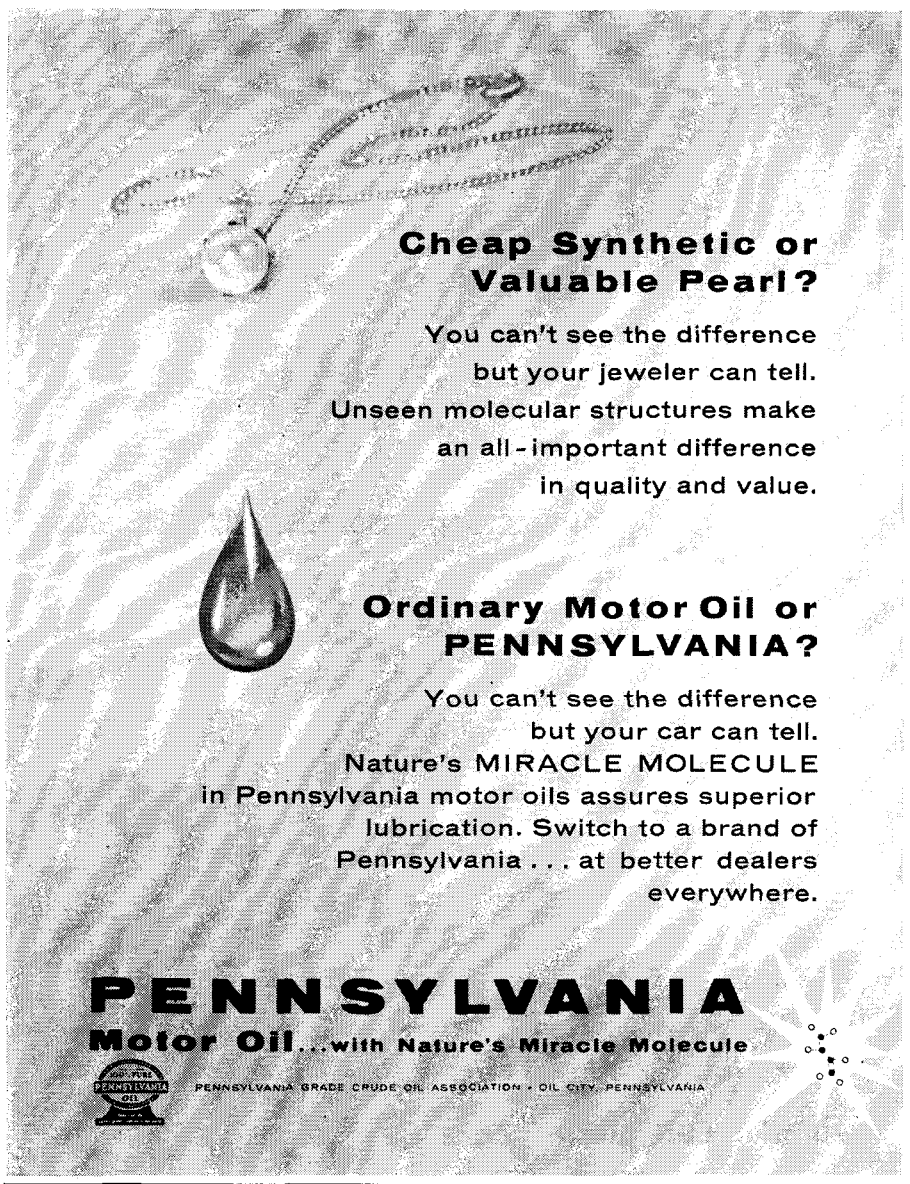
SALE

Now Lowest Price Ever!
100% NYLON CORD
DAVIS
SILENT SENTRY TIRE
New low "COUPON" price .... $12.88
plus Fed. tax and recappable tire
(6.70—15 black tube-type)
Buy now! Get top mileage per dollar *plus* safety features ordinarily found in more expensive tires. And look at the low price! It's typical of the super nylon tire values that you find only at Western Auto. *Easy terms!*
OVER 32,000,000 DAVIS tires sold to safety-minded car owners!
100% Dupont Nylon Cord
Pressure-Cured for extra safety
White Side-walls at comparable savings

TRIPLE GUARANTEE
Never expires while there's tread on your tires!
1. All Road Hazard Guarantee*: Covers all road hazards including blowouts, cuts and bruises.
2. Workmanship and Materials Guarantee: Covers all defects in materials and workmanship.
3. Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed. All adjustments prorated on tread wear, and based on current selling price without trade-in, less any prevailing adjustment allowance.
*In Ohio, complete tire service guaranteed under proper and normal operating conditions.

Western Auto
the family store
"W-A is the store with values for all the family!"
Watch for W-A's Sale Circular coming your way with hundreds of values!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Cheap Synthetic or Valuable Pearl?
You can't see the difference but your jeweler can tell. Unseen molecular structures make an all-important difference in quality and value.
Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?
You can't see the difference but your car can tell. Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to a brand of Pennsylvania . . . at better dealers everywhere.
PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule
PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

**Command the Pleasure of GRAVELY Power!**

Know the pleasure of doing your lawn and garden work with the best. Enjoy the unmatched performance of the Gravely Tractor! Plow deep and easy . . . perfect seedbed in *one operation*—change attachments, mow the toughest rough or the finest lawn. Choose from 30 job-proved tools!

NEW full-flow Oil Filter, NEW Power—now 6.6 HP—integral REVERSE, ALL-GEAR DRIVE. Optional Electric Starter, Riding or Steering Sulkies.

Ask your Gravely Sales and *Service* Dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or, write for 24-page "Power vs Drudgery" Booklet today!

INSTALLMENT PLAN AVAILABLE

**GRAVELY TRACTORS, INC.**
P.O.BOX 616-B DUNBAR, W. VA.

**Wanted: You!**

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that card today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
207 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

86 PROOF · OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY, PHILA.


took off goggles and gloves and turned to the man with the cut brow.

"Let's have a look at your head and your hand—it's a pretty nasty gash on your forehead. . . . Forget the radio for the moment, Joss—let's have coffee first, lots of it."

I'd just started to wash the cut forehead—a nasty gash, as I had said, but surprisingly little signs of bruising—when the big, amiable young man who had helped us lower the second officer from the wrecked plane came across to us. I looked up at him and saw that I could be wrong about the amiability. His face wasn't exactly hostile, but his eyes had the cool, measuring look of one who knew from experience that he could cope with most of the situations, pleasant and unpleasant, that he was ever likely to come up against.

"Look," he began without preamble, "I don't know who you are or what your name is, but I'm sure we are all most grateful to you for what you have done for us. Also,we know you're a field scientist, and we realize that your equipment is of paramount importance to you. Agreed?"

"Agreed." I dabbed iodine fairly liberally on the injured man's head—he was tough all right; he didn't even wince—and looked at the speaker. Not at all a man to ignore, I thought. "You'd something else to say?"

"Yes. We think—correction, I think—that you were unnecessarily rough on our air hostess. You can see the state the poor kid's in. O.K., so your radio's busted, so you're hoppin' mad about it, but there's no need for all this song and dance." His voice was calm, conversational all the time. "Radios aren't irreplaceable. This one will be replaced, I promise you. You'll have a new one inside a week, ten days at the most."

"Kind," I said dryly. I finished tying the head bandage and straightened up. "The offer is appreciated, but there's one thing you haven't taken into account. You may be dead inside that ten days. You may all be dead in ten days."

"We may all ——" He broke off and stared at me, his expression perceptibly hardening. "What are you talking about?"

"What I'm talking about is that without this radio you dismiss so lightly your chances—our chances—of survival aren't all that good. In fact, they're not good at all. I don't give a twopenny damn about the radio, as such." I eyed him curiously, and a preposterous thought struck me—at least it was preposterous for all of a couple of seconds, before the truth hit me. "Have you—have *any* of you any idea just where you are, right here, at the present moment?"

"Sure we have." The young man lifted his shoulders fractionally. "Just can't say how far to the nearest drugstore or pub ——"

"I told them," the stewardess interrupted. "They were asking me—just before you came in. I thought Captain Johnson had overshot the landing field at Reykjavík in a snowstorm. This is Langjökull, isn't it?" She saw the expression on my face and went on hastily, "Or Hofsjökull? I mean, we were flying more or less northeast from Gander, and these are the only two snow fields or glaciers or whatever you call them in Iceland in that direction from ——"

"Iceland?" I suppose there is a bit of the ham actor in all of us, and I really couldn't pass it up. "Did you say Iceland?"

She nodded dumbly.

"Iceland," I repeated. "My dear girl, at the present moment you're at an altitude of eighty-five hundred feet, right slambang in the middle of the Greenland icecap."

The effect was all that anybody could ever have wished for. "Stunned" is an inadequate word to describe their mental state immediately after this announcement. And when the power of thought and speech did return, it expressed itself, as I might have expected, in the most violent disbelief. Everybody seemed to start talking at once, but it was the stewardess who took my attention, by coming forward and catching me by the lapels. I noticed the glitter of a diamond ring on her hand, and remembered having some vague idea that this was against airline regulations.

"What kind of joke is this? It can't be, it can't be! Greenland—it just can't be." She saw by the expression on my face that I wasn't joking, and her grip tightened even more. Then she rushed on wildly.

"How—how can it be? We were on a Gander-Reykjavík flight. Greenland—we don't go anywhere near it. And there's the automatic pilot, and radio beams and—and radio base checks every half hour. Oh, it's impossible, it's impossible! Why do you tell us this?" The big, young man with the Ivy League accent put an arm awkwardly round her shoulder, and I saw her wince. Something indeed seemed to be hurting her—but again it could wait.

"Joss," I called. He looked up from the stove, where he was pouring coffee into mugs. "Tell our friends where we are."

"Latitude seventy-two point four-oh north, longitude forty point one-oh west," Joss said unemotionally. His voice cut clearly through the hubbub of incredulous conversation. "Three hundred miles from the nearest human habitation. Four hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle. Near enough eight hundred miles from Reykjavík, one thousand from Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, and just a little farther distant from the North Pole. And if anyone doesn't believe us, sir, I suggest they just take a walk—in any direction—and they'll find out who's right."

Joss's calm, matter-of-fact statement was worth half an hour of argument and explanation. In a moment conviction was complete—and there were more problems than ever to be answered. I held up my hand in mock protest and protection against the waves of questions that surged against me from every side.

"All in good time, please; although I really don't know anything more than yourselves—with the exception, perhaps, of one thing. But first, coffee and brandy all round."

"Brandy?" The expensive young woman had been the first, I'd noticed, to appropriate one of the empty wooden cases that Jackstraw had brought in in lieu of seats, and now she looked up under the curve of exquisitely modeled eyebrows. "Are you sure that's wise?"

"Of course." I forced myself to be civil. "Why ever not?"

"Opens the pores, dear man," she said sweetly. "I thought everyone knew that—how dangerous it is when you're exposed to cold afterward. Or had you forgotten? Our cases, our night things in the plane—somebody has to get these."

"Don't talk such utter rubbish." My short-lived attempt at civility perished miserably. "Nobody's leaving here tonight. You sleep in your clothes—this isn't the Dorchester. If the blizzard dies down, we may try to get your things tomorrow morning."

"But ——"

I turned away, to see the minister or priest hold up his hand against the offered brandy.

"Go on, take it," I said impatiently.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I don't really think I should." He laughed, a nervous, deprecating laugh. "My parishioners, you know. . . ."

"There's precedent in plenty in your Bible, sir. You know that better than I. It'll do you good, really."

"Oh, well, if you think so." He took the glass gingerly, as if Beelzebub himself were on the offering end, but I noticed that there was nothing so hesitant about his method and speed of disposal of the contents; his subsequent expression could properly be described as beatific. I caught Marie LeGarde's eye and smiled at the twinkle I caught there.

The minister wasn't the only one who found the coffee—and brandy—welcome. In the respite from the talk I bent over the injured man on the floor. His pulse was slower and steadier, and his breathing not quite so shallow. I slipped in a few more heat pads and zipped up the sleeping bag.

"Is he—is he any better, do you think?" the stewardess asked. She was so close to me that I brushed against her as I straightened. "He—he seems a bit better, doesn't he?"

"He is a bit, I think. But nothing like over the shock from the wound and the exposure, though." I looked at her speculatively and suddenly felt almost sorry for her. Almost, but not quite. I didn't at all like the direction my thoughts were leading me. "You've flown together quite a bit, haven't you?"

"Yes." She didn't offer anything more. "His head—do you think ——"

"Later. Let me have a quick look at that back of yours."

"Look at *what?*"

"Your back," I said patiently. "Your shoulders. They seem to give you some pain. I'll rig a screen."

"No, no, I'm all right." She moved away from me.

"Don't be silly, my dear." I wondered what trick of voice production made Marie LeGarde's voice so clear and carrying. "He *is* a doctor, you know."

"No!"

I shrugged and reached for my brandy glass. Bearers of bad news were ever unpopular. Probably only bruises anyhow, I told myself, and turned to look at the company.

An odd-looking bunch, to say the least, but then any group of people dressed in lounge suits and dresses, trilby hats and nylon stockings would have looked odd against the strange and uncompromising background of that cabin.

It was a bleak, utilitarian box of a room, eighteen feet by fourteen. The floor was made of unfinished yellow pine. The walls were made of spaced sheets of plywood, with kapok insulation between. The lower part of the walls was covered with green-painted asbestos, the upper part and entire roof sheeted with glittering aluminum to reflect the maximum possible heat and light. A thin, ever-present film of ice climbed at least halfway up all four walls, reaching almost to the ceiling in the four corners, the parts of the room most remote from the stove and therefore the coldest.

The two exits from the cabin were let into the fourteen-foot sides. One led to the trap door, the other to the snow-and-ice tunnel where we kept our food, petrol, oil, batteries, radio generators, explosives for seismological and glacial investigations and a hundred and one other items. Halfway along, a secondary tunnel led off at right angles—a tunnel which steadily increased in length as we cut out the blocks of snow which were melted to give us our water supply. At the far end of the main tunnel lay our primitive toilet system.

One eighteen-foot wall and half of the wall that gave access to the trap door were lined with twin rows of bunks—eight in all. The other eighteen-foot wall was given over entirely to our stove, workbench, radio table and housings for the meteorological instruments. The remaining wall by the tunnel was piled high with tins and cases of food, now mostly empties, that had been brought in from the tunnel to begin defrosting.

Slowly I surveyed all this, then as slowly surveyed the company. I sighed to myself and put down my empty glass.

---

Today the still small voice doesn't come from a man's conscience but from his pocket radio.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

---

"Well, it looks as if you are going to be our guests for some little time, so we'd better introduce ourselves. Us first." I nodded to where Joss and Jackstraw were working on the shattered radio, which they had lifted back on the table. "On the left, Joseph London, of the city of London, our radio operator."

"Unemployed," Joss muttered.

"On the right, Nils Nielsen. Take a good look at him, ladies and gentlemen. At this very moment the guardian angels of your respective insurance companies are probably putting up a prayer for his continued well-being. If you all live to come home again, the chances are that you will owe it to him." I was to remember my own words later. "He probably knows more than any other man about survival on the Greenland icecap."

"I thought you called him Jackstraw," Marie LeGarde murmured.

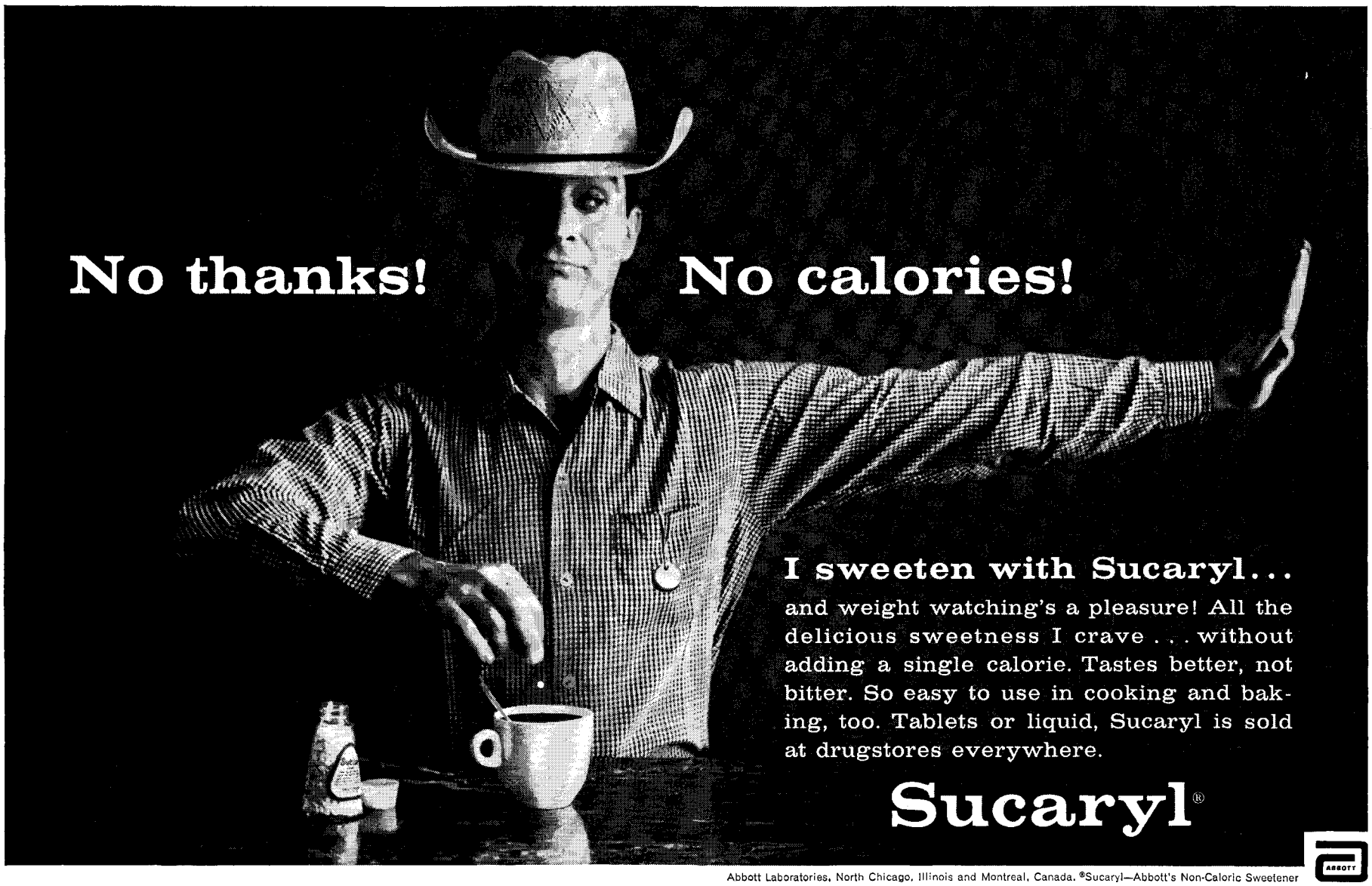
"My Eskimo name." Jackstraw had turned and smiled at her, his parka hood off for the first time; I could see her polite astonishment as she looked at the fair hair and the blue eyes, and it was as if Jackstraw read her thoughts. "Two of my grandparents were Danish—most of us Greenlanders have as much Danish blood as Eskimo in us nowadays."

"Well, well, how interesting." The expensive young lady was sitting back on her box, hands clasped round an expensively nyloned knee, her expression reflecting accurately the well-bred condescension of her tone. "My very first Eskimo."

"Don't be afraid, lady." Jackstraw's smile was wider than ever, and I felt more than vaguely uneasy; his almost-invariable Eskimo cheerfulness and good nature concealed an explosive temper which he'd probably inherited from some distant Viking forebear. "It doesn't rub off."

I rushed in quickly. "My own name is Mason, Peter Mason, and I'm in charge of this I.G.Y. station. You all know roughly what we're doing stuck out here on the plateau—meteorology, glaciology, the study of the earth's magnetism, the borealis, airglow, ionosphere, cosmic rays, magnetic storms and a dozen other things which I suppose are equally uninteresting to you." I waved an arm. "We don't, as you can see, normally live here alone. Five others are away to the north on a field expedition. They're due back in about three weeks, after which we all pack up and abandon this place before the winter sets in and the ice pack freezes on the coast."

"Before the winter sets in?" The little man in the Glen Urquhart jacket stared at me. "You mean to tell me it gets colder than this?"


No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl...
and weight watching's a pleasure! All the delicious sweetness I crave . . . without adding a single calorie. Tastes better, not bitter. So easy to use in cooking and baking, too. Tablets or liquid, Sucaryl is sold at drugstores everywhere.
Sucaryl®
ABBOTT
Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It certainly does. An explorer named Alfred Wegener wintered not fifty miles from here in 1930, and the temperature dropped to eighty-five degrees below zero—one hundred seventeen degrees of frost. And that may have been a warm winter, for all we know."

I gave some time to allow this cheering item of information to sink in, then continued. "Well, that's us. Miss LeGarde—Marie LeGarde—needs no introduction from anyone." A slight murmur of surprise and turning of heads showed that I wasn't altogether right. "But that's all I know, I'm afraid."

"Corazzini," the man with the cut brow offered. The white bandage, just staining with blood, was in striking contrast to the receding dark hair. "Nick Corazzini. Bound for Bonny Scotland, as the travel posters put it."

"Holiday?"

"No such luck." He grinned. "Taking over the new Global Tractor Company outside Glasgow. Know it?"

"I've heard of it. Tractors, eh? Mr. Corazzini, you may be worth your weight in gold to us yet. We have a broken-down elderly tractor outside that can usually only be started by repeated oaths and assaults by a four-pound hammer."

"Well." He seemed taken aback. "Of course, I can try ——"

"I don't suppose you've actually laid a finger on a tractor for many years," Marie LeGarde interrupted shrewdly. "Isn't that it, Mr. Corazzini?"

"Afraid it is," he admitted ruefully. "But in a situation like this I'd gladly lay my hands on another one."

"You'll have your chance," I promised him. I looked at the man beside him.

"Smallwood," the minister announced. He rubbed his thin white hands constantly to drive the cold away. "The Reverend Joseph Smallwood. I'm the Vermont delegate to the International General Assembly of the Free United Churches in London. You may have heard of it—our biggest conference in many years?"

"Sorry." I shook my head. "But don't let that disturb you. . . . And you, sir?"

"Solly Levin. Of New York City," the little man in the check jacket added unnecessarily. He reached up and laid a proprietary arm along the broad shoulders of the young man beside him. "And this is my boy, Johnny."

"Your boy? Your son?" I fancied I could see a slight resemblance.

"Perish the thought," the young man drawled. "My name is Johnny Zagero. Solly is my manager. I'm in the way of being a common, or garden-variety, pugilist. That means boxer, Solly."

"Would you listen to him?" Solly Levin implored. He stretched his clenched fists heavenward. "Would you just listen to him? Apologizin'. Johnny Zagero, future heavyweight champion, apologizin' for being a boxer. Rated Number Three challenger to the champ. A household name in all ——"

"Ask Doctor Mason if he's ever heard of me," Zagero suggested.

"That means nothing," I smiled. "You don't look like a boxer to me, Mr. Zagero. Or sound like one. I didn't know it was included in the curriculum at Yale. Or was it Harvard?"

"Princeton," he grinned. "And what's so funny about that? Look at Tunney and his Shakespeare. Roland LaStarza was a college man when he fought for the world title. Why not I?"

"Exactly." Solly Levin tried to thunder the word, but he hadn't the voice for it. "Why not? And when we've carved up this British champ of yours, when we've massacred this ancient has-been, I say ——"

"All right, Solly," Zagero interrupted. "Desist. There's not a newspaperman within a thousand miles. Save the golden words for later."

"Just keepin' in practice, boy. I've got thousands to spare ——"

"T'ousands, Solly, t'ousands. You're slippin'. Now shut up."

Solly shut up, and I turned to the girl beside Zagero. "Well, miss?"

"Mrs. Mrs. Dansby-Gregg. You may have heard of me?"

"No." I wrinkled my brow. "I'm afraid I haven't." I'd heard of her, all right, and I knew now that I'd seen her name and picture a score of times among those of other wealthy unemployed and unemployable built up by the tongue-in-cheek gossip columnists of the great national dailies into an ersatz London society. Mrs. Dansby-Gregg, I seemed to recall, had been particularly active in the field of charitable activities, although perhaps less so in the production of the balance sheets.

She smiled sweetly at me. "Well, perhaps it's not so surprising after all." She looked across to where the youngster with the broken collarbone was sitting. "And this is Fleming."

"Fleming?" This time the wrinkling of my brow was genuine. "You mean Helene?"

"Fleming. My personal maid."

"Your personal maid," I said slowly. "Your own maid? And you didn't even bother to volunteer to stay while I fixed her shoulder up?"

"Miss LeGarde did it first," she said coolly. "Why should I?"

"Quite right, Mrs. Dansby-Gregg, why should you?" Johnny Zagero said approvingly. He looked at her long and considering. "You might have got your hands dirty."

For the first time the carefully cultivated façade cracked, the smile stiffened mechanically and her color deepened. Mrs. Dansby-Gregg made no reply; maybe she had none to make.

"Well, that leaves just the two of you," I said hastily. The large Dixie colonel with the florid face and white hair was sitting next to the thin, wispy-haired little Jew. They made an incongruous pair.

"Theodore Mahler," the little Jew said quietly. I waited, but he added nothing. A communicative character.

"Brewster," the other announced. He made a significant pause. "Senator Hoffman Brewster. Glad to help in any way I can, Doctor Mason."

"Thank you, senator. At least I know who you are." Indeed, thanks to his magnificent flair for self-publicity, half the Western world knew who this outspoken bitterly—but fairly—anti-Communist-near-isolationist senator from the Southwest was. "On a European tour?"

"You might say that." He had the politician's gift for investing even the most insignificant words with a statesmanlike consideration. "As chairman of one of our appropriation committees, I—well, let's call it a fact-finding tour."

"Wife and secretaries gone ahead by humble passenger steamer, I take it," Zagero said mildly. He shook his head. "That was a fearful stink our congressional-investigation boys raised recently about the expenses of United States senators abroad."

"That was quite unnecessary, young man," Brewster said. "And insulting."

"I believe it was," Zagero apologized. "Sorry, senator." He meant it.

What a bunch, I thought despairingly, what a crowd to be stuck with in the middle of the Greenland ice plateau. But willy-nilly I was stuck with them, stuck with the responsibility of doing my darnedest to get these people to safety, and the prospect appalled me. How on earth was I even to start to go about it, go about it with people with no arctic clothing to ward off the razor-edged winds and inhuman cold; people lacking in all knowledge and experience of arctic travel, even lacking, with two or three exceptions, the endurance and sheer muscular strength to cope with the savagery of the Greenland icecap? I couldn't even begin to guess.

But whatever else they were lacking in at that moment, it wasn't volubility. They had a hundred and one questions to ask, and they seemed to think that I should have the answers to all of them.

"During National Brotherhood Week?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More accurately, they had only half a dozen questions to ask, with a hundred and one variations of these. How was it possible for a pilot to veer so many hundreds of miles off course? Could the compasses have gone wrong? Could the pilot have had a brainstorm? But then surely both the copilot and second pilot would have known something was wrong? Could the radio have been damaged? It had been a bitterly cold afternoon even when they had left Gander; was it possible that some of the flaps and controls had iced up, forcing them off course? But if this were the case, why hadn't someone come to warn them of the possibility of a crash?

I answered all of their questions as best I could, but these answers were all to the same effect, that I didn't really know anything more about it than they did.

"But you said some time ago that you did, perhaps, know one thing more than we did." It was Corazzini who put the question, and he was looking at me shrewdly. "What was that, Doctor Mason?"

"What? Ah, yes, I remember now." I hadn't forgotten, but the way things were shaping up in my mind I'd had second thoughts about mentioning it, and had time to think up a plausible alternative. "I need hardly tell you that it's nothing that I actually *know*, Mr. Corazzini—how could I? *I* wasn't in the plane—just a reasonably informed guess in the absence of all other solutions. It's based on the scientific observations made here and in other I.G.Y. stations in Greenland, some of them over the past eighteen months.

"For over a year now we have been experiencing a period of intense sunspot activity—that's one of the main interests of the I.G.Y. year—the most intense of this century. As you may know, sunspots, or, rather, the emission of solar particles from these sunspots, are directly responsible for the formation of the aurora borealis and magnetic storms, both of these being related to disturbances in the ionosphere. These disturbances can and, actually, almost invariably, do interfere with radio transmission and reception and, when severe enough, can completely disrupt all normal radio communications. And they can also produce temporary alterations of the earth's magnetism which knock magnetic compasses completely out of kilter." All of which was true enough as far as it went. "Where astral navigation—by the stars, that is—is impossible, as it was on a night like this, you are dependent on radio and compasses as your two main navigational aids. If these are knocked out, what have you left?"

I saw Joss gazing at me with an expressionless face, looked him in the eye for a couple of seconds, then turned away. As a radio operator, Joss knew even better than I that, though there was still some sunspot activity, it had reached its maximum in the previous year, and as an ex-aircraft radio operator, he knew that airliners flew on gyrocompasses, which neither sunspots nor magnetic storms could ever affect in the slightest.

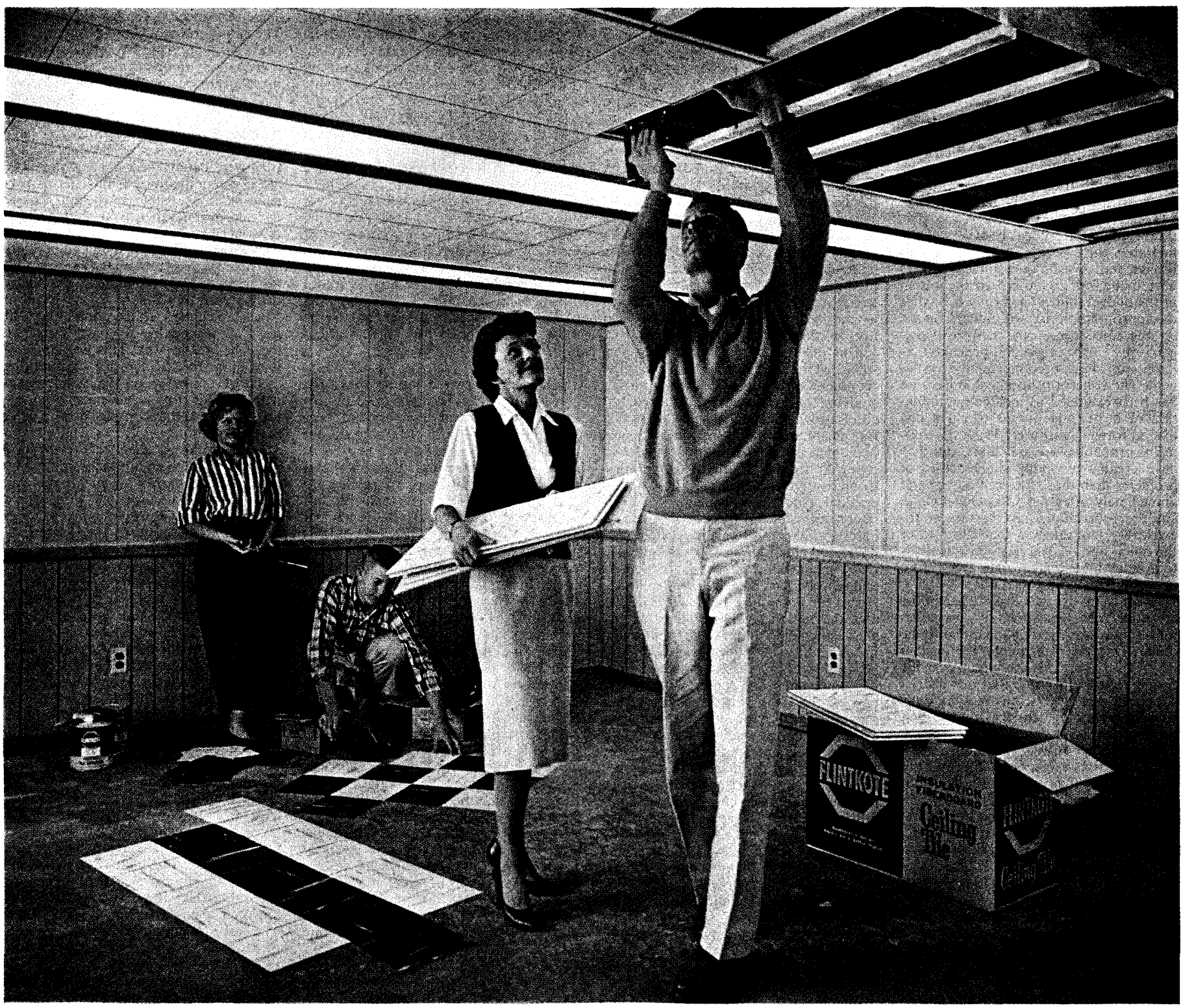
"We'll have something to eat now." I cut through the buzz of conversation. "Any volunteers to give Jackstraw a hand?"

"Certainly." Marie LeGarde, as I might have guessed, was first on her feet. "Lead me to it, Mr. Nielsen."

"Thanks. Joss, you might give me a hand to rig a screen." I nodded at the injured pilot. "We'll see what we can do for this boy here." The stewardess, unbidden, moved forward to help me also. I shrugged my shoulders and let her stay.

TO BE CONTINUED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# $18.36* a month can get you more "fun room" for the whole family

## A small investment in Flintkote products adds so much more to a home's resale value

It's surprising what the addition of a basement "fun room" means to Carl Swenson's household in Hillsdale, N. J. The living room furniture seems to be lasting longer. Rainy days and children playing indoors don't seem to disturb Mrs. Swenson's sunny disposition. And all because Mr. Swenson found he could build a "fun room" in his home—with less than $400.00 worth of Flintkote products.

The materials he used were Flintkote Crevatex Acoustical Ceiling Tile (so there's no need to "shush" the Swenson's children), Flintkote Wall Plank, Flintkote Walnut Grained Hardboard, Flintkote Flexachrome® vinyl-asbestos floor tile and Flintkote Adhesives. And Mr. Swenson learned that his Flintkote dealer would help him with instructions on how to do the job. He estimates he's added more than $1,000 to his home's value—and just about doubled its livability!

It's easy for you to do the same thing—to your basement or garage. And it's wise to depend, as Mr. Swenson did, on quality Flintkote materials. Your Flintkote dealer's name is listed in the Yellow Pages.

*On a 24-month basis.
**Local prices will vary slightly.

**THE SWENSON RECIPE FOR A "FUN ROOM"**
**(15 ft. x 26 ft.)**

| | |
|---|---|
| 8 cartons #70 Crevatex Ceiling Tile | **$ 97.50** |
| 4 cartons #76 Wall Plank | **61.00** |
| 3 bundles Flintkote Hardboard | **80.50** |
| 9 cartons Flintkote Flexachrome Floor Tile with Adhesives | **121.50** |
| Furring Strips, Studding, Nails and Staples | **36.00** |
| **Total Cost** | **$396.50**** |

**SEND FOR FREE LITERATURE!**

**Tell us the kind of remodeling you have in mind for your home and we'll be happy to send you suitable Flintkote product literature. We'll also enclose information on the Government's FHA-Title I Program. Write: The Flintkote Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.**

# FLINTKOTE

*America's Broadest Line of Building Products*

**PRODUCT DIVISIONS:** *Building Materials, Flooring and Adhesives, Van Packer® Chimneys, Orangeburg® Fibre Pipe, Insulrock® Building Slabs, Kosmos®, Calaveras and Glens Falls Portland Cement, U.S. Lime and Utah Lime Products, Industrial Products, Pioneer Flintkote, Blue Diamond and Flintrock® Gypsum Products, Hankins® Container.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Is Foreign Aid Jeopardizing American Jobs?

(Continued from Page 31)

and economic aid. These countries often bought American products with this money. However, foreign aid has always been presented as a temporary measure, designed to meet one emergency after another. For example, the Marshall Plan itself was originally depicted as a four-year project restricted to Europe, with the total cost accurately calculated in advance.

Today, more than twelve years later, my neighbors are uneasily aware of the fact that there seems to be no end to foreign aid. Washington policy makers have made foreign aid a permanent item in the budget, almost as firmly rooted as the appropriations for our military forces. At the same time, our costly overseas garrisons, also originally presented as temporary, have become equally permanent. The concept of foreign aid likewise has been extended to include manipulation of tariffs and quotas to assist distressed foreign countries. These developments probably were inevitable. But they have created a wholly different set of problems than those foreseen during and immediately after the war. Our foreign and domestic affairs have become so inextricably intermingled that the fate of the dollar and of American jobs depends to a much larger extent than ever before upon our foreign transactions.

As far as my North Carolina neighbors are concerned, the threat to American jobs is more serious than the threat to the dollar. One recent example will explain why this is so. Last autumn Asheville people noted with pride that our district has been removed from Washington's chronic unemployment list for the first time in many years. Western North Carolina has comparatively few industries to provide jobs, but its mountain people are so devoted to their ancestral homes that they stay put as long as they possibly can. These reliable workers, living in a region with abundant water and a good climate, have enabled energetic local businessmen to co-operate with North Carolina's businessman governor, Luther Hodges, in attracting industries to eliminate chronic unemployment. But shortly after this was done, I read a brief item in a New York newspaper reporting that the Treasury Department had ruled in favor of several European companies accused of dumping rayon staple fiber on the American market, which means selling below the home market price. These companies are in France, West Germany, Austria, Italy and Belgium, and represent industries restored with Marshall Plan aid.

This news item attracted my attention because the largest industrial enterprise in western North Carolina is American Enka, which makes rayon staple fiber among other things. I asked friends in this company whether the ruling affected them, and my question revealed what I consider a startling situation. For several years American Enka, like all rayon producers, has had many problems adjusting itself to revolutionary innovations in synthetic fibers by competitors. But by the end of 1957 the company had solved most of these problems, partly by building a large nylon plant. Moreover, rayon made a striking comeback, so much so that American Enka found it worthwhile to build a $25,000,000 rayon staple-fiber plant, only recently completed. But the profitable operation of this plant was made possible only by an act of Congress in 1958, plugging a loophole in the anti-dumping law which had enabled European producers to sell rayon staple fiber on the American market at prices American producers could not meet.

Then the foreign companies straightway appealed to the Treasury and they were cleared of dumping charges because of allowances which the Treasury had made after the law was passed. This meant that they could continue to undersell American producers on the American market. To an extent they were able to do this because European governments have subsidized exports in order to get gold and dollars. In short, the Treasury ruling has meant that foreign competition has made American Enka's costly new plant unprofitable. As a result, as this is written, several hundred Enka jobs are thus jeopardized. Of course, other American fiber producers are equally affected.

This dilemma in my home town personalized the "big picture" of our foreign economic relations which I had been studying for several weeks in Washington and Europe. And at an Asheville meeting last October a flood of similar complaints from every Southern state was reported to the Southern Governors' Conference. Georgia claimed that "vastly unequal standards of living make it absolutely impossible for the American textile industry to compete with foreign producers on equal terms." Texas lamented that "uncontrolled imports of foreign oil and oil products threaten to destroy completely the domestic oil industry in Texas and the nation." Oklahoma listed oil, glass, zinc and lead among its industries in difficulties, "almost wholly due to heavy imports of these products." Similar complaints are coming from every part of the United States, and whether they are justified or not, they make it clear that our foreign economic policy will be a major campaign issue in the 1960 elections. Exhaustive studies are therefore being made all over the place in Washington—in congressional committees, in the Departments of State, Treasury, Labor and Commerce and by several unofficial research groups. These studies have been mainly concerned with the way our foreign economic policy affects the dollar's stability and American jobs.

Since early last summer the health of the dollar has preoccupied President Eisenhower and his Secretary of the Treasury, Robert B. Anderson. What has troubled them most is the fact that we are sending many more billions of dollars abroad than we are getting back. During 1958 the deficit in international transactions was $3,400,000,000, and during 1959 it topped $4,000,000,000 for the first time. As a result our gold reserves have dropped to the lowest point since the war, less than $19,000,000,000, while foreign claims against our gold have risen to more than $15,000,000,000. It may be only a coincidence that the 1958–59 deficits happen to be almost identical with foreign aid. But most economists agree that deficits cannot continue at this rate indefinitely without endangering the dollar's stability. And in this election year foreign aid is the most obvious target for political attention.

"His hobby is buried treasure."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

However, respected authorities disagree about what should be done to protect the dollar, and their controversies are confusing to those of us who do not pretend to be experts on such matters as gold reserves and international transactions. Many members of Congress confess that they also are not experts, but they cannot just sit back and watch. Congress shares with the President and his advisers responsibility for foreign economic policy. So our legislators have been laboring valiantly to get information which will enable them to choose between contradictory expert opinions.

In particular, the Joint Economic Committee of Congress has taken testimony from a long procession of specialists during several months of 1959. Over and over again, in one form or another, they have asked this question: How can we assure a stable dollar and protect American jobs while also fulfilling our worldwide commitments? The senators and representatives on this committee have discovered that there is no simple answer. But the expert testimony has revealed one disconcerting fact—the American dollar and American jobs are now in jeopardy partly because of the gratifying success of American efforts to revive and nourish a "free world." While Americans were accomplishing this important and valuable achievement, we were also creating new problems for ourselves.

There is, I believe, no historical precedent for America's foreign-aid programs. The best-known of these programs, the Marshall Plan, underwrote the economic revival and modernization of Europe's most advanced industrial countries and later was extended to Asia's only fully industrialized power, Japan. Aided by American billions, these countries have become more effective producers than they were before the war, and therefore stronger competitors against us. Americans made it possible for them to replace in record time their war-damaged industrial plant, much of which was obsolete, with facilities matching and in many cases surpassing our own. The war did not wreck any of our plants, so that many of them are out-of-date. So we have, in effect, re-created trade competition at least as formidable as that which we faced before the war. This was a necessary thing to do in order to meet the menace from Moscow. We need have no regrets about this achievement, but the time has come to reconsider how to meet the competition.

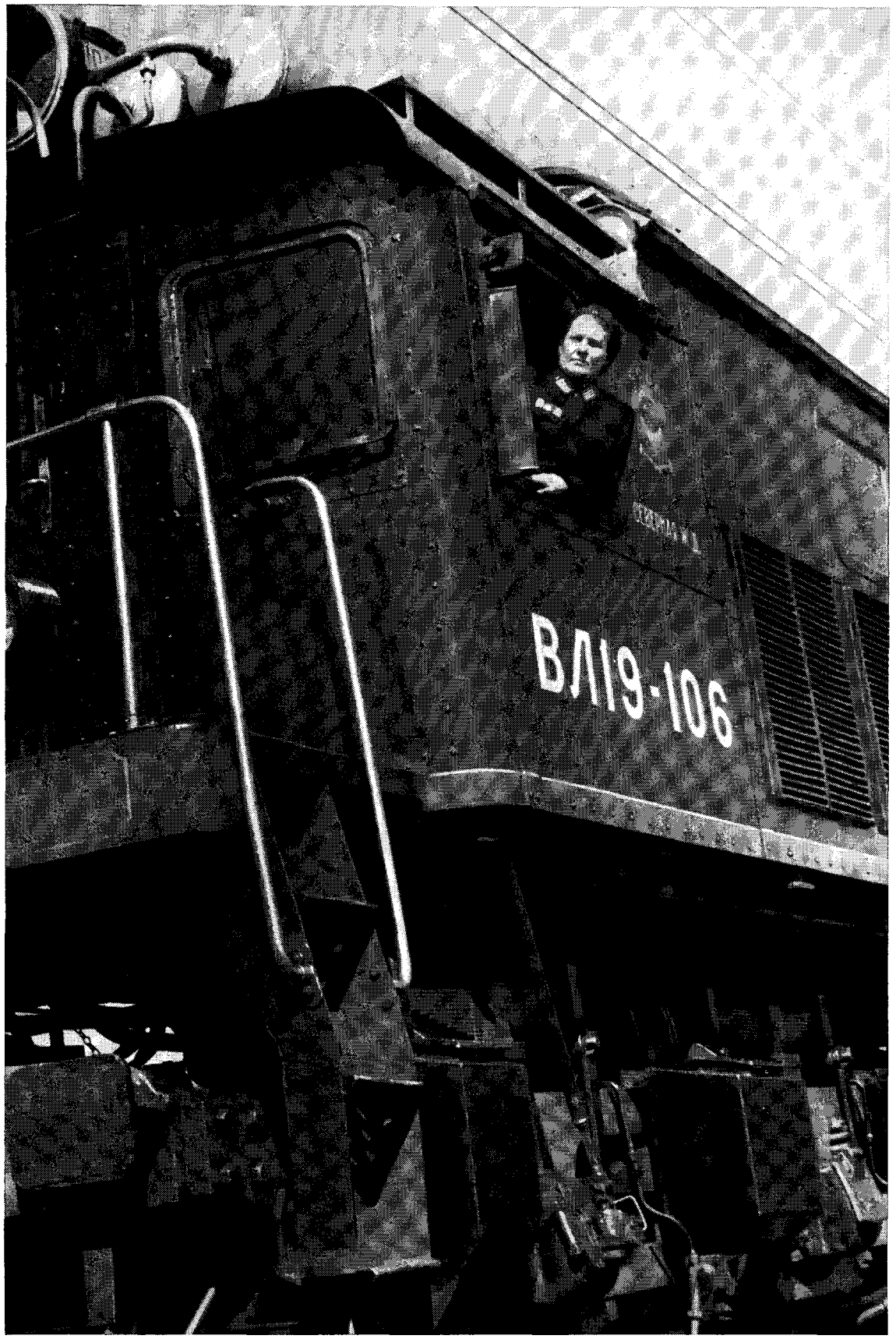
I have reported America's foreign-aid projects from their outset. Some of my most vivid memories are of the mingled incredulity and suspicion with which non-Communist Europeans greeted Secretary of State George C. Marshall's 1947 offer to underwrite their recovery. This offer was made almost without conditions. Europeans looked for a catch somewhere, but there was no catch. In 1947 many Americans were convinced that Europe was on the verge of going Communist and that an economically strong non-Communist Europe was essential to American security and well-being. At the start the Marshall Plan was not concerned with rearmament—in fact, Congress specifically forbade the use of these subsidies for rearmament. The costly business of rearming the entire non-Communist world came later.

After touring all Marshall Plan countries I discussed the program with a Swiss banker who proved to be a poor prophet. This international financier told me, "I doubt that American taxpayers will put up the billions to complete this program when they see what it really means. The countries you are subsidizing were your toughest trade competitors before the war, and they can become equally tough again." Possibly the Swiss banker's doubts would have been confirmed if the Korean War had not broken out in 1950. But the Korean war had about the same effect upon Americans as Pearl Harbor. This Communist use of naked force swept away almost all the remaining resistance to the Marshall Plan concept. Subsidies snowballed to cover continents other than Europe and to include global rearmament and a network of American bases and garrisons abroad.

I found that some of our former enemies were the most surprised beneficiaries of American subsidies. One day West Germany's cities were piles of rubble, and Americans were still dismantling the surviving remnants of Germany's industrial plants and shipping them to Russia in accordance with wartime reparations agreements. Then suddenly the German industrialists, some of whom we had labeled "war criminals," found themselves back in favor, with Americans underwriting restoration of their industries. American bankers and businessmen flocked to Germany to contribute the latest technological advice as well as dollars. The Germans did not conceal their astonishment. One of them exclaimed to me, "Imagine this, only three years after Hitler and our unconditional surrender!" A considerable number of those Germans have since become millionaires again. (*Continued on Page 99*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Red Russia's railroads get the green light




**If you think the great era of railroad building is gone, you should see Russia today!**

The Russians are feverishly building new railroads... improving existing trackage... adding modern equipment – electric and diesel locomotives, roller-bearing cars, automatic coupling, welded rail and plenty of new and improved rolling stock.

And while Russia's railroads are by no means up to American railroad standards, they're moving ahead fast.

* * *

**In the United States,** by contrast, public policies tend to reflect indifference to the railroads, while they encourage railroad competition.

Railroads are burdened with over-regulation and discriminatory taxation—while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

* * *

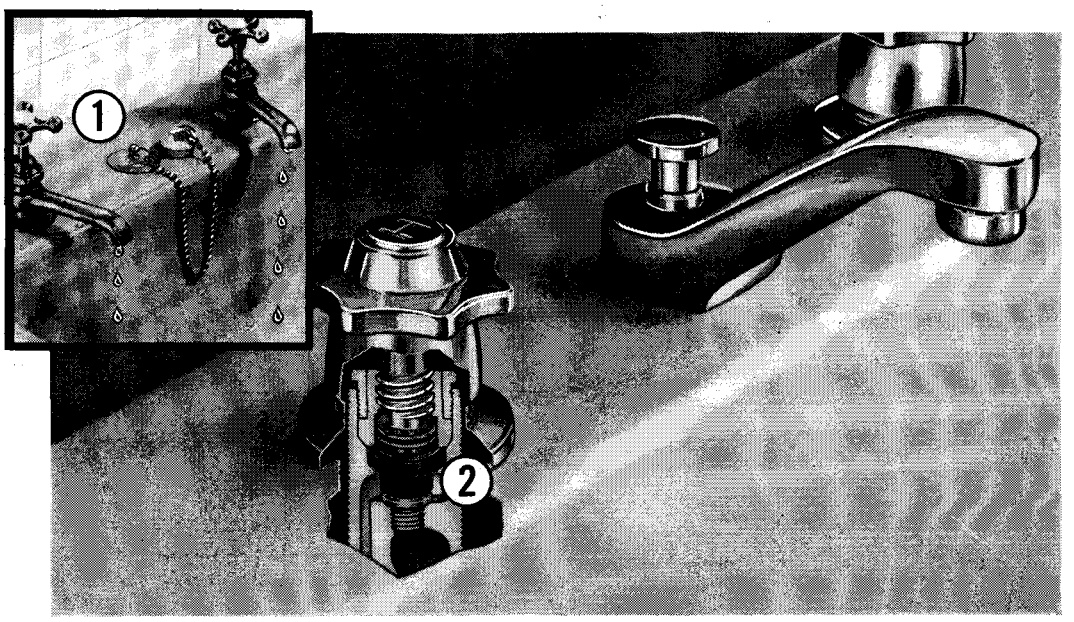
**The railroads ask no special favors.** All they ask is the equality of treatment and opportunity fundamental to the American concept of free enterprise. Granted this, the public would then be *assured* of the efficient, low-cost rail service which a dynamic economy and national defense demand.

ASSOCIATION OF
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2 Revolutionary developments from American-Standard!

# END DRIPPING FAUCETS STOP RUNNING TOILETS



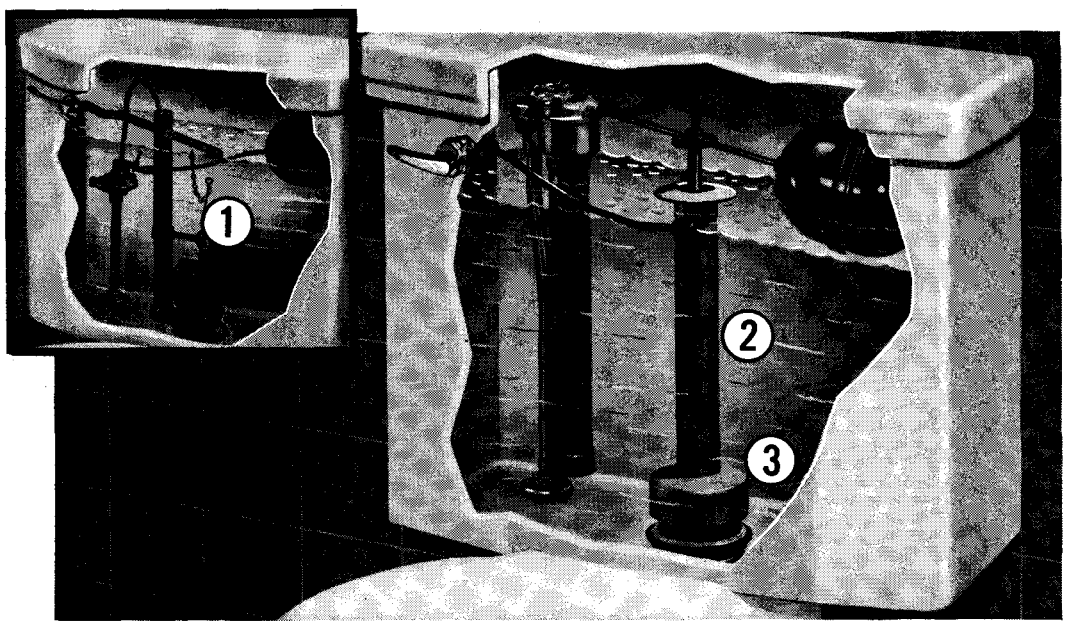

Every turn of the conventional faucet **(1)** applies mechanical friction to the washer, quickly wearing it down and allowing water to leak through. The AQUASEAL **(2)** operates by water pressure, which eliminates friction, wear . . . ends leaks, washer replacements.

**With the exciting new AQUASEAL you'll never change another washer**

No more dripping faucets . . . no more washers to wear out! That's because these NO-DRIP FAUCETS have the revolutionary new AQUASEAL valve (shown in the cutaway). AQUASEAL eliminates the "washer grinding" that causes ordinary washers to wear out—faucets to leak. For smoother operation, longer life, positive shutoff at a touch, insist on AMERICAN-STANDARD FAUCETS with the exclusive NO-DRIP AQUASEAL.

**This efficient, new flushing mechanism ends noisy, running toilets**

This unique, simply designed American-Standard flushing mechanism means quick, efficient flushing at a touch. A positive shutoff stops the flow of water at just the right time. There are no complicated linkages to get out of line. You'll never again have to jiggle the handle to end annoying leaking, running water. Be sure that your new toilet is the finest, be sure it is an American-Standard toilet with this amazing new flushing mechanism.




As the chain or rod **(1)** in most toilets becomes worn, bent or broken, the seal fails to seat properly, and water continues to run. Because the sleeve **(2)** of the new American-Standard flushing mechanism rides up and down on a stationary rod, it cannot slide out of position. Therefore the seal **(3)** always provides a positive shutoff.

**FOR MORE INFORMATION** see your American-Standard retailer listed in the Yellow Pages under "plumbing fixtures and supplies," or mail the coupon below. AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION, 40 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York.

AMERICAN-STANDARD, Dept. PO-20, 39 W. 39th St., New York 18.
Please send me information on your new AQUASEAL and flushing mechanism.

*Name*_____
PLEASE PRINT

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____

*County*_____ *State*_____

AMERICAN-STANDARD and STANDARD® are trademarks of American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation

AMERICAN-STANDARD
PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 96*) In 1952, when I revisited Japan for the first time since the war, I found Japanese leaders even more bemused by the turn of events. During the American occupation immediately after World War II, almost all the principal Japanese industrialists and bankers were either imprisoned or hidden behind a kind of purdah of inactivity, as loathsome collaborators. Now Washington was urging these same Japanese to rebuild their bombed-out and dismantled plants with the latest American equipment to supply our soldiers fighting the Korean war.

One of the first Japanese I sought out was an acquaintance, dating back to the 1920's—career diplomat Mamoru Shigemitsu. He had just finished a seven-year prison term as a war criminal, but was soon to become prime minister with the American Government's enthusiastic approval. In prison Mr. Shigemitsu had been out of touch with world affairs and he asked me wonderingly, "Did you foresee anything like this situation?" What astonished him was that Americans had underwritten Japanese industrial rehabilitation in 1950, less than a decade after Pearl Harbor.

I assured Shigemitsu that I had not foreseen these developments, and neither had anybody else I knew—least of all Washington wartime policy makers. They planned for a very different kind of economic world order. They assumed that victorious Soviet Russia would co-operate with her wartime associates in creating a prosperous global economy. On this assumption Russia was included in all international economic and financial institutions set up for postwar rehabilitation. When Russia did not perform as expected, Washington hastily revised its economic policies from 1946 onward.

Now the American Government visualized a world neatly divided into two blocs—Communists and non-Communists. The catchy title "free world" was universally adopted by governments, press and public to cover all non-Communist regimes, ranging from parliamentary democracies to one-man dictatorships. The same Americans who had hoped for a "one-world" economy with Russians now settled for the more limited "free-world" economy, including everybody except Communists. Essential to this new concept was a federated non-Communist Europe, vigorously pushed by Democrats like Averell Harriman and Republicans like Paul Hoffman and General Eisenhower, while he was chief of NATO.

Europeans did not accept this revolutionary plan as quickly as its American sponsors had hoped. But during the past eighteen months European economic federation has become an accomplished fact. It has developed so rapidly and so quietly that many Americans probably are still unaware of it. The American labor leaders and industrialists who heartily supported "in principle" what amounts to a European economic revolution apparently did not anticipate some of its effects upon American workers and industry. For Western Europe's economic revolution has strengthened immeasurably the ability of Europeans to compete with Americans in world trade.

In 1959 two powerful European combinations began to operate. One is the European Economic Community, also known as the European Common Market; the other is the Outer Seven. The Common Market got going on New Year's Day, 1959. It brought together six highly industrialized nations with a combined population of 165,000,000: West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. The community's immediate purpose is to form a Common Market roughly equivalent to that of the United States by gradually eliminating trade barriers among its member nations. The first internal tariff reduction already has been made, and others are scheduled at regular intervals until the Common Market becomes as unrestricted as those of the United States and Russia.

This community could become even more formidable if Great Britain joined it. But the United Kingdom could not join without surrendering its system of preferential trade with British Commonwealth nations. Only after the Common Market began to operate did London decide to protect its interests by setting up another European economic federation. Last July, seventy-nine delegates from seven countries, organized by Britain, met in Stockholm and formed a customs union known as the Outer Seven, consisting of Britain, the three Scandinavian countries, Austria, Switzerland, and Portugal. The Outer Seven agreed to reduce tariffs among themselves by 20 per cent before July 1, 1960, matching reductions scheduled by that date within the Common Market. Sponsors of both combinations are still hoping to arrange a merger. This situation presented so many potential challenges to American trade with Europe that Under Secretary of State C. Douglas Dillon, an investment banker in private life, spent some weeks in Europe recently in negotiations with his European counterparts.

Mr. Dillon sought an agreement between the United States and the two new European combinations that they would not discriminate against each other's trade and would join forces to aid underdeveloped countries. But so far the agreement is only "in principle."

When President Eisenhower flew to Europe last August, the American public was so fascinated by the prospect of Nikita Khrushchev's visit here that one of the major purposes of the President's mission was generally overlooked. Only a few specialists noted that in his talks with European statesmen last autumn Mr. Eisenhower showed almost as much concern about our economic relations with our allies as about our relations with Russia. In a television report to the people last September, the President first revealed that he was contemplating what might be called an Eisenhower Plan, designed to replace the Marshall Plan concept which has dominated American economic policy for more than twelve years. Mr. Eisenhower's September speech and subsequent administration statements have explained how the Eisenhower Plan differs from the Marshall Plan. The United States was the sole contributor to the Marshall Plan, and Europe's industrial powers were its principal beneficiaries. The Eisenhower Plan proposes to make underdeveloped countries its sole beneficiaries, with Europe's industrial powers and Japan acting as joint contributors with the United States.

The Eisenhower Plan recognizes that foreign aid today is a very different proposition from what it was in 1947, because of basic changes in the world's economy. During the past twelve years the United States has voluntarily abdicated its unchallenged economic supremacy in the free world by sharing its economic power with its allies. Western Europe and Japan possessed the "know-how" and we have given them the money and means to apply it. This has enabled them to win an increasing share of the American market as well as the world market.

Their gains are not entirely due to wage differentials. These experienced industrial powers have come up with innovations which narrow the "technological gap" between them and us. Two conspicuous examples of this are typewriters and automobiles. West German and Italian typewriter manufacturers have made substantial inroads upon what was a virtual American monopoly because of the quality of their products, as much as prices. The Italian Olivetti company recently bought controlling interest in the company making the Underwood typewriter, a machine which helped me earn my living for many years. Appealing foreign automobiles have invaded the American market with considerable success. Similarly the Japanese, who formerly competed only with cheap inferior products, now emphasize quality in such items as transistors, optical goods and textiles marketed throughout the United States.

At the same time America's non-Communist competitors have swiftly acquired formidable bargaining power against us. For example, Europe's Common Market is now in a position to counteract American manipulation of tariffs and quotas with equivalent maneuvers. While this discourages advocates of high American tariffs, it also demands firm and constant bargaining to protect American interests.

Also this makes it certain that during President Eisenhower's last year in office he will focus intensely on economic policy. The most vulnerable item in the 1960 budget will be foreign aid, which is sure to be even more subject to political attack than ever in this presidential election year. During his two years as NATO commander and seven years as President, Mr. Eisenhower has consistently supported all forms of mutual security. He has insisted that the contest with the Soviet bloc demands firm continuance of America's global commitments. However, during 1959 the President and his associates have begun to realize that the menace from Moscow has obscured threats to American jobs and the dollar's stability from non-Soviet competition. Mr. Eisenhower has been particularly impressed by Secretary Anderson's arguments. The Secretary of the Treasury has pointed out that our world-wide security system has been erected upon the foundation of a stable dollar and a solidly prosperous American domestic economy. If that foundation is seriously weakened, or even if its strength becomes doubtful, the entire structure is jeopardized.

This viewpoint has inspired several recent revisions of foreign economic policy. The administration has adopted a number of measures to ensure that more of our foreign-aid grants be spent in the United States. It has concluded agreements to remove discriminations against American goods which were previously tolerated because of so-called dollar shortages.

Finally, the administration is using all the means at its disposal to persuade our prosperous allies to contribute much more toward their own defense and toward aiding underdeveloped countries. American subsidies have not only restored the industries of our allies but have also footed most of their defense bills during postwar rebuilding. Now Washington is proclaiming that one era has ended and another begun. For more than a decade after World War II American workers and industries alike profited from universal shortages, caused by war damage and economic chaos in all major industrial countries outside the United States. Competition in our domestic market was minimal, and foreign countries eagerly bought American products while they were not yet equipped to make their own—they could buy these products because Washington was providing grants estimated at about $40,000,000,000. During this period the American Government often showed more interest in restoring foreign industries than in protecting American industries. American labor leaders and management tolerated this attitude so long as they were profiting by world-wide shortages.

But now that the free world's economy has been brilliantly restored, the United States faces competition probably more fierce than any we have known, and no American politicians can afford to ignore this fact. The Democratic majority in Congress feels the same pressure from voters as the Eisenhower Administration does. Therefore, a large number of Democratic as well as Republican members of Congress privately endorse Secretary Anderson's thesis that the surest way to safeguard the mutual-security system is to give top priority now to measures designed to protect American jobs and the dollar. THE END

"Could I get to Miscellaneous, please?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

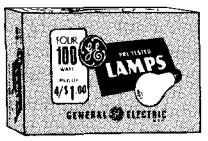
**The nearsighted MISTER MAGOO**

"Special bulb sale! Wonderful! I need G-E bulbs for my 3-way lamps. And some new smaller, brighter General Electric 100-watters that fit where 100's wouldn't go before. By George, madam, if you'd get rid of these flowers, customers could find the G-E bulbs for themselves!"

© UPA PICTURES, INC. 1960 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

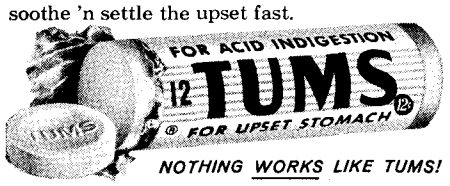



IT'S EASY TO SEE THE BEST BULBS ARE G-E

Do some foods give you

**HEART BURN?**

Get wonderful relief with TUMS. TUMS soothe 'n settle the upset fast.




NOTHING WORKS LIKE TUMS!

***FREE Vacation Guide to TENNESSEE***

Colorful booklet tells all about the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Tennessee's 22 Great Lakes and water sports, historic shrines including the homes of 3 presidents, fine family accommodations — everything you need to plan a wonderful vacation!

**40 PAGES — 116 PICTURES**

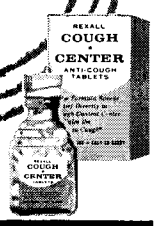
MAIL COUPON TODAY

TENNESSEE DIVISION OF INFORMATION
2142 Cordell Hull Building, Nashville, Tenn.
*Please send Free Vacation Guide*
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY & STATE_____

**NEW COUGH RELIEF!**

NOW... A TINY PILL CAN STOP YOUR COUGH BY NERVE CONTROL

New REXALL COUGH-CENTER TABLETS




Non-narcotic tablet you swallow acts on the cough nerve center. Can stop your cough up to 6 hrs.! Safe, used as directed, even for children.

ONLY AT Rexall DRUG STORES

**MONEY...**
***In Your Spare Time***

Spare time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
**206 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.**

RESISTS BLISTERING

*Kyanize*

the good choice in PAINTS

# My Journeys Toward the Stars

(Continued from Page 36)

Just before launch point, at 38,000 feet over Edwards, I radioed Q. C. Harvey, North American test director, "We're in good shape." There was no longer time to be too concerned about the helium pressure. In my mind we were committed. Then I became busy making last-minute preparations to fly, flipping rapidly through the thirty-page check list fixed to my knee pad.

At the one-minute warning we shut off power and oxygen from the B-52, and the X-15 was, in effect, "on its own." I turned on the rocket-engine master switch and primed the engines with a burst of fuel and LOX. Then I rolled the automatic photo-recorders, which would keep a concise record of all events in the X-15. Finally I flashed the green launch light for the second time on Bock's instrument panel in the B-52. Then I said, "Ready to go."

Launching a rocket plane and lighting off the engines is one of the most difficult tasks a pilot can face. A second's delay, a minor miscalculation or small mistake in judgment can bring failure—and sometimes death. To gain maximum performance from the engines, the pilot should touch them off before the plane has dropped too far into the thick atmosphere. The plane must also be kept at a precise angle of attack. If it noses down too steeply, precious rocket fuel is expended regaining the lost altitude. If the plane is overly nose high, the resultant drag consumes fuel needlessly.

Bock called the brief countdown, "Three . . . two . . . one . . . drop!"

My left hand felt for and found the toggle switches which would light two of the eight barrels of the rocket engines. I flicked them as soon as I heard the rattle of the shackles releasing the X-15. In less than five seconds my hand moved to the other six toggles, and before I had dropped 2000 feet I was able to report, "Got eight of 'em going."

I fell to about 33,000 feet before the rockets took hold and began pushing the X-15. I reported, "Going uphill at 33,000." I added, "Looks good across the board." It *was* good—all but the helium pressure, which was still sagging.

Since the X-15 has no compass and I cannot see the horizon during the steep climb, I rely on the B-52 pilot during the first few seconds to "steer" me. Bock reported I was to his right.

Pushed by the rockets, which have more power than a Navy cruiser and can be heard for twenty miles, the X-15 suddenly became a tiny thing of immense power and speed darting across the desert sky. Had it not been for my exhaust trail the observers on the ground could never have followed my course except by radar. More at ease now after a successful lightoff, I directed my attention to these questions: Did we have a stable airplane? Was it dangerous or difficult to fly? Were the controls now adequate?

It was apparent almost instantly that we had built a beautiful airplane. Its nose held straight and firm without the yaw and pitch common to most high-performance planes. As I blasted toward the heavens I alternated between side-arm control and the center stick, pumping in tentative control motions to feel her out. Even then the X-15 remained sound and stable. Because she is long and slim and has stubby wings, she was extremely sensitive when I rolled her. But this fact had been predicted and was no surprise. The plane eased through the speed of sound imperceptibly with almost none of the usual buffet and control disturbance.

As I was nearing 50,000 feet I was startled to hear a loud buzzing. What could it be? My first thought was that an auxiliary power unit was vibrating. But a glance at the gauges indicated they were running perfectly. It was not until later that I discovered the source of the noise. The cockpit of the X-15 is so small that when I lean forward to reach some of the controls, my helmet wedges in the v-shaped canopy glass. The noise I heard was caused by the normal, healthy vibration of the X-15 canopy. My helmet, which is a kind of sound chamber, had magnified this vibration manyfold. I called this noise on the radio, to my subsequent regret. All the vibration experts in the country have had a field day trying to solve this one. It would never have been noticed had not my helmet touched the canopy.

Two minutes after launch I reached 50,000 feet and pushed over in level flight.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

**Potentate**

By Candace T. Stevenson

I marvel at the gifts
bestowed by nature
Upon this two-year-old
imperious creature
Whose speech is never
babylike and bland,
But carries subtle accents
of command.
She does not deign to
toddle, quick or slow,
This is a regal walk in
embryo.
I, her Disraeli, come along
to guide,
Knowing just how and
when to step aside.
Eugénie looked behind to
find her chair,
But Queen Victoria knew
that hers was there.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Then I dropped the nose slightly for a speed run, meanwhile maneuvering the X-15 through a series of turns and rolls. I stared in fascination at the Mach meter, which climbed quickly from Mach 1.5 to Mach 1.8 and then, effortlessly, to my top speed for this flight of Mach 2.3—about 1500 mph. Then, because I was under orders not to take the X-15 wide open on her first flight, I shut off three of the rocket barrels. As I slowed down I recalled the agony at Edwards many years before when we had worked for months pushing, calculating, polishing and heaven knows what else to achieve Mach 2. Now, with the X-15, we had reached that speed in three minutes on our first powered flight and had to throttle back.

About four minutes—230 seconds to be precise—after launch the fuel in the X-15 was exhausted, and the engines shut down. The X-15 was now a powerless "glider" which I had to steer back to the dry-lake landing strip. As I swung into a turn to line up with the lake, the X-15's huge wedge-shaped tail bit the air, and the nose turned sharply, causing me to comment on the radio, "Very powerful rudders on this little baby."

In preparation for the landing I asked for the wind velocity and direction on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lake. Sam Richter, a North American engineer who mans a mobile communication center on the lake bed during X-15 flights, reported, "Four knots." At about the same time, Edwards tower reported, "Eighteen knots." For the X-15 a crosswind of four knots was no problem. However, a crosswind of eighteen knots would call for sharp attention at touch-down. Since Sam was stationed nearest the landing strip, I accepted his estimate and lined up on the north-south runway, disregarding crosswinds. By now my chase pilots, Al White, Bob White and Joe Walker, had found me and were glued to my wing tips.

The wind was extremely variable, and the Edwards-tower estimate, it developed—mostly by coincidence—was nearer the mark when I turned on my final leg. It was, in fact, very strong from the west. When this fact had been determined beyond question, I was advised to shift to the east-west runway. But it was too late. The X-15, "gliding like a brick," was already too close to the ground.

My speed had now fallen off to about 250 mph. I crossed the edge of the lake bed and dropped the lower, or ventral, tail fin. I was now beginning to feel the strong crosswind. To compensate, I aimed the X-15 to cross the marked lakebed runway. My hope was that I would drift over onto the runway by touchdown. I commented on the radio, "That's a pretty good crosswind."

Chase Bob White said, "Very nice." As a matter of fact, the X-15 *was* flying smoothly. There was no sign of the violent porpoising I had experienced on the first glide flight. I held the nose high; and seconds before touch-down, at 200 miles per hour, I dropped the rear steel skids and nose wheel and flipped the flap switch. The X-15's skids dug into the hard-packed surface, and almost instantly the nose fell heavily, cushioned by the nose wheel.

Bob White repeated, "Very nice." As we skidded along, throwing up dust, I joked, "What do you expect from the old pro, daddy-o?"

The crosswind was stronger than I thought, and the X-15 had not drifted over onto the marked runway. I had touched down outside the right boundary line and was skidding, at 150 miles per hour, directly toward a deep drainage ditch, about half a mile ahead. If I coasted into that ditch, I knew I could very well wipe out the X-15's landing gear, or possibly damage the plane more seriously. The old pro, now feeling sheepish, pushed hard on the rudder pedal, hit the speed brakes, and dropped the elevators full down, desperately trying to steer the plane to the left and stop it all at once. I snapped into the radio, "Damn it. I'm going to coast over into that ditch."

I failed to get the X-15 onto the marked runway. But fortunately it stopped—100 yards short of the ditch. My relief flashed through when I radioed, "Hollered too soon, didn't I?"

Unknown to me, a new and far more serious crisis was developing in the X-15. Alcohol from a broken pump had flowed in the after-engine bay, and a furious, invisible fire had broken out. It was not discovered until the ground crews arrived. Dismayed, they waved the fire trucks toward the tail section. The firemen unreeled the hoses and showered the tail section with fog. Since there was still a considerable quantity of alcohol on board, the X-15 was like a bomb with a lighted fuse. We chased the official observers back while the firemen, with no display of concern for their personal safety, extinguished the fire.

When I got a close look at the rear of the plane, I was sick with disappointment. The fire had burned through a large area, melting aluminum tubing, fuel lines, valves and other machinery. Before the X-15 could fly again, I knew, we would have to rebuild the damaged section completely. However, the job was completed in the amazingly brief time of twenty-three days.

The weather in the Mojave Desert is capricious and unpredictable. Most of the time it is clear—ideal for flight-test work. However, in the winter months strong winds, cloud fronts and rains sweep Edwards without warning. In December it sometimes rains so hard that the dry-lake landing strips for the rocket planes are too mushy for operations. In the past, rains have closed the lakes for as long as two or three months. Faced with this uncertainty—no one can tell in advance if there will be a December rainy season—we pushed ahead with all possible speed in our carefully stepped flight program. But a series of frustrating mechanical malfunctions intervened.

On October tenth, just before launch, we were unable to transfer LOX from the B-52 to the X-15. Much LOX had "boiled" out of the X-15 tanks, leaving the rocket plane imbalanced. If we launched, I knew, the X-15 would tumble wildly to the ground. Four days later we tried again. This time the cabin pressurization in the X-15 failed to operate. If we proceeded with the flight, there was danger that the X-15 cabin would explode and severely damage the B-52. We fixed this and were airborne three days later, on October seventeenth.

We launched at 41,000 feet, and within five seconds I had all eight X-15 rocket barrels blazing. The X-15 picked up speed and zoomed skyward, leaving the chase planes far behind.

Above: Test pilot Scott Crossfield wears this specially designed pressure suit for his flights spaceward in the X-15. Below: The engineers always have a few last-minute words before Crossfield is closed into the ship just prior to take-off.

Soon I was flying supersonically. At 55,000 feet I pushed over for a level speed run, during which I intended to deliberately cause the plane to yaw—swing the nose left or right abruptly—to see how she responded at high speed. When I performed this maneuver the X-15 returned to stable flight with grace and ease. But the motion caused my knee-pad check list, mounted on spiral rings, to flip ahead several pages. For the sake of posterity I would like to point out that this is what I referred to when at that critical moment in X-15 history, I radioed this cryptic message, "Oh, damn. I've lost my place. Never mind. Found it again."

Flying the X-15 is something like balancing a coin on a knife edge, yet not beyond the capability of an experienced test pilot. When I deliberately and delicately rolled the ship—part of my flight-test program—she responded instantly.

At the end of my speed run my Mach meter registered 2.4—1600 miles an hour. Almost effortlessly I had approached the late Air Force Capt. Mel Apt's speed record of slightly over Mach 3. The temptation to forge ahead and shatter this record and Iven Kincheloe's altitude record of 126,000 feet—which I could easily do in the X-15—was very great. The plane was running like an expensive watch. All I had to do was let the rocket engines burn a little longer and I could become the only man now living to fly at three times the speed of sound. But the Air Force and NASA have reserved these spectacular flights for their own pilots.

Following my instructions, I shut down several of the rocket barrels. I pulled the nose up and climbed rapidly to 67,000 feet, the maximum altitude for this flight. Then, as the other rocket barrels burned out, I nosed the X-15 into a steep supersonic glide to check her stability going downhill at Mach 1.5—1000 miles per hour. At 50,000 feet I leveled out, and my speed fell off to subsonic. At that moment my eye caught a blur flashing across my path dead ahead. It was NASA chase pilot Joe Walker in an F-104.

I radioed, "There goes my chase right across my bow." Fortunately we did not collide, but it was a near miss—too near.

Soon the X-15 had dropped to 30,000 feet. I laid out my approach for the dry-lake landing strip, reporting my choice by radio to the chase. At 8000 feet I turned on my final leg and, for the third time, got set to put the X-15 on the ground.

Just then I thought I saw an airplane on the lake near the spot I had picked to land. I snapped in the radio, "There's an airplane down on the lake." I was now committed. There could be no further maneuvers. At the X-15's glide speed on final, 280 miles per hour, I would touch down in twenty seconds.

The "airplane" turned out to be the emergency helicopter which hovers near the X-15 landing area. It was almost directly below me when I dropped the ventral fin. I radioed, "I hope that helicopter doesn't get hit."

Luckily it didn't. As I pulled the X-15 nose high, feeling for the ground, chase Bob White reported, "You're looking good, buddy."

The flaps were slow in extending. I landed with twenty-eight degrees of flaps instead of forty, which made the touchdown a little faster than usual. Even so, I judged it the best X-15 landing I had ever made. As was his custom, Q. C. Harvey radioed, "Everything all right?"

For once everything was all right—no fire, no porpoising near the ground, no other malfunctions. I replied, "No sweat."

Following this triumph of man over machinery, our confidence and spirits

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soared. Eager to push ahead on our graduated program, we were ready and airborne five days later, on October twenty-second, with the intention of flying the X-15 at Mach 2.6 and 85,000 feet. This flight turned out to be the most exasperating to date in the X-15 history.

We had accomplished all the hectic preliminaries—the long tune-up on the ground, the flight-plan conferences, the last-minute repairs, the climb to altitude, the LOX top-off and the initial priming of the rocket engines in the X-15. Everything had worked beautifully. Now, one minute before launch, I reached for the valve that would switch oxygen supply from the B-52 to the X-15. It jammed. Involuntarily I snarled on the radio, "Oh, hell!"

Q. C. Harvey shot back, "What's the matter, Scott?"

"I can't turn on the oxygen. I've got to hold," I added in disgust.

Seldom in my test-flying career had I been so genuinely put out or so determined to correct a mechanical deficiency. That an elaborate X-15 flight might be canceled by the failure of a fifty-cent valve seemed just too much. I twisted with all my might. Then I beat on the switch with my fist—the frenetic pounding can be heard on my portable tape recorder. Then I tried to use my stiff knee-pad board as a lever. I pushed and strained and, in my futile endeavors, ripped first my right and then my left pressure-suit glove, made of a new experimental material which has since been discarded. When I tore my gloves I gave up. We could not fly the X-15 above 50,000 feet without full pressure-suit protection.

At that moment, inexplicably, the inside of the windshield frosted over solidly, a trouble we had not experienced since the first captive flight. It was solid ice; no amount of scrubbing with my ripped gloves or defogging heat would remove it. Had the oxygen switch not malfunctioned and we had launched, I would have found myself in serious trouble indeed with an iced windshield. I wondered, *Is Someone looking after me?* So as not to impose on Him, after that I always carried a plastic windshield scraper in the cockpit.

With our thoughts fixed on the possible December rains, we worked doggedly to groom the X-15 for a third powered flight. But, as luck would have it, heavy, freakish clouds scattered through the desert and delayed us another ten days or so. On Halloween we got in the air; but scant seconds before launch time, dense clouds covered the dry-lake landing strip. Finally, on November fifth, the weather cleared. That day we hoped to achieve the performance which mechanical failure and the unseasonable weather had denied us—Mach 2.6 and 85,000 feet.

We received a report that Cuddeback and Three Sisters dry lakes, which would serve as emergency strips should the engines fail, were damp from the recent rainy weather. Roy Ferren, North American's chief flight-test engineer, was dead set against launching over Cuddeback. He argued for a launch near Lake Huges, which was closer to Edwards and within glide distance of Rosamond dry lake, which was relatively dry. There was much debate on this point. Ultimately Ferren's view prevailed. In light of the near disaster that followed, it is fortunate for both the X-15 program and me that it did.

There was nothing in the take-off and prelaunch routine to indicate a new and formidable crisis was in the making. For once the X-15 and B-52 were tight as ticks—no valves or regulators were leaking. The nitrogen pressure, the auxiliary power units, LOX top-off system, pressure suit—everything—was perfectly tuned; so much so, in fact, that I reported from the air, "Q. C., take out the X-fifteen handbook. See what the instrument-panel gauges should read, and that's what I've got." The weather was clear.

As we bore down on the launch point over Bouquet Canyon Reservoir, I performed my part of the job with a hand now experienced by previous flights of the X-15. I noticed that the rocket engines primed a little faster than usual, but not enough to cause alarm. Immediately before launch I heard an unfamiliar sound in the rear of the airplane, but it distracted me only for a split second.

Striving for a fast light-off after I fell away from the B-52, my hand flicked through the rocket-barrel toggles. I lighted No. 2 and No. 4 on the lower motor and No. 2 and No. 4 on the upper. When I then pulled No. 3 and No. 1, a tremendous explosion jarred the X-15. The plane shook violently.

My hand was moving across the toggles too quickly to stop. Automatically I hit No. 3 and No. 1 on the upper motor, the last two barrels, but I could see on the panel that the pump for the lower rocket motor was overspeeding and shutting down, indicating a malfunction. The flight was done before it began. Sick with disappointment, I shut off the four switches for the lower motor.

All this took place within about five seconds. Just then, chase Bob White, who was flying his F-104 close by the tail of the X-15, intoned on the radio. "Looks like you had an explosion in the rocket motor."

Then, with rising excitement in his voice, he added, "You have a fire!" At that moment a fire-warning light flashed on my instrument panel.

Nothing, of course, can be more potentially dangerous to the X-15—loaded with nine tons of volatile alcohol and LOX and 600 pounds of hydrogen peroxide—than a fire in the air. When such a fire occurs in a guided missile, as it has happened many times at Cape Canaveral and elsewhere, within seconds the missile usually disintegrates in a massive burst of flame and smoke—a total loss. The advantage of the X-15 is that it is equipped with a man who can take measures to save the ship. I began these procedures.

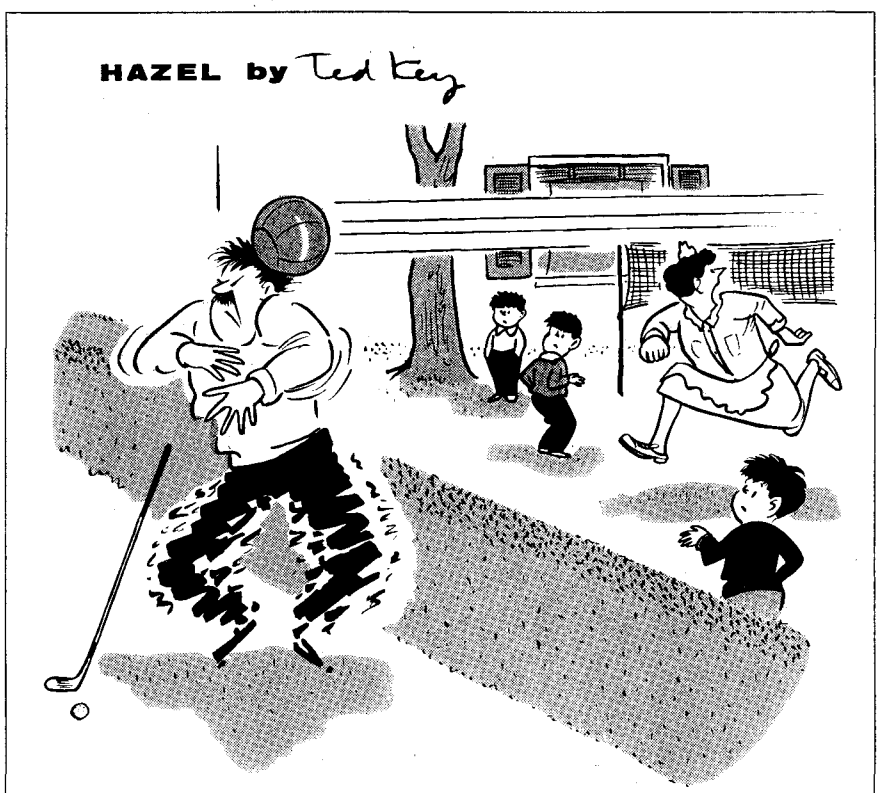
Chase Bob White now very excitedly radioed, "You have a fire. Please shut down."

A thousand pounds or more heavier than usual, the X-15 sped toward the ground at 300 miles per hour. Chase Bob White, close on my wing tip called out the rapidly decreasing altitudes, "Twelve thousand feet . . . nine thousand feet . . . six thousand feet." I released the ventral fin and leveled out for the approach, holding the nose of the X-15 high. Pressing my radio-mike button so that I could no longer receive radio transmission, which might possibly be distracting or in error, I lowered the tail skids and nose wheel and pulled the flaps.

The X-15 tail skids dug into the lake bed with a jar. The nose slammed down, and the X-15 plowed across the desert floor, her speed falling off far more rapidly than usual. She came to a complete stop within 1500 feet instead of the usual 5000. The stop was so abrupt I thought the rear skids must have collapsed. Not knowing the cause of the trouble, and with the fire still very much on my mind, I remained buttoned up in the cockpit, which is the safest place in the X-15 in event of fire. My radio was dead.

The dust had barely settled when the emergency helicopter arrived and the ground crewmen opened the X-15 canopy and removed my helmet. Toby Freedman, North American's flight surgeon, was first to speak. "The plane's busted in two," he said. I couldn't believe him. Quickly I clambered out of the cockpit. What I saw broke my heart. The X-15 had buckled immediately aft of the cockpit. Her belly had dragged in the sand, causing my abrupt deceleration on the lake. The rocket chambers, which had blown after launch, were a shambles.

By then Harrison Storms, North American's chief engineer, and Sam Richter, who had taken off for Rosamond in a light plane as soon as they heard the first report of the fire, had arrived, followed in a few moments by the fire trucks. One of the firemen, who had probably raced out to greet me 150 times or more after I had landed an experimental airplane, and who was my friend, cried quietly as he sprayed the broken plane with water. At first look it seemed that for all of us a lifetime of work, a dream of going into space, our pride and professional reputations had just gone up in smoke and dust.




"Out of bounds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The X-15 is a tough bird. After close inspection we found she was not as badly damaged as we had thought. We estimated that within one month she could be made ready to fly again. She was trucked to the North American plant in Los Angeles. Meanwhile, we rolled out X-15 No. 1, which we had not flown since her glide test in June, determined to get in several flights before the possible December rains pelted the valley or before "cancelitis"—an insidious disease which has afflicted many experimental-airplane and guided-missile projects—seized the program. But it was necessary to hold up and review our progress.

There followed many exhaustive, soul-searching post-mortems on the fire and the subsequent severe landing. The cause of the fire was simply judged a unique situation, an improbable misfortune that—hopefully—would not happen again. The failure of the X-15 fuselage structure was attributed to the extra thousand pounds of LOX and fuel which we were unable to jettison. To prevent a reoccurrence we decided to strengthen the fuselage of all three X-15's behind the cockpit and to install heavier shock absorbers in the tail skids and nose wheel. This decision postponed any further X-15 flights until mid-December. Rains delayed us further, but by late January we had logged one more successful flight.

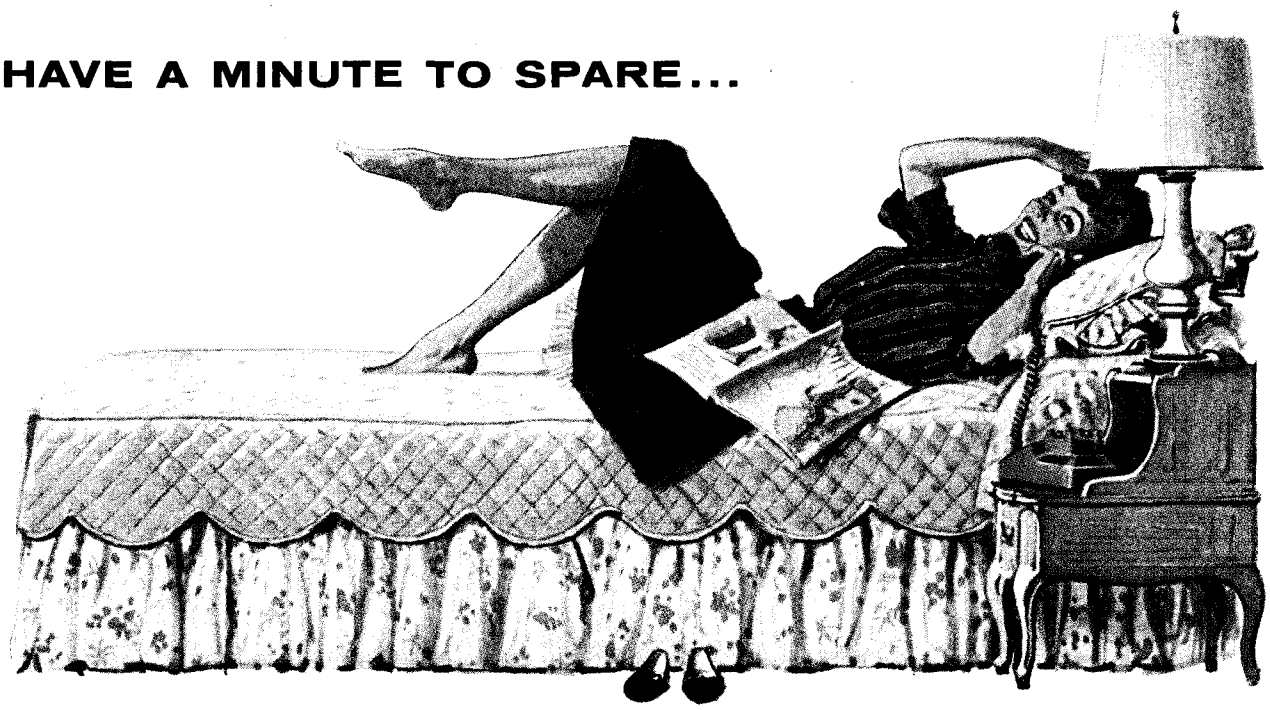
One year had now passed since the first X-15 was trucked to Edwards. In that time we had meticulously groomed two of the planes for flight. Then the X-15 had been taken aloft fourteen times, and dropped four times, once for a powerless glide landing, three times for powered flight. Of the three powered flights, one was considered a complete success. The two others, which yielded a mountain of valuable data, were unfortunately marred by rocket-engine malfunctions, on supposedly reliable engines of a type which have been in service since 1947. This, then, is the measure of man's halting pace into space.

Before us now lie higher and faster flights of the X-15. As I write these words I think often of those upcoming flights. I am confident now as always that we know what we are doing. Yet I must face the fact that neither man nor machinery is infallible, and things will, and do, go wrong. If they are no more serious than our past misfortunes, we will, I feel, move ahead much more rapidly on our inexorable path to the stars. If things go seriously wrong, inevitably someone else will move into my place. I wish him Godspeed, because I am convinced this effort is good for mankind, whatever the price.

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Crossfield. —THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## WHEN YOU HAVE A MINUTE TO SPARE...



## AND WHEN YOU CAN'T SPARE A MINUTE

# *there's nothing like a handy extension phone!*

When you're laziest or busiest, you can really appreciate a telephone at your fingertips.

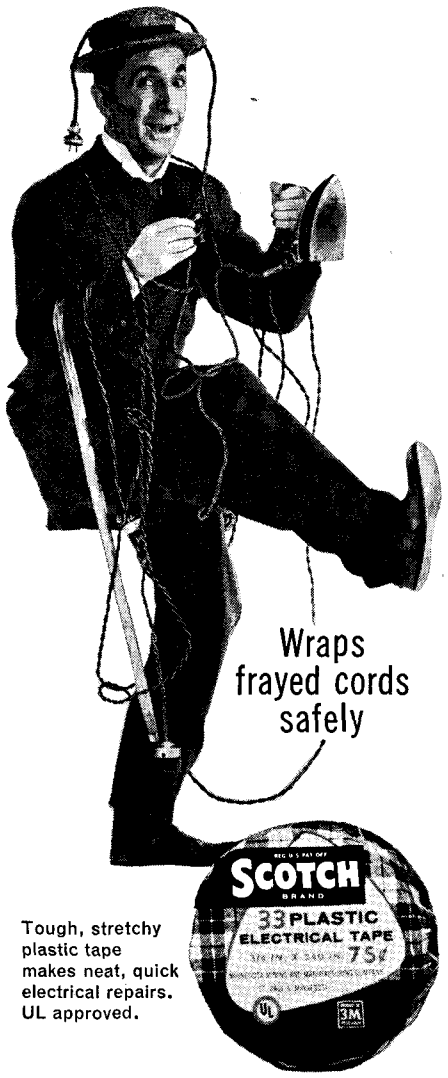
Night-time or nap-time, you welcome the convenience, privacy and protection of a phone beside your bed.

Daytime and mealtime, you're grateful for the step-saving extension on your kitchen wall.

Doesn't it make sense to put phones where *you* are—instead of running to reach them? Especially when they cost so little and come in such attractive colors? If the answer is "Yes," just call the Bell Telephone business office.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




Tough, stretchy plastic tape makes neat, quick electrical repairs. UL approved.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY 3M COMPANY © 1960 3M Co.

...WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

Now "D/R" Magic Marker* makes all drawing and coloring easy! Instant-dry, odorless, durable, yet removable, non-penetrating. 8 brilliant colors.

Free! "New Creative Art for Children," Booklet shows how to make colorful party decorations, mobiles, cards, figures. Simple, fun-to-do.

*Write:*
SPEEDRY PRODUCTS, INC.
Dept. SP 12
Richmond Hill 18, N. Y.

U.S. PATENT NOS. 2713176, 2416596. OTHER U.S. AND WORLD PATENTS PENDING.
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1959

# Keeping Posted

## Smart Cop

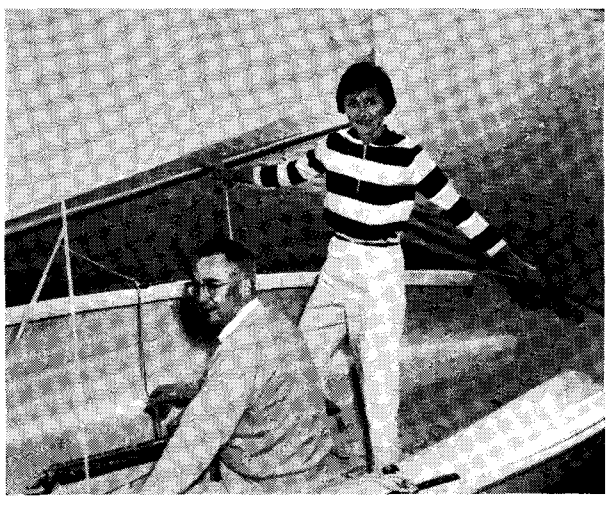
One of **Melvin Durslag's** best sources of information for his report on the opulent golfers of Palm Springs, California, was an ex-reporter who became the Palm Springs chief of police—and therein lies our story. It seems that fifteen years ago, August Kettmann was assigned by his San Jose paper to take a police exam for purposes of a feature story. Gus Kettmann got the highest score in his group and was offered a police public-relations job at $180 a month—forty dollars more than he was making as a mere scribe. He accepted, but when a newspaper-columnist pal wrote, "The test proved what newspapermen had always suspected—that the dumbest reporter is smarter than the smartest cop," Kettmann found himself walking a beat. He thereupon fled to Palm Springs, where he became chief of police. Author Durslag tells us Palm Springs' law-enforcement officers have their own gym, steam room, recreation room and a new pool table contributed by Harpo Marx—with whom Chief Kettmann may be seen on page 25.

## A Book About a Doctor

Biographer Kobler.

Without the least reluctance, we call attention to *The Reluctant Surgeon*, contributing editor **John Kobler's** biography of John Hunter, (1728–93), published this week by Doubleday. (*Post* readers will recall THE SURGEON WHO HATED THE KNIFE, Kobler's August 16, 1958, article on Dr. Philip Syng Physick, Hunter's chief disciple in the New World.) Kobler has been piecing together the story of this extraordinary Scottish doctor since 1953, at Yale and in London, Edinburgh and Glasgow. A dogged researcher, he became "wildly seasick" getting to an island where Hunter was stationed during the Seven Years' War. Later he developed that classic eighteenth-century disease—gout. "How far can you carry identification with your subject?" he asks.

## Tales of the Authors

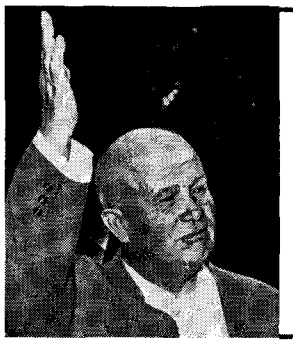


Leon Ware and daughter Liz.

Violin expert Wurlitzer (right) holding a non-Strad.

**Leon Ware** reports that his December 8, 1951, *Post* story, THE PHANTOM OF THE BRIDGE, has been made into a British film, *Boy on the Bridge*. But far more consequential, says he, is the news that the Ware family has "one scrawny toe in the door to civilization," now that his daughter Liz has been "presented to society." The event occurred at Newport Beach, California, where the favored young ladies of the year are chosen on the basis of service to the community. Liz—her given name is Elizabeth; her mother, another Elizabeth, is known as Betsy—is a freshman at Whittier College. We are informed that she can "sail a boat, charm a boy—or a father—swim, classify mollusks or do a pantomime." In our nautical photograph, sure enough, Liz is at the tiller. *P.S.* Author Ware is a staff commodore of the Lido Isle Yacht Club, and on page 30 is the first Ware story which incorporates his considerable experience in sailboat racing.

**Estelle Mendelsohn's** motive in writing her December nineteenth article, THINK YOU OWN A STRAD?, was to point out the extreme improbability of a genuine Stradivarius violin turning up in an American attic. Apparently not everyone got the message. The article inspired more than 200 readers to write to our author, and almost every letter began as follows: "After reading the article I am convinced that I have a genuine Strad." The great majority of these instruments "belonged to grandpa." One reader reported that his grandfather got the violin in exchange for a load of hogs—"This happened more than fifty years ago, so it should be valuable." Because all these readers asked advice on cashing in on their prizes, their letters were referred to New York violin expert Rembert Wurlitzer, who volunteered to provide gentle replies. Wurlitzer estimates that there are 100,000 fiddles in this country bearing phony Stradivarius labels, so he doesn't expect to uncover any genuine Strads that were bought for a song, so to speak.



**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"After Khrushchev, Who?"

A fascinating look into the future, by Harrison Salisbury, an American expert on Soviet Russia.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE BEST DAYS START WITH TOAST!

## ...and your baker uses a special Du Pont cellophane to keep bread oven-fresh

Crunchy, golden-brown toast—great way for *everybody* in your family to begin the day! Bread is so rich in the body-building vitamins, proteins, and minerals that everybody needs. And you can be sure that your bread tastes oven-fresh—when it's packaged in a special Du Pont cellophane.

Your baker knows that different baked foods need different cellophanes—and he wisely selects the right kind to protect each of his products. He chooses certain Du Pont cellophanes for white and variety breads, soft rolls, and cakes . . . and others for hard-crusted breads, pies, and doughnuts.

The new "K"* cellophanes are among the newest of over 100 different Du Pont cellophanes. Each is designed to bring you the very finest in packaging —*packaging that lets you see what you buy.*

*Du Pont trademark

DU PONT cellophane

*. . . the package that lets you see what you buy!*

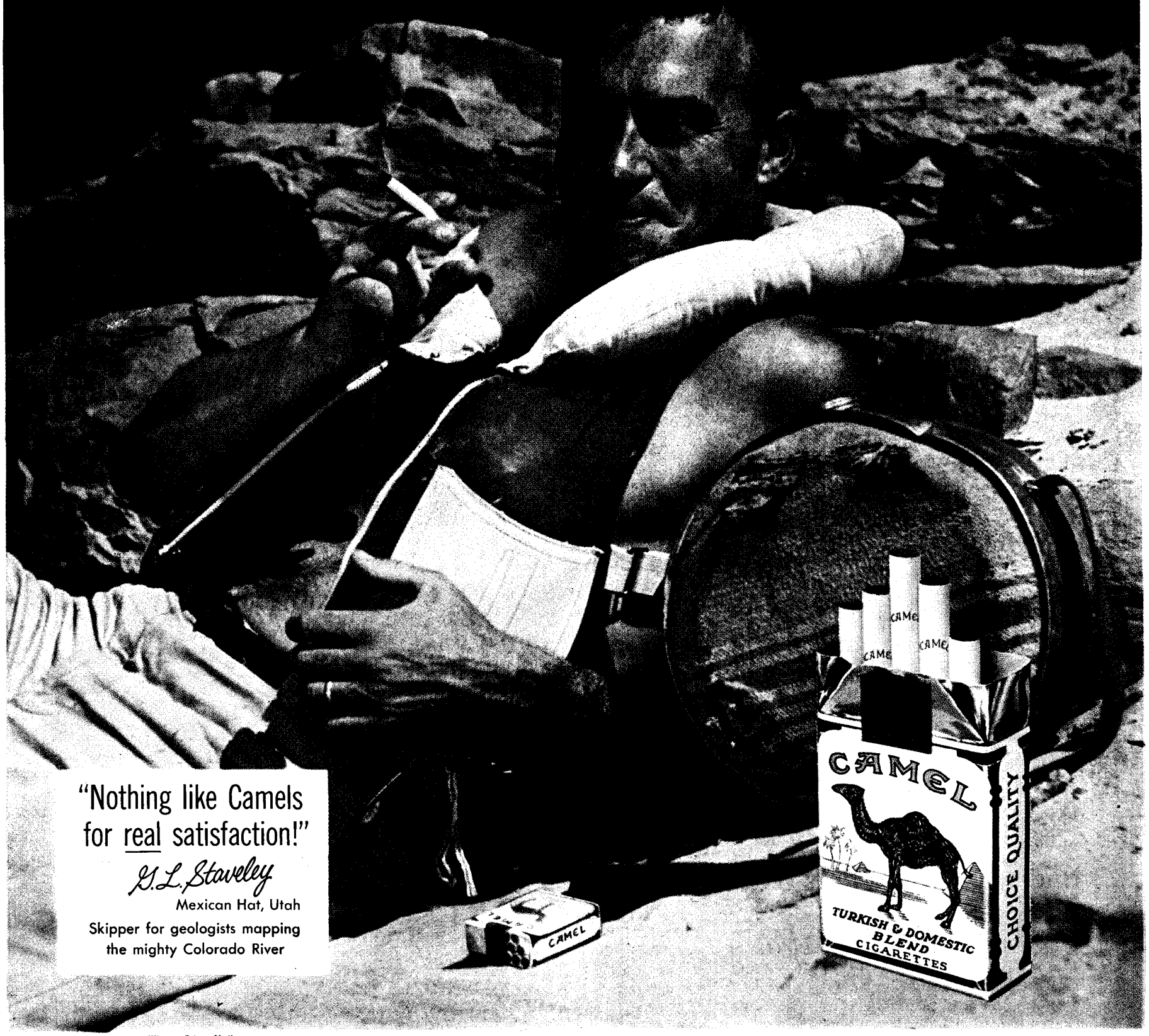
DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Smoking more now...but enjoying it less?

# Have a real cigarette—
# CAMEL




"Nothing like Camels for real satisfaction!"

*G. L. Staveley*

Mexican Hat, Utah

Skipper for geologists mapping the mighty Colorado River

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

# The best tobacco makes the best smoke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED